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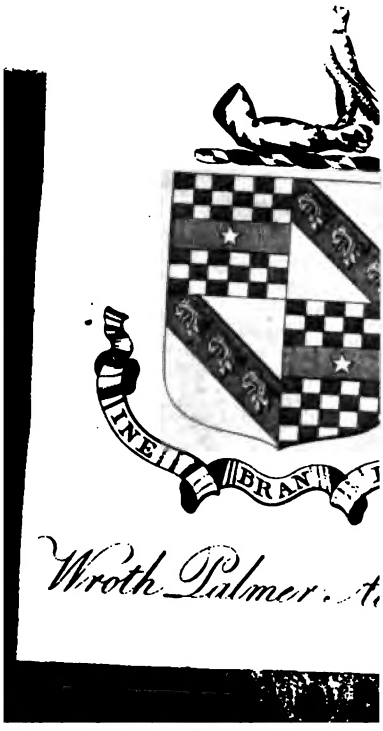
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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI. PART FIRST.
KING HENRY VI. PART SECOND.
KING HENRY VI. PART THIRD.
A DISSERTATION ON THE THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY VI.
KING RICHARD III.

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KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Sixth.*
Duke of Gloſter, *uncle to the king, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the king, and Regent of* France.
Thomas Beaufort, *Duke of* Exeter, *great uncle to the king.*
Henry Beaufort, *great uncle to the king, Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and afterwards Cardinal.*
John Beaufort, *Earl of* Somerſet; *afterwards, Duke.*
Richard Plantagenet, *eldeſt ſon of* Richard *late Earl of* Cambridge; *afterwards Duke of* York.
Earl of Warwick. *Earl of* Saliſbury. *Earl of* Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewſbury:
John Talbot, *his ſon.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Mortimer's *Keeper, and a Lawyer.*
Sir John Faſtolfe. Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glanſdale. Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London. Woodville, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Vernon, *of the White Roſe, or* York *faction.*
Baſſet, *of the Red Roſe, or* Lancaſter *faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards king of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and titular king of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy. *Duke of* Alençon.
Governor of Paris. Baſtard *of* Orleans.
Maſter-Gunner of Orleans, *and his ſon.*
General of the French *forces in* Bourdeaux.
A French *Serjeant. A Porter.*
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *daughter to* Reignier; *afterwards married to* King Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called,* Joan *of* Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, *Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the* Engliſh *and* French.

SCENE, partly in England, *and partly in* France.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Dead march. The corpſe of King Henry *the Fifth diſcovered, lying in ſtate; attended on by the dukes of* Bedford, Gloster, *and* Exeter; *the earl of* Warwick; *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *heralds,* &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,

Brandiſh

[1] The hiſtorical tranſactions contained in this play, take in the compaſs of above thirty years. I muſt obſerve, however, that our author, in the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* has not been very preciſe to the date and diſpoſition of his facts; but ſhuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For inſtance; the lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was ſolemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the ſecond part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to inſult queen Margaret; though her penance and baniſhment for ſorcery happened three years before that princeſs came over to England. I could point out many other tranſgreſſions againſt hiſtory, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are ſeveral maſter-ſtrokes in theſe three plays, which inconteſtably betray the workmanſhip of Shakſpeare; yet I am almoſt doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unleſs they were wrote by him very early, I ſhould rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the ſtage; and ſo have received ſome finiſhing beauties at his hand. An accurate obſerver will eaſily ſee, the diction of them is more obſolete, and the numbers more mean and proſaical, than in the generality of his genuine compoſitions. Theobald.

Having given my opinion very fully relative to theſe plays at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.*, it is *here* only neceſſary to apprize the reader what my hypotheſis is, that he may be the better enabled, as he proceeds, to judge concerning its probability. Like many others, I was long ſtruck with the many evident *Shakſpearianiſms* in theſe plays, which appeared to me to carry ſuch deciſive weight, that I could ſcarcely bring myſelf to examine with attention any of the arguments that have been urged againſt his being the author of them. I am now ſurpriſed, (and my readers perhaps may ſay the ſame thing of themſelves,)

Brandiſh your cryſtal treſſes[2] in the ſky;
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,

that I ſhould never have adverted to a very ſtriking circumſtance which diſtinguiſhes this *firſt* part from the other parts of *King Henry VI.* This circumſtance is, that none of theſe Shakſpearian paſſages are to be found here, though ſeveral are ſcattered through the two other parts. I am therefore deciſively of opinion that *this* play was not written by Shakſpeare. The reaſons on which that opinion is founded, are ſtated at large in the Diſſertation above referred to. But I would here requeſt the reader to attend particularly to the verſification of this piece, (of which almoſt every line has a pauſe at the end,) which is ſo different from that of Shakſpeare's undoubted plays, and of the greater part of the two ſucceeding pieces as *altered* by him, and ſo exactly correſponds with that of the tragedies written by others before and about the time of his firſt commencing author, that this alone might decide the queſtion, without taking into the account the numerous claſſical alluſions which are found in this firſt part. The reader will be enabled to judge how far this argument deſerves attention, from the ſeveral extracts from thoſe ancient pieces which he will find in the Eſſay on this ſubject.

With reſpect to the *ſecond* and *third* parts of *K. Henry VI.* or, as they were originally called, *The Contention of the two famous houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, they ſtand, in my apprehenſion, on a very different ground from that of this firſt part, or, as I believe it was anciently called, *The Play of K. Henry VI.—The Contention*, &c. printed in two parts, in quarto, 1600, was, I conceive, the production of ſome playwright who preceded, or was contemporary with, Shakſpeare; and out of that piece he formed the two plays which are now denominated the *Second* and *Third* Parts of *King Henry VI.*; as, out of the old plays of *King John* and *the Taming of a Shrew*, he formed two other plays with the ſame titles. For the reaſons on which this opinion is formed, I muſt again refer to my Eſſay on this ſubject.

This old play of *King Henry VI.* now before us, or as our author's editors have called it, the *firſt* part of *King Henry VI.* I ſuppoſe, to have been written in 1589, or before. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. The diſpoſition of facts in theſe three plays, not always correſponding with the dates, which Mr. Theobald mentions, and the want of uniformity and conſiſtency in the ſeries of events exhibited, may perhaps be in ſome meaſure accounted for by the hypotheſis now ſtated. As to our author's having accepted theſe pieces as a *Director* of the ſtage, he had, I fear, no pretenſion to ſuch a ſituation at ſo early a period. MALONE.

[2] *Brandiſh your* cryſtal *treſſes*—] *Chryſtal* is an epithet repeatedly beſtowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a *Sonnet* by Lord Sterline, 1604:

"When as thoſe *chryſtal* comets whiles appear."

"There is alſo a *white comet* with ſilver haires," ſays *Pliny*, as tranſlated by P. Holland, 1601. STEEVENS.

That

That have conſented [3] unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er loſt a king of ſo much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deſerving to command:
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with his beams;
His arms ſpread wider than a dragon's wings;
His ſparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

[3] *That have* conſented—] If this expreſſion means no more than that the ſtars gave a bare *conſent*, or *agreed* to let king Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *conſent*, in this inſtance, means to act in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muſe applauding the ſong of Apollo, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out, "O ſweet *conſent!*" i. e. ſweet union of ſounds. Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

"Such muſick his wiſe words with time *conſented.*"

Again, in his tranſlation of Virgil's *Culex*:

"Chaunted their ſundry notes with ſweet *concent.*"

and in many other places. *Conſented*, or as it ſhould be ſpelt, *concented*, means, *have thrown themſelves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry.* Spenſer, in more than one inſtance, ſpells this word as it appears in the text of Shakſpeare; as does Ben Jonſon, in his *Epithalamion on Mr. Weſton.* The following lines,

"——— ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
"That *plotted* thus, &c."

ſeem to countenance my explanation; and Falſtaff ſays of Shallow's ſervants, that—"they flock together in *conſent*, like ſo many wild geeſe." STEEVENS.

Conſent, in all the books of the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards, is the uſual ſpelling of the word *concent.* See Vol. IV. p. 319, n. 4; and Vol. V. p. 413, n. *. In other places I have adopted the modern and more proper ſpelling; but, in the preſent inſtance, I apprehend, the word was uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. In the ſecond act, p. 28, Talbot, reproaching the ſoldiery, uſes the ſame expreſſion, certainly without any idea of a *malignant configuration*:

"You all *conſented unto* Saliſbury's *death.*" MALONE.

And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtle-witted French [4]
Conjurers and ſorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verſes have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bleſt of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his ſight.
The battles of the Lord of hoſts he fought:
The church's prayers made him ſo proſperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a ſchool-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloſter, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookeſt to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'ſt the fleſh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe jars, and reſt your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Inſtead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Poſterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moiſten'd eyes babes ſhall ſuck;
Our iſle be made a nouriſh of ſalt tears [5],

And

[4] —*the ſubtle-witted French*, &c.] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As ſuperſtition grew weaker, theſe charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was ſuppoſed that the Iriſh could kill rats by a ſong. JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Iriſhmen addict themſelves, &c. yea they will not ſticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beaſt to death." STEVENS.

[5] *Our iſle be made a* nouriſh *of ſalt tears*,] It ſeems very probable that our author wrote, a *nourice*; i. e. that the whole iſle ſhould be

And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make,
Than Julius Cæſar, or bright[6]—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans[7],
Paris, Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.

Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, man, before dead Henry's corſe?
Speak ſoftly; or the loſs of thoſe great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and riſe from death.

Glo. Is Paris loſt? is Roüen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what treachery was us'd?

one common *nurſe*, or *nouriſher*, of tears: and thoſe be the nouriſhment of its miſerable iſſue. THEOBALD.

I have been informed, that what we call at preſent a *ſtew*, in which fiſh are preſerved alive, was anciently called a *nouriſh*. *Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurſe, was anciently ſpelt many different ways, among which *nouriſh* was one. So, in *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. l. no date:

" Of that chylde ſhe was blyth,
" After *noryſhes* ſhe ſent believe."

A *nouriſh* therefore in this paſſage of our author ſignifies a *nurſe*, as it apparently does in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate, B. I. c. 12:

" Athenes whan it was in his floures
" Was called *nouriſh* of philoſophers wiſe."
" —— Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
" Arida *nutrix*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Than Julius Cæſar, or bright*—] It might have been written,—*or bright Berenice*. JOHNSON.

This blank undoubtedly aroſe from the tranſcriber's or compoſitor's not being able to make out the name. So, in a ſubſequent paſſage the word *Nero* was omitted for the ſame reaſon. See the Diſſertation at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* MALONE.

[7] *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verſe might be completed by the inſertion of *Roüen* among the places loſt, as Gloſter in his next ſpeech infers that it had been mentioned with the reſt. STEEVENS.

Meſſ. No treachery; but want of men, and money.
Among the ſoldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain ſeveral factions;
And, whilſt a field ſhould be diſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, Engliſh nobility!
Let not ſloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
Theſe tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my ſteeled coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with theſe diſgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, inſtead of eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive miſeries[8].

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſ.* Lords, view theſe letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is revolted from the Engliſh quite;
Except ſome petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The baſtard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his ſide.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither ſhall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloſter, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

[7] — her *flowing tides.*] i. e. England's flowing tides. MALONE.

[8] — *their intermiſſive miſeries.*] i. e. their miſeries, which have had only a ſhort intermiſſion from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongſt them. WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter a third Meſſenger.

3. *Meſſ.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearſe,—
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight,
Betwixt the ſtout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't ſo?

3. *Meſſ.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of Auguſt laſt, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the ſiege of Orleans,
Having full ſcarce[9] ſix thouſand in his troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the French
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon:
No leiſure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confuſedly,
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he ſlew[*]:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him:
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If Sir John Faſtolfe had not play'd the coward[1];

He

[9] *Having* full *ſcarce*, &c.] The modern editors read,—*ſcarce* full, but, I think unneceſſarily. So, in the *Tempeſt*:

" —Proſpero, maſter of a *full* poor cell." STEEVENS.

[*] —*he* ſlew:] I ſuſpect, the author wrote—*ſlew*. MALONE.

[1] *If Sir John Faſtolfe*, &c.] Mr. Pope has taken notice, " That Falſtaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *K. Henry V.* The occaſion whereof is, that this play was written before *King Henry IV.* or *K. Henry V.*" But it is the hiſtorical Sir John Faſtolfe (for ſo he is called by both our Chroniclers) that is here mentioned; who was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comick character afterwards introduced by our author, and which was a creature merely of his own brain.

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind[2],
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and maſſacre;
Encloſed were they with their enemies:
A baſe Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thruſt Talbot with a ſpear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief aſſembled ſtrength,
Durſt not preſume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot ſlain? then I will ſlay myſelf,
For living idly here, in pomp and eaſe,
Whilſt ſuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Meſſ.* O no, he lives; but is took priſoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took, likewiſe.

Bed. His ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown ſhall be the ranſom of my friend;

brain. Nor when he named him *Falſtaff* do I believe he had any intention of throwing a ſlur on the memory of this renowned old warrior. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have ſeen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Faſtolfe*, whether truly or not, is ſaid by Hall and Holinſhed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin in his *St. George for England*, tells us, that "he was afterwards, upon good reaſon by him alledged in his defence, reſtored to his honour."—"This Sir *John Falſtoff*," continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wiſe captain, notwithſtanding the ſtage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

See Vol. V. p. 119, n. 1; and Oldys's Life of Sir John Faſtolfe in the GENERAL DICTIONARY. MALONE.

In the 18th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the following character of this *Sir John Faſtolph*:

"Strong *Faſtolph* with this man compare we juſtly may;
"By Salſbury who oft being ſeriouſly imploy'd
"In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd;
"With excellent ſucceſſe in Main and Anjou fought,
"And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought;
"And choſen to go forth with Vadamont in warre,
"Moſt reſolutely tooke proud Renate duke of Barre." STEEV.

[2] *He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,)* Some of the editors ſeem to have conſidered this as a contradiction in terms, and have propoſed to read—the *rereward*,—but without neceſſity. Some part of the van muſt have been behind the foremoſt line of it. We often ſay the *back-front* of a houſe. STEEVENS.

Four

Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my maſters; to my taſk will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great ſaint George's feaſt withal:
Ten thouſand ſoldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all Europe quake.

3. Meſſ. So you had need; for Orleans is beſieg'd;
The Engliſh army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Saliſbury craveth ſupply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry ſworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haſte I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial governor;
And for his ſafety there I'll beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to ſend*,
And ſit at chieſeſt ſtern of publick weal. [*Exit. Scene cloſes.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, *with his forces*; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Mars his true moving [3], even as in the heavens,

* —*to* ſend,] Mr. Maſon, with ſome probability conjectures that we ſhould read—to *ſteal*. The ſecond charge in the *Articles of accuſation* preferred by the Duke of Gloſter againſt the Biſhop, (Hall's *Chron.* Henry VI. f. 12, b.) countenances this conjecture. MALONE.

[3] *Mars his true moving*, &c.] So, Naſh in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596:—"You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muſe, as the aſtronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to." STEEVENS.

So

So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late, did he ſhine upon the Engliſh ſide;
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famiſh'd Engliſh, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they muſt be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raiſe the ſiege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Saliſbury;
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, ſound alarum; we will ruſh on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he ſees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excurſions; afterwards a Retreat.
Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! daſtards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.

Reig. Saliſbury is a deſperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froiſard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred[4],
During

[4] *England all Olivers and Rowlands* bred,] Theſe were two of the moſt famous in the liſt of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are render'd ſo ridiculouſly and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence aroſe that ſaying amongſt our plain and ſenſible anceſtors, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, to ſignify the matching one incredible lye with another. WARBURTON.

Rather,

Daring the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampſons, and Goliaſſes,
It ſendeth forth to ſkirmiſh. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe
They had ſuch courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd ſlaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.

Reig. I think, by ſome odd gimmals[5] or device,
Their arms are ſet, like clocks[6], ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne'er could they hold out ſo, as they do.
By my conſent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it ſo.

Enter the BASTARD *of* Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Baſtard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Baſt. Methinks, your looks are ſad, your cheer[7] appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:

Rather, to oppoſe one hero to another, i. e. *to give a perſon as good a one as he brings.* STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*breed.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[5] —gimmals—] A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine.* It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack.* JOHNSON.

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Saliſbury cathedral, taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is—"A faire cheſt with *gimmals* and key." Again, "Three other cheſts with *gimmals* of ſilver and gilt." Again, in the *Vow-breaker*, or the *Faire Maide of Clifton*, 1636:

"My actes are like the motionall *gymmals*
"Fixt in a watch." STEEVENS.

[6] *Their arms are ſet, like clocks,*] Perhaps the author was thinking of the clocks in which figures in the ſhape of men ſtruck the hours. Of theſe there were many in his time. MALONE.

[7] —*your* cheer—] *Cheer* is countenance, appearance. STEEVENS.

A holy

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a viſion ſent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege,
And drive the Engliſh forth the bounds of France.
The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine ſibyls of old Rome [8];
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? Believe my words [9],
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Baſt.] But firſt to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern;—
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath. [*retires.*

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard *of* Orleans, *and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate:
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;

[8] —*nine ſibyls of old Rome*;] There were no *nine ſibyls* of Rome; but he confounds things, and miſtakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. Warburton.

[9] *Believe* my *words*,] It ſhould be read—believe *her* words. Johnson.

I perceive no need of change. The baſtard calls upon the Dauphin to believe the extraordinary account he has juſt given of the prophetick ſpirit and proweſs of the Maid of Orleans. Malone.

And

And, in a viſion full of majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs:
In complete glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you may ſee.
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this: Thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each ſide[1];
The which, at Touraine in ſaint Catharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I choſe forth.

Char. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*

Char. Stay, ſtay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightеſt with the ſword of Debora.

Puc. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:

[1] *Deck'd with* five *flower-de-luces*, &c.] The old copy reads—*fine*. The ſame miſtake having happened in *A Midſummer Night's Dream* and in other places, I have not heſitated to reform the text, according to Mr. Steevens's ſuggeſtion. In the Mſs. of the age of Queen Elizabeth u and n are undiſtinguiſhable. MALONE.

We ſhould read, according to Holinſhed, *five* flower-de luces. "—in a ſecret place there among old iron, appointed ſhe hir ſword to be ſought out and brought her, that with *five* floure delices was graven on both ſides," &c. STEEVENS.

Impatiently

Impatiently I burn with thy deſire[2];
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant, and not ſovereign, be;
'Tis the French Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.
Puc. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.
Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy proſtrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtleſs, he ſhrives this woman to her ſmock;
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
Reig. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what deviſe you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I ſay, diſtruſtful recreants!
Fight till the laſt gaſp; I will be your guard.
Char. What ſhe ſays, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Puc. Aſſign'd am I to be the Engliſh ſcourge.
This night the ſiege aſſuredly I'll raiſe:
Expect ſaint Martin's ſummer[3], halcyon days,
Since I have entered into theſe wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till, by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought[4].

With

[2] *Impatiently I burn with thy deſire*;] The amorous conſtitution of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play:
"*Doing* is activity and he will ſtill be *doing*." COLLINS.

[3] *Expect ſaint Martin's ſummer*,] That is, expect *proſperity* after *miſfortune*, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNSON.

[4] *Glory is like a circle in the water,*
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till, by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought.] So, in NOSCE TEIPSUM, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

"As

With Henry's death, the Engliſh circle ends;
Diſperſed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
Which Cæſar and his fortune bare at once [5].

Char. Was Mahomet inſpired with a dove [6]?
Thou with an eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the mother of great Conſtantine,
Nor yet ſaint Philip's daughters [7], were like thee.
Bright ſtar of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Preſently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe prove falſe. [*Exeunt.*

"As when a ſtone is into water caſt,
"One circle doth another circle make,
"Till the laſt circle reach the bank at laſt."

The ſame image, without the particular application, may be found in Silius Italicus, Lib. xiii.

Sic ubi perrumpſit ſtagnantem calculus undam,
Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,
Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliſcente liquorem
Multiplicat crebros ſinuati gurgitis orbes;
Donec poſtremo laxatis circulus oris
Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas. MALONE.

[5] — *like that proud inſulting ſhip,*
Which Cæſar and his fortune bare at once.] This alludes to a paſſage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæſar*, thus tranſlated by Sir T. North. "Cæſar hearing that, ſtraight diſcovered himſelfe unto the maiſter of the pynnaſe, who at the firſt was amazed when he ſaw him, but Cæſar, &c. ſaid unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for *thou baſt Cæſar and his fortune with thee.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Was* Mahomet *inſpired with a dove?*] *Mahomet* had a dove, "which he uſed to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's ſhoulder, and thruſt its bill in to find it's breakfaſt; *Mahomet* perſuading the rude and ſimple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghoſt that gave him advice." See Sir *Walter Raleigh's Hiſtory of the World*, Book I. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux. GREY.

[7] *Nor yet ſaint Philip's daughters,*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. HANMER.

SCENE III.

London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his ſerving-men in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to ſurvey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance [8].—
Where be theſe warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; it is Gloſter that calls. [Servants *knock.*

1. *Ward.* [*within.*] Who is there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?

1. *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloſter.

2. *Ward.* [*within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1. *Serv.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the lord protector?

1. *Ward.* [*within.*] The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him:
We do no otherwiſe than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates [9], I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants *ruſh at the Tower gates. Enter, to the gates,* WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*within.*] What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloſter, that would enter.

[8] —*there* is conveyance.] *Conveyance* means *theft.* HANMER.

[9] Break up *the gates,*] I ſuppoſe to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themſelves. STEEVENS.

Some one has propoſed to read—break *ope* the gates; but the old copy is right. So Hall, *Henry VI.* folio 78, b. "The luſty Kentiſhmen hopyng on more friends, *broke up* the gaytes of the King's Bench and Marſhalſea," &c. MALONE.

Wood. [*within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have expreſs commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, ſhall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late ſovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.

1. *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats* [1].

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry [2]? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd prieſt [3], doſt thou command me to be ſhut out?

Win. I do, thou moſt uſurping proditor,

And

[1] — *tawny coats.*] A *tawny coat* was the dreſs of a *ſumpner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whoſe buſineſs it was to ſummon offenders to an eccleſiaſtical court. Theſe are the proper attendants therefore on the biſhop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822: "—and by the way the *biſhop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats*," &c.

Tawny was a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*; and was therefore the proper and ſober habit of any perſon employed in an eccleſiaſtical court.

"A crowne of baies ſhall that man weare
"That triumphes over me;
"For *blacke* and *tawnie* will I weare,
"Which *mourning colours be.*"

The Complaint of a Lover wearing *blacke* and *tawnie*; by E. O. *Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes*, 1596. STEEVENS.

[2] — Humphry?] Old Copy—*Umpheir.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[3] *Piel'd prieſt,*] Alluding to his ſhaven crown. POPE.

In Skinner (to whoſe dictionary I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd garlick, cui pellis, vel pili omnes ex morbo aliquo, præſertim e lue venerea, defluxerunt.* In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair* the following inſtance occurs: "I'll ſee them p—'d firſt, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd.*" STEEVENS.

And not protector of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifeſt conſpirator;
Thou, that contriv'dſt to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'ſt whores indulgences to ſin [4]:
I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad cardinal's hat [5],
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed Cain [6],
To ſlay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll uſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 154, Robert Baldocke, biſhop of London, is called a *peeled* prieſt, *pilide* clerk, ſeemingly in alluſion to his ſhaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of ſcorn and mockery. TOLLET.

[4] *Thou, that giv'ſt whores indulgences to ſin:*] The publick ſtews were formerly under the diſtrict of the biſhop of Wincheſter. POPE.

There is now extant an old manuſcript (formerly the office-book of the court leet held under the juriſdiction of the biſhop of Wincheſter in Southwark) in which are mentioned the ſeveral fees ariſing from the brothel-houſes allowed to be kept in the biſhop's manor, with the cuſtoms and regulations of them. One of the articles is, "*De bis, qui cuſtodiunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*"

"*Item*, That no ſtewholder keep any woman within his houſe, that hath any ſickneſs of brenning, but that ſhe be put out upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C ſhillings." UPTON.

[5] *I'll* canvaſs *thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*] This means, I believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and ſhake thee, as bran and meal are ſhaken in a ſieve.*" So, Sir William D'Avenant, in the *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"I'll ſift and winnow him in an old hat."

To *canvas* was anciently uſed for *to ſift*. STEEVENS.

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *ſieve* is made. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Doll tells Falſtaff, that ſhe will "*canvaſs* him between a pair of ſheets." MALONE.

[6] *This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed Cain,*] About four miles from Damaſcus is a high hill, reported to be the ſame on which Cain ſlew his brother Abel. Maundrel's *Travels*, p. 131. POPE.

Sir John Maundeville ſays, "And in that place where *Damaſcus* was founded *Kayn* ſloughe *Abel* his brother." *Travels*, edit. 1725, p. 148. REED.

Glo.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Prieſt, beware your beard;
[Gloſter *and his men attack the Biſhop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly:
Under my feet I ſtamp thy cardinal's hat;
In ſpite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the pope.

Glo. Wincheſter goose[7], I cry—A rope! a rope[8]!—
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them ſtay?—
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou wolf in ſheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, ſcarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midſt of it, Enter the Mayor of London, *and Officers.*

May. Fie, lords! that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumelioufly ſhould break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here diſtrain'd the Tower to his uſe.

Win. Here is Gloſter, a foe to citizens;
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himſelf king, and ſuppreſs the prince.

Glo. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they ſkirmiſh again.*

May. Nought reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canſt.

Off. *All manner of men, aſſembled here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the king's, we charge and com-*

[7] *Wincheſter goſe*] A ſtrumpet, or the conſequences of her love, was a Wincheſter gooſe. JOHNSON.

[8] —*A rope! a rope!*—] See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 384, n. 3. MALONE.

mand you, in his highneſs' name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or uſe, any ſword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we ſhall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloſter, we'll meet; to thy coſt, be ſure[9]:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs[1], if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewel: thou doſt but what thou may'ſt.
Win. Abominable Gloſter! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*
May. See the coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles[2] ſhould ſuch ſtomachs bear!
I myſelf fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Maſter-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'ſt how Orleans is beſieg'd;
And how the Engliſh have the ſuburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have ſhot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miſs'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief maſter-gunner am I of this town!
Something I muſt do, to procure me grace.
The prince's eſpials[3] have informed me,
How the Engliſh, in the ſuburbs cloſe entrench'd,

9 —*be* ſure:] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

1 *I'll call for* clubs, *&c.*] That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or ſtaves. In affrays, it was cuſtomary in this author's time to call out, *clubs, clubs!* See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6. MALONE.

2 —that *nobles*—] Old copy—*theſe* nobles. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 *The prince's* eſpials—] *Eſpials* are ſpies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale*:

" For ſubtilly he had his *eſpiaille.*" STEEVENS.

The word is often uſed by Hall and Holinſhed. MALONE.

Wont

Wont, through a ſecret grate of iron bars[4]
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city;
And thence diſcover, how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot, or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And even theſe three days have I watched,
If I could ſee them.
Now do thou watch, for I can ſtay no longer[5].
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word;
And thou ſhalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT[6], *Sir* William GLANSDALE *Sir* Thomas GARGRAVE, *and Others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being priſoner?
Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?

[4] Wont, *through a ſecret grate of iron bars*, &c.] The old copy reads —*Went*. I have not heſitated to adopt the emendation propoſed by *Mr.* Tyrwhitt, which is fully ſupported by the paſſage in Hall's Chronicle, on which this ſpeech is formed. MALONE.

I believe, inſtead of *went*, we ſhould read—*wont*, the third perſon plural of the old verb *wont*. "*The Engliſh—wont*, that is, *are accuſtomed to overpeer the city*." The word is uſed very frequently by Spenſer, and ſeveral times by Milton. TYRWHITT.

[5] *Now do thou watch, for I can ſtay no longer.*] Part of this line being in the old copy by a miſtake of the tranſcriber connected with the preceding hemiſtick, the editor of the ſecond folio ſupplied the metre by adding the word *boy*, in which he has been followed in all the ſubſequent editions. The regulation now made ſhews that ſuch addition was unneceſſary. MALONE.

[6] — Talbot,] Though the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* are deſervedly numbered among the feebleſt performances of Shakſpeare, this firſt of them appears to have been received with the greateſt applauſe. So, in *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſh, 1592: "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lien two hundred yeares in his tombe, he ſhould triumph againe on the ſtage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thouſand ſpectators at leaſt, (at ſeveral times,) who in the tragedian that repreſents his perſon, imagine they behold him freſh bleeding." STEEVENS.

Diſcourſe, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a priſoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, diſdaining, ſcorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be ſo pil'd eſteem'd[7].
In fine, redeem'd I was as I deſir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Faſtolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With ſcoffs, and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick ſpectacle to all;
Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the French,
The ſcare-crow that affrights our children ſo[8].
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure;
So great fear of my name 'mongſt them was ſpread,

[7] —*ſo* pil'd *eſteem'd.*] I have no doubt that we ſhould read—ſo *pille*-eſteem'd: a latiniſm, for which the author of this play had, I believe, no occaſion to go to Lilly's grammar. "Flocci, nauci, nihili, *pili*, &c. his verbis, *æſtimo*, pendo, peculiariter adjiciuntur; ut,—*Nec hujus facio, qui me* pili æſtimat." Even if we ſuppoſe no change to be neceſſary, this ſurely was the meaning intended to be conveyed. In one of Shakſpeare's plays we have the ſame phraſe, in *Engliſh*,—vile-eſteem'd. MALONE.

[8] —*the* terror *of the* French,
The ſcare crow that affrights our children ſo.] From Hall's *Chronicle*: "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very ſcourge and a daily *terror*, inſomuch that as his perſon was fearful, and terrible to his adverſaries preſent, ſo his name and fame was ſpiteful and dreadful to the common people abſent; inſomuch that women in France to feare their yong children, would crye, the *Talbot* commeth, the *Talbot* commeth." The ſame thing is ſaid of King Richard I. when he was in the Holy Land. See Camden's *Remaines*, 4to. 1614, p. 267. MALONE.

That

That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel,
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in Orleans:
Here, thorough this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glanſdale,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate: for there ſtand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled[9].

[*Shot from the town.* SAL. *and Sir* Tho. GAR. *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſs'd us?—
Speak, Saliſbury; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak;
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off[1]!—
Accurſed tower! accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Saliſbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he firſt train'd to the wars;
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.—

[9] —*enfeebled.*] This word is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. MALONE.

[1] —*thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!*—] Camden ſays in his *Remaines* that the French ſcarce knew the uſe of great ordnance, till the ſiege of Mans in 1425, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the Engliſh, under the conduct of this Earl of Saliſbury; and that he was the firſt Engliſh gentleman that was ſlain by a cannon-ball. MALONE.

Yet

Yet liv'ſt thou, Saliſbury? though thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt[2] to look to heaven for grace:
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Saliſbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Saliſbury, cheer thy ſpirit with this comfort;
Thou ſhalt not die, whiles—
He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me;
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero[3],
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall France be only in my name.
[*Thunder heard*; *afterwards an Alarum.*
What ſtir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy propheteſs, new riſen up,—
Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[Saliſbury *groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Saliſbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Saliſbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel[4], dolphin or dogfiſh,
Your

[2] *One eye thou haſt*, &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in *King Lear*:
" —— *my lord, you have one eye left,*
" *To ſee ſome miſchief on him.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —*and like thee*, Nero,] In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting, owing probably to the tranſcriber's not being able to make out the name. The editor of the ſecond folio, with his uſual freedom, altered the line thus:—and *Nero-like will*—. MALONE.

[4] *Puzelle or* Puzzel,] *Puſſel* means *a dirty wench* or a *drab*, from *puzza*, i. e. malus fætor, ſays Minſheu. In a tranſlation from Stephens's

Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my horſe's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Saliſbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what theſe daſtard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Before one of the gates.

Alarum. Skirmiſhings. TALBOT *purſueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him in: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Engliſhmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our Engliſh troops retire, I cannot ſtay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here ſhe comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee[5]. thou art a witch,
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

phens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1608, p. 98, we read,—"Some filthy queans, eſpecially our *puzzles* of Paris, uſe this other theft." TOLLET.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Commendatory Verſes*, prefix'd to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Lady or *Puſill*, that wears maſk or fan."

As for the conceit, miſerable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the ſtatue of Sir Thomas *Bodley* in the library at Oxford, "—Pii Thomæ *Godly* nomine inſignivit, eoque potius nomine quam *Badly*, deinceps merito nominandum eſſe cenſuit." See *Rex Platonicus*, &c. edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187.

It ſhould be remembered, that in Shakſpeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*. STEEVENS.

There are frequent references to Pucelle's name in this play:

"—I ſcar'd the dauphin and his *trull*."

Again:

"Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs *courtezan!*" MALONE.

[5] *Blood will I draw on thee,*] The ſuperſtition of thoſe times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON.

Puc.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee.
[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I muſt go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canſt; I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-ſtarved[6] men;
Help Saliſbury to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be.
[PUCELLE *enters the town, with ſoldiers.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So bees with ſmoke, and doves with noiſome ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houſes, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſs, Engliſh dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A ſhort alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give ſheep in lions' ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo timorous[7] from the wolf,
Or horſe, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.—
[*Alarum. Another ſkirmiſh.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto Saliſbury's death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

[6] —hunger-*ſtarved*—] The ſame epithet is, I think, uſed by Shakſpeare. The old copy has—*hungry*-ſtarved. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] —*ſo* timorous—] Old Copy—*treacherous*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

In

In ſpight of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Saliſbury!
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his forces*, &c.

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and ſoldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Reſcu'd is Orleans from the Engliſh[8]:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divineſt creature, Aſtræa's daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs?
Thy promiſes are like Adonis' gardens[9],
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befall our ſtate.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

[8] —*from the Engliſh:*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio, not perceiving that *Engliſh* was uſed as a triſyllable, arbitrarily reads—Engliſh *wolves*; in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. So, in the next line but one, he reads *bright Aſtræa*, not obſerving that *Aſtræa*, by a licentious pronunciation, was uſed by the author of this play, as if written *Aſtræa*. So *monſtrous* is made a triſyllable;—*monſterous*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. I. p. 166. MALONE.

[9] —*like Adonis' gardens,*] "The Greeks (ſays Dr. Pearce, in a note on the following lines of Milton,

"Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd,
"Or of reviv'd Adonis, or—"

had a *tradition* that Adonis, when he was alive, delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one; for proof of this we have Pliny's words, xix. 4. "Antiquitas nihil priùs mirata eſt quàm Heſperidum hortos, ac regum *Adonidis* et Alcinoi." Hence it was (he adds) that the Grecian women uſed to carry about ſmall portable pots with lettuce, or fennel growing in them, on the annual feſtival of Adonis.

On this ſubject Dr. Warburton has written a long note, of which no part but the foregoing quotation appears to me worth preſerving. MALONE.

Dauphin

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the prieſts and friars in my realm
Shall, in proceſſion, ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's [1], or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her aſhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius [2],
Tranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on ſaint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle ſhall be France's ſaint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. (*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

[1] *Than* Rhodope's,] *Rhodope* was a famous ſtrumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The leaſt but moſt finiſhed of the Egyptian pyramids (ſays Pliny in the 36th book of his *Natural Hiſtory*, ch. xii.) was built by her. She is ſaid afterwards to have married Pſammeticus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnſon thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a ſtrumpet, all the while he is making this loud praiſe of her.—I would read:

"Than *Rhodope's of* Memphis, ever was." STEEVENS.

The brother of Sappho, was in love with *Rhodope*, and purchaſed her freedom (for ſhe was a ſlave in the ſame houſe with Æſop the fabuliſt) at a great price. Rhodope was of Thrace, not of Memphis. Memphis, a city of Egypt, was celebrated for its pyramids:

"Barbara *Pyramidum* ſileat miracula *Memphis*."

MART. De ſpectaculis Libel. Ep. I. MALONE.

[2] — *coffer of Darius*,] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidſt the other ſpoils and wealth of Darius treaſured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little cheſt or caſket, and aſked thoſe about him what they thought fitteſt to be laid up in it. When they had ſeverally delivered their opinions, he told them, he eſteemed nothing ſo worthy to be preſerved in it as *Homer's Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum* in Vitâ *Alexandri Magni*.

THEOBALD.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter to the gates, a French Serjeant, *and two* Sentinels.

Serj. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe, or ſoldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by ſome apparent ſign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1. *Sent.* Serjeant, you ſhall. [*Exit* Serjeant.] Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and forces, with ſcaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whoſe approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful ſorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term ſo pure?

Tal. A maid, they ſay.

Bed. A maid! and be ſo martial!

Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long;
If underneath the ſtandard of the French,
She carry armour, as ſhe hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits:
God is our fortreſs; in whoſe conquering name,
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Aſcend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Saliſbury! for thee, and for the right
Of Engliſh Henry, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* Engliſh *ſcale the walls, crying* St. George! *a* Talbot! *and all enter by the town.*

Sent. [*within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make aſſault!

The French *leap over the walls in their ſhirts. Enter, ſeveral ways,* BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready ſo[3]?
Baſt. Unready? ay, and glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate, than this.
Baſt. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, ſure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he ſped.

Enter CHARLES, *and* LA PUCELLE.

Baſt. Tut! holy Joan was his defenſive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,

[3] —unready *ſo?*] *Unready* was the current word in thoſe times for *undreſs'd.* JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638: "Enter Sixtus, and Lucrece *unready.*" Again, in *The two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609: "Enter James *unready*, in his night-cap, garterleſs," &c. STEEVENS.

That

That now our loſs might be ten times ſo much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident ſoldiers! had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.

Baſt. Mine was ſecure.

Reig. And ſo was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the ſentinels:
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?

Puc. Queſtion, my lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,—
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſpers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an Engliſh Soldier *crying, a* Talbot! *a* Talbot[4]! *They fly, leaving their cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'll be ſo bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot ſerves me for a ſword;

For

4 *Enter an* Engliſh *ſoldier crying*, a Talbot! a Talbot!] And afterwards:

"The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword."

Here a popular tradition, excluſive of any chronicle evidence, was in Shakſpeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenſer's *Paſtorals*, firſt publiſhed in 1579, obſerves in his notes on *June*, that lord Talbot's "nobleneſſe bred ſuch a terrour in the hearts of the

For I have load'n me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no oth.. weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. *Within the town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit.
[*Retreat ſounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Saliſbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at leaſt five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpſe ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the ſack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;

French, that oftimes great armies were defeated and put to flight, at *the only hearing of his name:* inſomuch that the French women to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT *cometh.*" See alſo Sc. iii. T. WARTON.

In a note on a former paſſage, p. 24, n. 8, I have quoted a paſſage from Hall's Chronicle, which probably furniſhed the author of this play with this circumſtance. It is not mentioned by Holinſhed, (Shakſpeare's hiſtorian,) and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author. See the Eſſay at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* It is ſurely more probable that the writer of this play ſhould have taken this circumſtance from the chronicle which furniſhed him with his plot, than from the Comment on Spenſer's paſtorals. MALONE.

His

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the ſudden from their drowſy beds,
They did, amongſt the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myſelf (as far as I could well diſcern,
For ſmoke, and duſky vapours of the night)
Am ſure, I ſcar'd the Dauphin, and his trull[5];
When arm in arm they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; Who would ſpeak with him?

Meſſ. The virtuous lady, counteſs of Auvergne,
With modeſty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor caſtle where ſhe lies[6];
That ſhe may boaſt, ſhe hath beheld the man
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even ſo? Nay, then, I ſee, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comick ſport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.

Tal. Ne'er truſt me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.—

[5] —*and his* trull;] So afterwards:
"Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs *courtezan*."
See alſo p. 26, n. 4. MALONE.

[6] —*where ſhe* lies;] i. e. where ſhe dwells. See Vol. V. p. 365, n. 9. MALONE.

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it ſaid,—Unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whiſpers.*]—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Auvergne. *Court of the Caſtle.*

Enter the Counteſs, *and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done ſo, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his atchievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine eyes be witneſs with mine ears,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger, *and* TALBOT.

Meſſ. Madam, according as your ladyſhip deſir'd,
By meſſage crav'd, ſo is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Meſſ. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the ſcourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, ſo much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers ſtill their babes?
I ſee, report is fabulous and falſe:
I thought, I ſhould have ſeen ſome Hercules,
A ſecond Hector, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a ſilly dwarf:

It

It cannot be, this weak and writhled[7] ſhrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, ſince your ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
I'll ſort ſome other time to viſit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go aſk him, whither he goes.

Meſſ. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou priſoner.

Tal. Priſoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thurſty lord;
And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like;
And I will chain theſe legs and arms of thine,
That haſt by tyranny, theſe many years,
Waſted our country, ſlain our citizens,
And ſent our ſons and huſbands captivate[8].

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to ſee your ladyſhip ſo fond[9],
To think that you have aught but Talbot's ſhadow,
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

7 — *writhled*—] i. e. *wrinkled.* The word is uſed by Spenſer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wrizled*, which has been followed in ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

8 — captivate.] So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"If not deſtroy'd and bound, and *captivate*,
"If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith." STEEVENS.

9 —*ſo* fond,] i. e. ſo fooliſh. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

"*Fondly* brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence." STEEVENS.

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but ſhadow of myſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce[1];
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, madam? are you now perſuaded,
That Talbot is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms, and ſtrength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuſe:
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taſte of your wine, and ſee what cates you have;

[1] *This is a riddling merchant*, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "What ſaucy *merchant* was this." See a note on this paſſage, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

For

For ſoldiers' ſtomachs always ſerve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feaſt ſo great a warrior in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; Richard PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a caſe of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then ſay at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or, elſe, was wrangling Somerſet in the error[2]?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have, perhaps, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment;
But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,

[2] *Or, elſe, was wrangling Somerſet in the error?*] So all the editions. There is apparently a want of oppoſition between the two queſtions. I once read,

Or elſe was wrangling Somerſet i'th' right? JOHNSON.

Sir. T. Hanmer would read—*And was not*—. STEEVENS.

So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants[3] proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me[4].
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours[5]; and, without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe, with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red roſe, with young Somerſet;
And ſay withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good maſter Vernon, it is well objected[6];
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red,

[3] *In dumb* ſignificants—] I ſuſpect, we ſhould read—*ſignificance.* MALONE.

[4] *From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houſes of York and Lancaſter, whether truly or not, is no great matter. WARBURTON.

[5] *I love no* colours;] *Colours* is here uſed ambiguouſly for *tints* and *deceits.* JOHNSON.

[6] —*well objected*;] Properly thrown in our way, juſtly propoſed. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Verſion of the 21ſt Book of Homer's *Odyſſey:*

" Excites Penelope t' *object* the prize
" (The bow and bright ſteeles) to the woer's ſtrength. STEEV.

And

And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: Who elſe?
Law. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you; [*To* Som.
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white roſe too.
Plan. Now, Somerſet, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my ſcabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white roſe in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks[7]
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy roſe a canker, Somerſet?
Som. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe Plantagenet dare not be ſeen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion[8], peeviſh boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.

[7] —*but anger,—that thy cheeks*, &c.] i. e. it is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this circumſtance, namely, that *thy* cheeks bluſh, &c. MALONE.

[8] *I ſcorn thee and thy* faſhion,] Dr. Warburton underſtands by *faſhion* "the badge of the red roſe which Somerſet ſaid he and his friends ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by. Mr. Theobald with great probability reads—*faction*. Plantagenet afterward uſes the ſame word

"——— this pale and angry roſe—
"Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear."

In *K. Henry V.* we have *pation* for *paction*. MALONE.

Suf.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by converſing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, Somerſet;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence *,
Third ſon to the third Edward king of England;
Spring creſtleſs yeomen [9] from ſo deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege [1],
Or durſt not, for his craven heart, ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treaſon executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt [2] from ancient gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerſet,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker [3] Poole, and you yourſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion [4]:

* *His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence.*] The author miſtakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of Marche, who was the ſon of Philippa the daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence. That duke therefore was his maternal great great grandfather. See Vol. V. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

[9] *Spring* creſtleſs *yeomen*—] i. e. thoſe who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

[1] —*on the place's privilege,*] The Temple, being a religious houſe, was an aſylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodſhed. JOHNSON.

[2] *Corrupted, and* exempt—] *Exempt*, for *excluded*. WARBURTON.

[3] *For your* partaker—] A *partaker* in old language was an accomplice; a perſon joined in the ſame party with another. MALONE.

[4] —*for this apprehenſion:*] i. e. opinion. WARBURTON.
Mr. Theobald reads—*reprehenſion*. MALONE.

Look

c to it well; and ſay you are well warn'd.
m. Ay, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill:
know us, by theſe colours, for thy foes;
theſe my friends, in ſpite of thee, ſhall wear.
lan. And, by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
cognizance of my blood-drinking hate[5],
I for ever, and my faction, wear;
il it wither with me to my grave,
flouriſh to the height of my degree.
uf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
ſo farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
m. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious
Richard. [*Exit.*
lan. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
'ar. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
ll be wip'd out[6] in the next parliament,
l'd for the truce of Wincheſter and Gloſter:
l, if thou be not then created York,
ill not live to be accounted Warwick.
an time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
ainſt proud Somerſet, and William Poole,
l I upon thy party wear this roſe:
l here I propheſy,—This brawl to-day
wn to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
ll ſend, between the red roſe and the white,
houſand ſouls to death and deadly night.
'lan. Good maſter Vernon, I am bound to you,
at you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
'or. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.

—*this* pale *and angry roſe,*
As cognizance of my blood-drinking *hate,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt *pale.*—
" And, truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
" Dry ſorrow *drinks our blood.*" STEEVENS.
badge is called a *cogniſance* à *cognoſcendo*, becauſe by it ſuch perſons do wear it upon their ſleeves, their ſhoulders, or in their hats, manifeſtly known whoſe ſervants they are. In heraldry the *cognizee* is ſeated upon the moſt eminent part of the helmet. TOLLET.
Shall be wip'd *out*—] Old Copy—*wbip't*. Corrected by the editor of ſecond folio. MALONE.

Law.

Law. And ſo will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle ſir[7].

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare ſay,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER[8], *brought in a chair by two keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let

[7] —*gentle* ſir.] The latter word, which yet does not complete the metre, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *Enter* Mortimer,] Mr. Edwards, in his Mſ. notes, obſerves, that Shakſpeare has varied from the truth of hiſtory, to introduce this ſcene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer ſerved under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinſhed ſays, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed priſoner in the tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his eſcape in order to ſtir up an inſurrection in Wales. STEEVENS.

A half-informed *Remarker* on this note ſeems to think that he has totally overturned it, by quoting the following paſſage from Hall's *Chronicle:* "During whiche parliament [held in the third year of Henry VI. 1425,] came to London Peter Duke of Quimber,—whiche of the Duke of Exeter, &c. was highly feſted—. During whych ſeaſon Edmond Mortymer, the laſt Erle of Marche of that name, (whiche long tyme had bene reſtrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame,) diſceaſed without yſſue, whoſe inheritance deſcended to Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. as if a circumſtance which Hall has mentioned to mark the *time* of Mortimer's death, neceſſarily aſcertained the *place* where it happened alſo. The fact is, that this Edmund Mortimer did *not* die in London, but at Trim in Ireland. He did not however die in confinement (as Sandford has erroneouſly aſſerted in his *Genealogical Hiſtory*. See *K. Henry IV.* P. I. p. 139, n. 6.); and whether he ever was confined, (except by Owen Glendower) may be doubted, notwithſtanding the aſſertion of Hall. Hardyng, who lived at the time, ſays he was treated with the greateſt kindneſs and care both by Henry IV. (to whom he was a *ward*,) and by his ſon Henry V. See his *Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 229. He was certainly at liberty in the year 1415 having a few days before King Henry ſailed from Southampton divulged to him in that town the traiterous intentions of his brother-in-law Richard Earl of Cambridge, by which he probably conciliated the friendſhip of the young king. He at that time received a general pardon from Henry, and

Let dying Mortimer here reſt himſelf[9].—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,

and was employed by him in a naval enterprize. At the coronation of Queen Catharine he attended and held the ſceptre.

Soon after the acceſſion of King Henry VI. he was conſtituted by the Engliſh Regency chief governour of Ireland, an office which he executed by a deputy of his own appointment. In the latter end of the year 1424, he went himſelf to that country, to protect the great inheritance which he derived from his grandmother Philippa, (daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence) from the incurſions of ſome Iriſh chieftains, who were aided by a body of Scottiſh rovers; but ſoon after his arrival died of the plague in his Caſtle at Trim, in January 1624-5.

This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old hiſtorians, with his uncle, who was perhaps forty-five years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer at the time of his death could not have been above thirty years old; for ſuppoſing that his grandmother Philippa was married at fifteen, in 1376, his father Roger could not have been born till 1377; and if he married at the early age of ſixteen, Edmond was born in 1394.

This family had great poſſeſſions in Ireland, in conſequence of the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence with the daughter of the Earl of Ulſter, in 1360, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for ſome time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father Edward III. Duke of *Clarence*, in conſequence of poſſeſſing the honour of *Clare*, in the county of Thomond. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married Philippa the duke's only daughter, ſucceeded him in the government of Ireland, and died in his office, at St. Dominick's Abbey near Cork, in December 1381. His ſon Roger Mortimer was twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was ſlain at a place called Kenles in Oſſory, in 1398. Edmund his ſon, the Mortimer of this play, was, as has been already mentioned, alſo Chief Governour of Ireland, in the years 1623, and 1624, and died there in 1625. His nephew and heir, Richard Duke of York, (the Plantagenet of this play) was in 1449 conſtituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for ten years, with extraordinary powers; and his ſon George Duke of Clarence (who was afterwards murdered in the Tower) was born in the Caſtle of Dublin in 1450. This prince filled the ſame office which ſo many of his anceſtors had poſſeſſed, being conſtituted Chief Governour of Ireland for *life*, by his brother King Edward IV. in the third year of his reign. MALONE.

[9] *Let dying Mortimer here reſt himſelf.*—] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the laſt ſcene of the third act of the *Phœniſſæ* of Euripides:

Tireſias. Ἡγοῦ πάροιθε, θύγατερ, ὡς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμὸς εἶ σύ, ταυσὶ ταῖσιν ἀστρον ὡς,
Δεῦρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἴχνος τιθεῖσ' ἰμάν, &c. STEEVENS.

So

So fare my limbs with long impriſonment:
And theſe grey locks, the purſuivants of death[1],
Neſtor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
Theſe eyes,—like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent[2]:
Weak ſhoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief;
And pithleſs arms[3], like to a wither'd vine
That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground:—
Yet are theſe feet—whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
Unable to ſupport this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1. *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We ſent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my ſoul ſhall then be ſatisfy'd.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth firſt began to reign,
(Before whoſe glory I was great in arms)
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had[4];
And even ſince then hath Richard been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of deſpairs,
Juſt death, kind umpire of men's miſeries[5],
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence;
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt.

[1] —*purſuivants of death,*] Purſuivants. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

[2] —*as drawing to their* exigent:] Exigent, end. JOHNSON.
So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:
"Hath driven her to ſome deſperate *exigent.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *And pithleſs arms,*] *Pith* was uſed for *marrow*, and, figuratively, for *ſtrength*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Since Henry Monmouth firſt began to reign,—*
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;] Here again, the author certainly is miſtaken. See p 44, n. 8. MALONE.

[5] —*kind* umpire *of men's miſeries,*] That is, he that terminates or concludes miſery. The expreſſion is harſh and forced. JOHNSON.

Enter Richard PLANTAGENET.

1. *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-deſpiſed Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpend my latter gaſp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs.—
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from York's great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay—of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Plan. Firſt, lean thine aged back againſt mine arm;
And, in that eaſe, I'll tell thee my diſeaſe[6].
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerſet and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' ſake,—declare the cauſe
My father, earl of Cambridge, loſt his head.
Mor. That cauſe, fair nephew, that impriſon'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathſome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Plan. Diſcover more at large what cauſe that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſs.
Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done,
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

[6] — *I'll tell thee my* diſeaſe.] *Diſeaſe* ſeems to be here *uneaſineſs* or *diſcontent.* JOHNSON.
It is ſo uſed by other ancient writers, and by Shakſpeare elſewhere. Thus likewiſe in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, Book III. c. 5:
"But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *diſeaſe.*"
STEEVENS.

Depos'd

Depos'd his nephew[7] Richard; Edward's ſon,
The firſt-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that deſcent:
During whoſe reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reaſon mov'd theſe warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, third ſon
To king Edward the Third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroick line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt[8],
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I loſt my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my ſiſter, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard diſtreſs,
Levied an army *; weening to redeem,
And have inſtall'd me in the diadem:
But, as the reſt, ſo fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,

7 —*his* nephew *Richard*;] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—his *couſin*—but without neceſſity. *Nephew* has ſometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is uſed with great laxity among our ancient Engliſh writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio—he ſhall "have his *nephews* (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him." STEEVENS.

I believe the miſtake here aroſe from the author's ignorance; and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew. MALONE.

8 —*in this* haughty *great attempt*,] *Haughty* is *high*. JOHNSON.

* *Levied an army*;] Here is again another falſification of hiſtory: Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry ſailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. MALONE.

In

the title reſted, were ſuppreſs'd.
f which, my lord, your honour is the laſt.
rue; and thou ſeeſt, that I no iſſue have;
my fainting words do warrant death:
my heir; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather[9]:
: wary in thy ſtudious care.
hy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
nethinks, my father's execution
.ng leſs than bloody tyranny.
ith ſilence, nephew, be thou politick;
ed is the houſe of Lancaſter,
: a mountain, not to be remov'd.
hy uncle is removing hence;
s do their courts, when they are cloy'd
; continuance in a ſettled place.
, uncle, 'would ſome part of my young years
: redeem the paſſage of your age[*]!
ıou doſt then wrong me; as the ſlaught'rer doth,
veth many wounds, when one will kill.
t, except thou ſorrow for my good;
e order for my funeral;
rewel; and fair be all thy hopes[1]!
ıerous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*
ınd peace, no war, befall thy parting ſoul!
haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
a hermit over-paſs'd thy days.—
'ill lock his counſel in my breaſt;
I do imagine, let that reſt.—
convey him hence; and I myſelf

t my heir; the reſt I wiſh thee gather t] The ſenſe is, I : thee to be my heir; the conſequences which may be col- :hence, I recommend it to thee to draw. HEATH.

le, 'would ſome part of my young years but redeem, &c.] This thought has ſome reſemblance to ollowing lines, which are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed by a mar- o died very young, to her huſband. The inſcription is, I e church of Trent:

ınmatura perî; ſed tu diuturnior annos
Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos." MALONE.

fair be all thy hopes,] *Fair* is *lucky*, or *proſperous*. So we *wind*, and *fair* fortune. JOHNSON.

Will ſee his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out* Mortimer.

Here dies the duſky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner ſort[2]:—
And, for thoſe wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries,
Which Somerſet hath offer'd to my houſe,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redreſs:
And therefore haſte I to the parliament;
Either to be reſtored to my blood,
Or make my ill[3] the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. The Parliament-houſe[4].

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Warwick, Somerset, *and* Suffolk; *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, Richard Plantagenet, *and Others.* Gloster *offers to put up a bill*[*]; Winchester *ſnatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'ſt thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd,

[2] *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner ſort:*—] We are to underſtand the ſpeaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in aſſerting his claim to the crown, in ſupport of his own princely ambition. Warburton.

[3] — *or make my* ill—] i. e. my ill uſage. The old copy has—*will.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

[4] *The Parliament-houſe.*] This parliament was held in 1426 at Leiceſter, though the author of this play has repreſented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the firſt parliament which was held at London ſhortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Catharine brought the young king from Windſor to the metropolis, and ſat on the throne of the parliament-houſe with the infant in her lap. Malone.

[*] — put up *a bill*;] i. e. articles of accuſation, for in this ſenſe the word *bill* was ſometimes uſed. To *put up a bill* alſo appears to have ſignified what we now call *bringing in* a bill. So, in Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "That's the cauſe we have ſo manie bad workmen now adaies: *put up a bill* againſt them next parliament." Malone.

Humphrey of Gloſter? if thou canſt accuſe,
Or aught intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;
As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object.

Glo. Preſumptuous prieſt! this place commands my patience,
Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen:
No, prelate; ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy lewd, peſtiferous, and diſſentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The king, thy ſovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.

Win. Gloſter, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverſe,
As he will have me, How am I ſo poor?
Or how haps it, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe myſelf, but keep my wonted calling?
And for diſſention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one, but he, ſhould be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth.

But he ſhall know, I am as good—
Glo. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather [5]!—
Win. Ay, lordly ſir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not protector, ſaucy prieſt?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloſter!
Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome ſhall remedy this.
War. Roam thither then [6].
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear [7].
War. Ay, ſee the biſhop be not over-borne.
Som. Methinks, my lord ſhould be religious,
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks, his lordſhip ſhould be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;

5 *Thou baſtard of my grandfather!*—] The biſhop of Wincheſter was an illegitimate ſon of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, by Catharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married. MALONE.

6 Roam *thither then.*] *Roam* to Rome. To *roam* is ſuppoſed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "— three hundred thouſand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills," &c. STEEVENS.

7 Som. *My lord, it were your duty to forbear.*] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemiſtich ſpoken by Warwick. The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerſet, for whom it ſeems to have been meant.

Ay, ſee, the biſhop be not over-borne,

was as erroneouſly given in the next ſpeech to Somerſet inſtead of Warwick, to whom it has been ſince reſtored. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Leſt

Leſt it be ſaid, *Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould;*
Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at Wincheſter. [*Aſide.*

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloſter, and of Wincheſter,
The ſpecial watchmen of our Engliſh weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a ſcandal is it to our crown,
That two ſuch noble peers as ye, ſhould jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—
[*A noiſe within*; Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the biſhop's men.
[*A noiſe again*, Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The biſhop and the duke of Gloſter's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-ſtones;
And, banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every ſtreet,
And we, for fear, compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.

Enter, ſkirmiſhing, the retainers of GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourſelf,
To hold your ſlaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloſter, mitigate this ſtrife.

1. *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2. *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
[*Skirmiſh again.*

Glo. You of my houſhold, leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight[8] aſide.

3. *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Juſt and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majeſty:
And, ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an inkhorn mate[9],
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Skirmiſh again.*

Glo. Stay, ſtay, I ſay!
And, if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!—
Can you, my lord of Wincheſter, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Wincheſter;—
Except you mean, with obſtinate repulſe,
To ſlay your ſovereign, and deſtroy the realm.
You ſee what miſchief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.

Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compaſſion on the king commands me ſtoop;
Or, I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Wincheſter, the duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Wincheſter, I offer thee my hand.

[8] —unaccuſtom'd *fight*—] *Unaccuſtom'd* is *unſeemly, indecent.* JOHNSON.

[9] —*an inkhorn mate,*] A *bookman.* JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?

War. Sweet king!—the biſhop hath a kindly gird[1].—
For ſhame, my lord of Wincheſter! relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloſter, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourſelves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I diſſemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aſide.*

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloſter,
How joyful am I made by this contráct!—
Away, my maſters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendſhip, as your lords have done.

1. *Serv.* Content; I'll to the ſurgeon's.

2. *Serv.* And ſo will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will ſee what phyſick the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, &c.

War. Accept this ſcrowl, moſt gracious ſovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majeſty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, ſweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do Richard right:
Eſpecially, for thoſe occaſions
At Eltham-place I told your majeſty.

K. Hen. And thoſe occaſions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleaſure is,
That Richard be reſtored to his blood.

[1] —*hath a kindly* gird.—] A kindly *gird* is a *gentle* or *friendly reproof.* Falſtaff obſerves, that—"men of all ſorts take a pride to *gird* at him:" and in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Baptiſta ſays: "—Tranio *hits* you now:" to which Lucentio anſwers:
"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio." STEEVENS.

War. Let Richard be reſtored to his blood;
So ſhall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the reſt, ſo willeth Wincheſter.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone [2],
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houſe of York,
From whence you ſpring by lineal deſcent.
Plan. Thy humble ſervant vows obedience,
And humble ſervice, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and ſet your knee againſt my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done [3],
I girt thee with the valiant ſword of York:
Riſe, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And riſe created princely duke of York.
Plan. And ſo thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty ſprings, ſo periſh they
That grudge one thought againſt your majeſty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!
Som. Periſh, baſe prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aſide.*
Glo. Now will it beſt avail your majeſty,
To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in France:
The preſence of a king engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects, and his loyal friends;
As it diſanimates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloſter ſays the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ſhips already are in readineſs.
[*Exeunt all but* Exeter.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue:
This late diſſention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love [4],
And will at laſt break out into a flame:
As feſter'd members rot but by degrees,

[2] —*that alone,*] By a miſtake probably of the tranſcriber the old copy reads—that *all* alone. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] —*reguerdon*—] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

[4] *Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love,*]
Ignes ſuppoſitos cineri doloſo. HOR. MALONE.

Till

Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews, fall away,
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed[5].
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every ſucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, ſhould win all;
And Henry, born at Windſor, ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that Exeter doth wiſh
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time[6]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *diſguis'd, and* Soldiers *dreſſed like countrymen, with ſacks upon their backs.*

Puc. Theſe are the city gates, the gates of Rouen*,
Through which our policy muſt make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar ſort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we ſhall,)
And that we find the ſlothful watch but weak,
I'll by a ſign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1. *Sol.* Our ſacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the city[7],
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [*within.*] *Qui eſt là*[8]?

[5] *So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.*] That is, ſo will the malignity of this diſcord *propagate itſelf*, and advance. JOHNSON.

[6] *His days may finiſh*, &c.] The Duke of Exeter died ſhortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governour or tutor to the king in his room. MALONE.

* — *the gates of* Rouen,] Here, and throughout the play, in the old copy we have *Roan*, which was the old ſpelling of *Rouen*. The word, conſequently, is uſed as a monoſyllable. See Vol. V. p. 520, n. *. MALONE.

[7] *Our* ſacks *ſhall be a mean to* ſack *the city*,] Falſtaff has the ſame quibble, ſhewing his bottle of *ſack*: "Here's that will *ſack* a city." STEEVENS.

[8] *Qui* eſt *là?*] Old Copy—*Che la.* For the emendation I am anſwerable. MALONE.

Puc.

Puc. *Paiſans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to ſell their corn.
Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
[*opens the gates.*
Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll ſhake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[PUCELLE, *&c. enter the city.*

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD *of* Orleans, ALENÇON, *and forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bleſs this happy ſtratagem!
And once again we'll ſleep ſecure in Rouen.
Baſt. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practiſants[9]:
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify
Where is * the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?
Alen. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, ſhews, that her meaning is,—
No way to that[1], for weakneſs, which ſhe enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a battlement; holding out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.
Baſt. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.
Char. Now ſhine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—preſently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT *and certain* Engliſh.

Tal. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears,
If Talbot but ſurvive thy treachery.—

9 *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her* practiſants:] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the ſofter ſenſe *ſtratagem*. *Practiſants* are therefore *confederates in ſtratagem*. JOHNSON.

* Where *is*—] Old Copy—*Here* is. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

1 *No way to that,*] That is, *no way equal to that*, no way ſo fit as that. JOHNSON.

Pucelle,

Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares,
That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of France[2].

[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum: Excurſions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in ſick, in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* Engliſh *forces. Then, enter on the walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON[3], *and Others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taſte?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs courtezan!
I truſt, ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.

Char. Your grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all deſpight,
Encompaſs'd with thy luſtful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let Talbot periſh with this ſhame.

Puc. Are you ſo hot, ſir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[TALBOT, *and the reſt, conſult together.*

God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

[2] —*the* pride *of France.*] *Pride* ſignifies the *haughty power.* WARBURTON.

[3] —Alençon,] *Alençon* Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, inſtead of Reignier, becauſe Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the enſuing ſcene. JOHNSON.

Puc.

Puc. Belike, your lordſhip takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the reſt;
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—baſe muleteers of France!
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodneſs, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here.
[*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c. from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be Talbot's greateſt fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy houſe,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, ſuſtain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as ſure as Engliſh Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear, to get the town, or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That ſtout Pendragon, in his litter[4], ſick,
Came

4 —*once I read,*
That ſtout Pendragon, *in his litter*, &c.] This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to king Arthur.
Shakſpeare, has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, ſays

Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes:
Methinks, I ſhould revive the ſoldiers' hearts,
Becauſe I ever found them as myſelf.
Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!—
Then be it ſo:—Heavens keep old Bedford ſafe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy.
[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and forces, leaving* BEDFORD, *and Others.*

Alarum: Excurſions. *Enter Sir* John FASTOLFFE, *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Faſtolffe, in ſuch haſte?
Faſt. Whither away? to ſave myſelf by flight [5];
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Faſt. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to ſave my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

ſays Holinſhed, "even ſicke of a flixe as he was, cauſed himſelfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whoſe preſence his people were ſo incouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle*, (as I learn from Dr. Grey) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon:

"For which the king ordain'd a horſe-litter
"To bear him ſo then unto Verolame,
"Where Ocea lay, and Oyſa alſo in fear,
"That ſaint Albones now hight of noble fame,
"Bet downe the walles; but to him forth they came,
"Where in battayle Ocea and Oyſa were ſlayn.
"The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayne." STEEVENS.

[5] —*ſave myſelf by flight*;] I have no doubt that it was the *exaggerated* repreſentation of Sir John Faſtolfe's *cowardice* which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakſpeare to give the name of Falſtaff to his knight. Sir John Faſtolffe did indeed fly at the battle of *Patay* in the year 1429; and is reproached by Talbot, in a ſubſequent ſcene, for his conduct on that occaſion; but no hiſtorian has ſaid that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play this flying general is erroneouſly called *Falſtaffe*. MALONE.

Retreat:

Retreat: Excurſions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c. and Exeunt flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heaven pleaſe[6];
For I have ſeen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies*[7], *and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and Others.*

Tal. Loſt, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is aſleep:
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.
Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaſeth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver ſoldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never ſway in court:

[6] *Now, quiet ſoul, depart,* &c.] So, in St. Luke, ii. 29. "Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation." STEEVENS.

[7] *Dies,* &c.] The Duke of Bedford died at *Rouen* in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. MALONE.

But

But kings, and mightieſt potentates, muſt die;
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. The Plains near the city.

Enter CHARLES, *the* Baſtard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Puc. Diſmay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is ſo recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock ſweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the reſt, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One ſudden foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.

Baſt. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll ſet thy ſtatue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed ſaint;
Employ thee then, ſweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it muſt be; this doth Joan deviſe:
By fair perſuaſions, mix'd with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor ſhould that nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped [8] from our provinces.

Alen. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from France [9],
And

[8] *But be* extirped—] To *extirp* is to root out. So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:

"The world ſhall gather to *extirp* our name." STEEVENS.

[9] —expuls'd *from France*,] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*:

"The

And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end. [*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the ſound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An Engliſh *March. Enter and paſs over, at a diſtance,* TALBOT *and his forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours ſpread;
And all the troops of Engliſh after him.

A French *March. Enter the Duke of* BURGUNDY *and forces.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*A parley ſounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What ſay'ſt thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid ſpeak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And ſee the cities and the towns defac'd
By waſting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe[1],
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes,
See, ſee, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the moſt unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyſelf haſt given her woful breaſt!

"The *expulſed* Apicata finds them there."
Again, in Drayton's *Muſes Elizium:*
"And if you *expulſe* them there,
"They'll hang upon your braided hair." STEEVENS.

[1] —*on her* lowly *babe,*] i. e. lying *low* in death. JOHNSON.

O, turn

), turn thy edged ſword another way;
trike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that help!
)ne drop of blood, drawn from thy country's boſom,
hould grieve thee more than ſtreams of foreign gore;
.eturn thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
ınd waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots!

Bur. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
)r nature makes me ſuddenly relent.

Puc. Beſides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
)oubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
/ho join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation,
hat will not truſt thee, but for profit's ſake?
/hen Talbot hath ſet footing once in France,
ınd faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of ill,
/ho then, but Engliſh Henry, will be lord,
ınd thou be thruſt out, like a fugitive?
all we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
/as not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
ınd was he not in England priſoner?
ut, when they heard he was thine enemy,
hey ſet him free, without his ranſom paid,
ı ſpight of Burgundy, and all his friends.
ee then! thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen,
ınd join'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men.
ome, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
harles, and the reſt, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquiſhed; theſe haughty words of hers
ave batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot[2],

[2]— *theſe* haughty *words of hers*
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,] How theſe lines came ther I know not; there was nothing in the ſpeech of Joan haughty violent: it was all ſoft entreaty and mild expoſtulation. JOHNSON. *Haughty* here certainly ſignifies *high, lofty*. So, in the firſt act the ıuphin ſays to La Pucelle:
" Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy *high* terms."
We have already in this play had the word *haughty* in the ſame ıſe. See p. 48:
" But mark; as, in this *haughty* great attempt,—"
gain, in Act IV. ſc. i:
" Valiant and virtuous, full of *haughty* courage." MALONE.

And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewel, Talbot; I'll no longer truſt thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again[3]!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords,* VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *and ſome of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my ſovereign:
In ſign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſeven walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem,—
Lets fall his ſword before your highneſs' feet;
And, with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart,
Aſcribes the glory of his conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloſter,

[3] *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] So afterwards:
"In France, amongſt a *fickle wavering* nation—." MALONE.
The inconſtancy of the French was always the ſubject of ſatire. I have read a diſſertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our ſteeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

That hath ſo long been reſident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it pleaſe your majeſty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father ſaid *,
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd [4] with ſo much as thanks,
Becauſe till now we never ſaw your face:
Therefore, ſtand up; and, for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you earl of Shrewſbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, GLO. TAL. *and Nobles.*

Ver. Now, ſir, to you, that were ſo hot at ſea,
Diſgracing of theſe colours that I wear [5]
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?

Baſ. Yes, ſir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſaucy tongue
Againſt my lord, the duke of Somerſet.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Baſ. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs, take ye that.

[*ſtrikes him.*

Baſ. Villain, thou know'ſt, the law of arms is ſuch,
That, who ſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death [6];

Or

* *I do remember how my father ſaid,*] The author of this play was not a very correct hiſtorian. Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and he never ſaw him. MALONE.

4 *Or been* reguerdon'd—] i. e. rewarded. The word was obſolete even in the time of Shakſpeare. Chaucer uſes it in the *Boke of Boethius*. STEEVENS.

5 —*theſe* colours *that I wear*] This was the badge of a *roſe*, and not an officer's ſcarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act III. ſc. ult.

"And wear his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop." TOLLET.

6 *That, who ſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death;*] I believe the line ſhould be written as it is in the folio:

Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.

Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room of ſtate.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governour *of* PARIS, *and Others.*

Glo. Lord biſhop, ſet the crown upon his head.
Win. God ſave king Henry, of that name the ſixth!
Glo. Now, governour of Paris, take your oath,—
[Governour *kneels.*

That, who ſo *draws a ſword*—,
i. e. (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) with a menace, in the court, or in the preſence-chamber. STEEVENS.

Johnſon, in his collection of *Eccleſiaſtical Laws*, has preſerved the following, which was made by Ina, king of the Weſt Saxons, 693. "If any one fight in the king's houſe, let him forfeit all his eſtate, and let the king deem whether he ſhall live or not." GREY.

Sir William Blackſtone obſerves, that "by the ancient law, before the conqueſt, *fighting in the king's palace*, or before the king's judges, *was puniſhed with death*. So too, in the old Gothick conſtitution, there were many places privileged by law, *quibus major reverentia et ſecuritas debetur, ut templa et judicia, quæ ſancta habebantur*,—arces et aula regis,—*denique locus quilibet preſente aut adventante rege*. And at preſent, with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 12. malicious ſtriking in the king's palace, wherein his royal perſon reſides, whereby blood is drawn, is puniſhable by perpetual impriſonment and fine, at the king's pleaſure, and alſo with loſs of the offender's right hand; the ſolemn execution of which ſentence is preſcribed in the ſtatute at length.' COMM. IV. 124. "By the ancient common law, before the conqueſt, ſtriking in the king's courts of juſtice, or drawing a ſword therein, was a capital felony." *Ibid.* p. 125. REED.

That

it you elect no other king but him:
em none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
l none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend[7]
licious practices againſt his ſtate:
s ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Gov. *and his Train.*

Enter Sir John FASTOLFE.

aſt. My gracious ſovereign, as I rode from Calais,
haſte unto your coronation,
etter was deliver'd to my hands,
it to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
al. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
w'd, baſe knight, when I did meet thee next,
tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*plucking it off.*
hich I have done) becauſe unworthily
ugh waſt inſtalled in that high degree.—
don me, princely Henry, and the reſt:
s daſtard, at the battle of Patay[8],—
en but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
l that the French were almoſt ten to one,—
re we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
e to a truſty ſquire, did run away;

—*ſuch as ſhall* pretend—] To *pretend* is to *deſign*, to *intend*. JOHNSON.

—*at the battle of* Patay,—] The old copy has *Poictiers*. The ir was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

he battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31ſt of Edward III. and the ſcene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be juſtly imputed to layers or tranſcribers; nor can we very well juſtify ourſelves for itting it to continue ſo long, as it was too glaring to have eſcaped ttentive reader. The action of which Shakſpeare is now ſpeak- happened (according to Holinſhed) "neere unto a village in ſſe called *Patate*," which we ſhould read, inſtead of *Poictiers*. om this battell departed without anie ſtroke ſtriken, *Sir John* ſtaffe, the ſame yeere by his valiantneſſe elected into the order of arter. But for doubt of miſdealing at this brunt, the duke of ord tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. iſhed, Vol. II. p. 601. STEEVENS.

In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men;
Myſelf, and divers gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When firſt this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage[9],
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extremes.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of knight,
Profaning this moſt honourable order;
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'ſt thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtile? [*viewing the ſuperſcription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
Hath he forgot, he is his ſovereign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will[1]?

9 —haughty *courage,*] *Haughty* is here in its original ſenſe for *high.* JOHNSON.

1 Pretend *ſome alteration in good will?*] Thus the old copy. To *pretend* ſeems to be here uſed in its Latin ſenſe, i. e. to *hold out,* to *ſtretch forward.* It may mean, however, as in other places, to *deſign.* Modern editors read—*portend.* STEEVENS.

What's

What's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,*— [Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented[2],
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON, *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

[2] —*I am* prevented,] *Prevented* is here, *anticipated*; a Latinism. MALONE.

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Baſ. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.

Baſ. Croſſing the ſea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear;
Saying—the ſanguine colour of the leaves
Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks,
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth[3],
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he ſeem, with forged quaint conceit,
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he firſt took exceptions, at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleneſs of this flower
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerſet, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men;
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe!—
Good couſins both, of York and Somerſet,
Quiet yourſelves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your highneſs ſhall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

[3] —*did* repugn *the truth*,] To *repugn* is to reſiſt. The word is uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.
It is found in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

Betwixt

xt ourſelves let us decide it then.
k. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerſet.
. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.
. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable lord.
. Confirm it ſo? Confounded be your ſtrife!
›eriſh ye, with your audacious prate!
nptuous vaſſals! are you not aſham'd,
this immodeſt clamorous outrage
›uble and diſturb the king and us?
'ou, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
ar with their perverſe objections;
leſs, to take occaſion from their mouths
iſe a mutiny betwixt yourſelves;
ıe perſuade you take a better courſe.
. It grieves his highneſs;—Good my lords, be friends.
Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
forth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
to forget this quarrel, and the cauſe.—
'ou, my lords,—remember where we are;
ınce, amongſt a fickle wavering nation:
y perceive diſſention in our looks,
hat within ourſelves we diſagree,
vill their grudging ſtomachs be provok'd
lful diſobedience, and rebel?
, What infamy will there ariſe,
foreign princes ſhall be certify'd,
for a toy, a thing of no regard,
Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
y'd themſelves, and loſt the realm of France?
ink upon the conqueſt of my father,
nder years; and let us not forego
for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
ıe be umpire in this doubtful ſtrife.
ıo reaſon, if I wear this roſe, [*putting on a red roſe.*
any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
: incline to Somerſet, than York:
ıre my kinſmen, and I love them both:
ll they may upbraid me with my crown,
Becauſe,

Becauſe, forſooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.—
Couſin of York, we inſtitute your grace
To be our regent in theſe parts of France:—
And good my lord of Somerſet, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourſelf, my lord protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be preſented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLO. SOM. WIN. SUF. *and* BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promiſe you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And ſo he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerſet.

War. Tuſh! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wiſt, he did[3],—But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

Exe. Well didſt thou, Richard, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For, had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging broils,

3 *And, if* I wiſt, *be did,*—] The old copy reads—if I *wiſh.* MALONE.

I read, I *wiſt.* The pret. of the old obſolete verb I *wis*, which is uſed by Shakſpeare in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"There be fools alive, I *wis*,
"Silver'd o'er, and ſo was this." STEEVENS.

Than

Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth preſage ſome ill event[4].
'Tis much[5], when ſcepters are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion[6];
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General *of the* French *forces, and Others.*

Engliſh John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my ſovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire[7];
Who,

[4] — *it doth preſage ſome ill event,*] That is, it doth preſage *to him* that ſees this diſcord, &c. that ſome ill event will happen. MALONE.

[5] *'Tis* much,—] In our author's time, this phraſe meant—'Tis ſtrange, or wonderful. See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *ſtrange* is perhaps underſtood in the next line: "But more ſtrange," &c. The conſtruction however may be, But 'tis *much more*, when, &c. MALONE.

[6] — *when* envy *breeds* unkind *diviſion*;] *Envy* in old Engliſh writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. III. p. 116, l. 9; and p. 164, n. 8. MALONE.

[7] *Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire*;] The author of this play followed Hall's *Chronicle*: "The Goddeſſe of warre, called

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving towers,
If you forſake the offer of their love [8].

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are ſquadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs,
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand French have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery [9]
Upon no chriſtian ſoul but Engliſh Talbot.
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal [1];

For

ed Bellona—hath theſe three *hand-maides* ever of neceſſitie attendynge on her; *Bloud*, *Fyre*, and *Famine*; whiche thre damoſels be of that force and ſtrength that every one of them alone is able and ſufficient to torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puiſſance to deſtroy the moſt populous countrey and moſt richeſt region of the world." MALONE.

[8] —their *love.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*our* love. "*Their* love" may mean, the peaceable demeanour of my three attendants; their forbearing to injure you. But the expreſſion is harſh. MALONE.

9 *To* rive *their dangerous artillery*] *Rive* their artillery ſeems to mean charge their artillery ſo much as to endanger their burſting. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow ſo loud, as to crack his lungs and *ſplit* his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

[1] —due *thee withal*;] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*. JOHNSON.

It means, I think, to honour by giving thee thy *due*, thy merited elogium. *Due* was ſubſtituted for *dew*, the reading of the old copy, by Mr. Theobald. *Dew* was ſometimes the old ſpelling of *due*, as *Hew* was of *Hugh*. MALONE.

The

For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes, that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſick to thy timorous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c. from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not[2], I hear the enemy;—
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.—
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be Engliſh deer, be then in blood[3]:
Not raſcal-like[4], to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and deſperate ſtags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel[5],
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay:

The old copy reads—*dew* thee withal; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praiſe* is an expreſſion I have met with in other poets. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame verb in *Macbeth*:

"To *dew* the ſovereign flow'r, and drown the weeds."

Again, in the ſecond part of *King Henry VI*:

"——— give me thy hand,
"That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears." STEEVENS.

2 *He fables not,*] This expreſſion Milton has borrowed in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

"She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear."

It occurs again in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"——— good father, *fable* not with him." STEEVENS.

3 —*be then* in blood;] Be in high ſpirits, be of true mettle. JOHNSON.

This was a phraſe of the foreſt. See *Love's Labour's Loſt*, p. 366, n. 8: "The deer was, as you know, *in ſanguis, blood.*" Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: "Tenderlings. The ſoft tops of a deere's horns, when they are *in blood.*" MALONE.

4 *Not* raſcal-*like,*] A raſcal deer is the term of chaſe for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

5 —*with heads of ſteel,*] Continuing the image of the *deer*, he ſuppoſes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

Sell

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear deer of us[6], my friends.—
God, and ſaint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Proſper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains in Gaſcony.

Enter YORK, *with forces; to him a* Meſſenger.

York. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your eſpials were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerſet;
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted[7] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in France.

[6] —dear deer *of us*,] The ſame quibble occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
"Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a *deer* to-day,
"Though many a *dearer*, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *And I am* lowted—] To *lowt* may ſignify to *depreſs*, to *lower*, to *diſhonour*; but I do not remember it ſo uſed. We may read—*And I am* flouted. *I am mocked*, and treated with contempt. JOHNSON.

To *lout*, in Chaucer, ſignifies to *ſubmit*. To *ſubmit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden:
"Sometimes the hill *ſubmits* itſelf a while,
"In ſmall deſcents," &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, I am treated with contempt, like a *lowt*, or low country fellow. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Sir William Lucy *.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waiſt of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Bourdeax, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Elſe, farewel Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerſet—who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd lord!

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France ſmiles; we loſe, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerſet.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's ſoul!
And on his ſon young John; whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This ſeven years did not Talbot ſee his ſon;
And now they meet where both their lives are done [8].

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewel: no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of ſedition [9]
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,

* *Enter Sir William Lucy.*] In the old copy we have only—"Enter *a Meſſenger.*" But it appears from the ſubſequent ſcene that the meſſenger was Sir William Lucy. Malone.

[8] —*are* done.] i. e. expended, conſumed. The word is yet uſed in this ſenſe in the Weſtern counties. Malone.

[9] —*the vulture*—] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. Johnson.

Sleeping

Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The conqueſt of our ſcarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gaſcony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his forces; an* Officer *of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too raſhly plotted; all our general force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour
By this unheedful, deſperate, wild adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is ſir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William LUCY.

Som. How now, ſir William? whither were you ſent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and ſold lord Talbot[1];
Who, ring'd about[2] with bold adverſity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerſet,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions[3].

[1] —*from bought and ſold Lord Talbot*;] i. e. from one utterly ruin'd by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

"Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
"For Dickon thy maſter is *bought and ſold.*"

The expreſſion appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. IV. p. 558, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] —ring'd *about*—] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

[3] —*his weak* legions.] Old Copy—*regions*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring[4], looks for reſcue,
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation[5].
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours that ſhould lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yield up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Baſtard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compaſs him about,
And Talbot periſheth by your default.

Som. York ſet him on, York ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And York as faſt upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love;
And take foul ſcorn, to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come, go; I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtraight:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue; he is ta'en, or ſlain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

4 — *in advantage ling'ring,*] Protracting his reſiſtance by the advantage of a ſtrong poſt. JOHNSON.

Or perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himſelf, to linger out the action, &c. MALONE.

5 — *worthleſs* emulation.] In this line *emulation* ſignifies merely *rivalry*, not ſtruggle for ſuperior excellence. JOHNSON.

So Ulyſſes in *Troilus and Creſſida* ſays, that the Grecian chiefs were

"——grown to an envious fever
"Of pale and bloodleſs *emulation*." MASON.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Engliſh *Camp near* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *and* John *his ſon.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did ſend for thee,
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding ſtars!—
Now thou art come unto a feaſt of death[6],
A terrible and unavoided[7] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight: come, dally not, begone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard, and a ſlave of me:
The world will ſay—He is not Talbot's blood,
That baſely fled, when noble Talbot ſtood[8].
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be ſlain.
John. He, that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.
John. Then, let me ſtay: and, father, do you fly:

[6] —*a feaſt of* death,] To a field where *death* will be *feaſted* with ſlaughter. JOHNSON.

[7] —unavoided—] for *unavoidable.* MALONE.

[8] —*noble Talbot ſtood.*] For what reaſon this ſcene is written in rhyme, I cannot gueſs. If Shakſpeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verſes in the ſame manner, I ſhould have ſuſpected that this dialogue had been a part of ſome other poem which was never finiſhed, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inſerted it here. JOHNSON.

Your

Your loſs is great, ſo your regard[9] ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will ſwear;
But, if I bow, they'll ſay—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If, the firſt hour, I ſhrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preſerv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuſe it?

Tal. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.

John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.

John. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can yourſelf yourſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon.
Come, ſide by ſide together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

9 —*your regard*—] Your care of your own ſafety. JOHNSON.

SCENE VI.

A field of battle.

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbot's *ſon is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his ſword.
Where is John Talbot?—pauſe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and reſcu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy ſon[1]:
The life, thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done[2];
Till with thy warlike ſword, deſpight of fate,
To my determin'd time[3] thou gav'ſt new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia reſcu'd thee.
The ireful baſtard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood

[1] *O twice my father! twice am I thy ſon:*] A French epigram, on a child, who being ſhipwrecked with his father ſaved his life by getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the ſame thought. After deſcribing the wreck, it concludes thus:

" —— aprez mille efforts,
" J'appercus prez de moi flotter des membres morts;
" Helas! c'etoit mon pere.
" Je le connus, je l' embraſſai,
" Et ſur lui juſq' au port hereuſement pouſſé,
" Des ondes et des vents j'evitai la furie.
" *Que ce pere doit m'etre cher,*
" *Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,*
" *Une fois ſur la terre, et l'autre ſur la mere!*" MALONE.

[2] —*and* done;] See p. 79, n. 8. MALONE.

[3] —*my* determin'd *time*—] Time *expired*, ended. The word is ſtill uſed in that ſenſe by legal conveyancers. MALONE.

C

Of thy firſt fight—I ſoon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; and, in diſgrace,
Beſpoke him thus: *Contaminated, baſe,*
And miſ-begotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I ſhall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhort'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our houſhold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The ſword of Orleans hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart[3]:
On that advantage[4], bought with ſuch a ſhame,—
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame,—

3 *The ſword of Orleans hath not made me ſmart,*
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:]
"Are there not poiſons, racks, and flames, and *ſwords?*
"That Emma thus muſt die by Henry's *words?*" PRIOR.
MALONE.

4 *On that advantage,* &c.] i. e. Before young Talbot fly from his ther, (in order to ſave his life while he deſtroys his character,) *on*, or the ſake of, *the advantages* you mention, namely, preſerving our uſhold's name, &c. may my coward horſe drop down dead! Mr. heobald reads—*Out* on that '*vantage*—. Sir T. Hanmer and the bſequent editors read—*O, what* advantage, &c. MALONE.

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peaſant boys of France[5];
To be ſhame's ſcorn, and ſubject of miſchance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's ſon:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If ſon to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſperate ſire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's ſide;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the ſame.

Alarum: Excurſions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, ſupported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, ſmear'd with captivity[6]!
Young Talbot's valour makes me ſmile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience:

[5] *And* like *me to the peaſant boys of France;*] By "to *like*" I ſuppoſe the author meant to *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*. JOHNSON.

[6] *Triumphant death, ſmear'd with captivity!*] That is, death ſtained and diſhonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

Death ſtained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author when he firſt addreſſes death, and uſes the epithet *triumphant*, conſiders him as a perſon who had triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breaſt. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnſon has rightly explained it, death muſt have its ordinary ſignification. "I think light of my death, though rendered diſgraceful by captivity," &c. Perhaps however the conſtruction intended by the poet was—Young Talbot's valour makes *me*, ſmeared with captivity, ſmile, &c. If ſo, there ſhould be a comma after *captivity*. MALONE.

But when my angry guardant ſtood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin[7], and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſt'ring battle of the French:
And in that ſea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my bloſſom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot[8].

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your ſon is borne!

Tal. Thou antick death[9], which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither ſky[1],
In thy deſpight, ſhall 'ſcape mortality.—
O thou whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:

[7] *Tend'ring my ruin,*] Watching me with tenderneſs in my fall. JOHNSON.

I would rather read,—*Tending my ruin*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius ſays to Ophelia, "—*Tender* yourſelf more dearly." STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"I *tender* ſo the ſafety of my liege—." MALONE.

[8] —*the body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the eldeſt ſon of the firſt Earl by his ſecond wife, and was Viſcount Liſle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viſcount Liſle in 1451. John, the earl's eldeſt ſon by his firſt wife, was ſlain at the battle of Northampton in 1460. MALONE.

[9] *Thou* antick *death,*] The *fool*, or *antick* of the play, made ſport by mocking the graver perſonages. JOHNSON.

[1] —*through the* lither *ſky,*] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. In much the ſame ſenſe Milton ſays:

"——— He with broad ſails
"Winnow'd the *buxom* air."

That is, the obſequious air. JOHNSON.

Lither is the comparative of the adjective *lithe*. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"I'll bring his *lither* legs in better frame." STEEVENS.

Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks; as who ſhould ſay—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Sold. *and* Serv. *leaving the two bodies.*
Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Baſtard, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerſet brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood[2],
Did fleſh his puny ſword in Frenchmen's blood[3]!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn,—
He anſwer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench[4]:
So, ruſhing in the bowels of the French[5],
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

[2] —*raging*-wood,] That is, raging *mad.* So, in Heywood's *Dialogues, containing a number of effectual proverbes*, 1562:
" She was, as they ſay, horn-*wood.*"
Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more fool thou art*, 1570:
" He will fight as he were *wood.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —*in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, ſtrengthens the ſuſpicion that theſe verſes were originally part of ſome other work, and were copied here only to ſave the trouble of compoſing new. JOHNSON.

[4] —*of a* giglot *wench:*] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *ſtrumpet.* JOHNS.
The word is uſed by Gaſcoigne and other authors, though now quite obſolete. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599:
" Whoſe choice is like that Greekiſh *giglot's* love,
" That left her lord, prince Menelaus." STEEVENS.

[5] —*in the bowels of the French,*] So, in the firſt part of *Jeronimo*, 1605;
" Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels.*" STEEV.

Bur.

Bur. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.

Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, *attended*; *a* French *herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?

Lucy. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We Engliſh warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For priſoners aſk'ſt thou? hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides * of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewſbury?
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great earl of Waſhford [6], Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

* *Where is the great Alcides*—] Old Copy—*But* where's. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The compoſitor probable caught the word *But* from the preceding line. Malone.

[6] *Great earl of* Waſhford,] It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinſhed's Chronicle of Ireland, that Wexford was anciently called *Weyſford*. In Crompton's *Manſion of Magnanimitie* it is written as here, *Waſhford*. This long liſt of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Rouen in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to aſcertain, for it is not in the common hiſtorians. The oldeſt book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, poſterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this liſt is, the epitaph has one more, which, I ſuppoſe, was only rejected becauſe it would not eaſily fall into the verſe, "Lord Lovetoft of Worſop." It concludes as here, —"Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden fleece, Great Marſhall to King Henry VI. of his realm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453." Malone.

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of ſaint George,
Worthy ſaint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareſhal to Henry the ſixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a ſilly ſtately ſtile, indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath [7],
Writes not ſo tedious a ſtile as this.—
Him, that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot ſlain; the Frenchmen's only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemeſis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might ſhoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call theſe dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beſeems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upſtart is old Talbot's ghoſt,
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit.
For God's ſake, let him have 'em [8]; to keep them here,
They would but ſtink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their aſhes * ſhall be rear'd
A phœnix, that ſhall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's ſlain. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *The Turk*, &c.] Alluding probably to the oſtentatious letter of *Sultan Solyman the Magnificent*, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Signior's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *Hiſt. of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GREY.

[8] — *let him have* 'em;] Old copy—have *him*. So, a little lower, —do with *him*. The firſt emendation was made by Mr. Theobald; the other by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

* *But from their aſhes*, &c.] The defect of the metre ſhews that ſome word of two ſyllables was inadvertently omitted; probably an epithet to *aſhes*. MALONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.[9]

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly ſue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And 'ſtabliſh quietneſs on every ſide.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity[1] and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one faith.

Glo. Beſide, my lord,—the ſooner to effect,
And ſurer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage? uncle, alas! my years are young[*];
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers every one:

[9] In the original copy, the tranſcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth Act; and has by miſtake called this ſcene Scene II. The editor of the ſecond folio made a very abſurd regulation by making the act begin in the middle of the preceding ſcene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his ſon,) which was inadvertently followed in ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

[1] — *immanity*—] I. e. barbarity, ſavageneſs. STEEVENS.

[*] — *my years are young*;] His majeſty, however, was twenty-four years old. MALONE.

I ſhall

I ſhall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and two Ambaſſadors, with* WINCHESTER *in a Cardinal's habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Wincheſter inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree[2]!
Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the fifth did ſometime propheſy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambaſſadors, your ſeveral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on.
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Wincheſter, we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your maſter,—
I have inform'd his highneſs ſo at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the* Amb.] pledge of my affection.
And ſo, my lord protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to Dover; where, inſhipp'd,

[2] *What! is my lord of Wincheſter inſtall'd,*
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!] This (as Mr. Edwards has obſerved in his Mſ. notes) argues a great forgetfulneſs in the poet. In the firſt act Gloſter ſays:

I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad cardinal's *hat*;

and it is ſtrange that the duke of Exeter ſhould not know of his advancement. STEEVENS.

It ſhould ſeem from the ſtage-direction prefixed to this ſcene, and from the converſation between the Legate and Wincheſter, that the author meant it to be underſtood that the biſhop had obtained his cardinal's hat only juſt before his preſent entry. The inaccuracy therefore was in making Gloſter addreſs him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign. MALONE.

Commit

it them to the fortune of the ſea.
ount K. HEN. *and Train*; GLO. EXE. *and* Ambaſſ.
. Stay, my lord legate; you ſhall firſt receive
m of money, which I promiſed
be deliver'd to his holineſs
athing me in theſe grave ornaments.
I will attend upon your lordſhip's leiſure.
. Now Winchester will not ſubmit, I trow,
inferior to the proudeſt peer.
ırey of Gloſter, thou ſhalt well perceive,
neither in birth [3], or for authority,
ſhop will be over-borne by thee:
ber make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
e this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

France. *Plains in* Anjou.

CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and forces, marching.*

. Theſe news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
ſpirits:
id, the ſtout Pariſians do revolt,
ırn again unto the warlike French.
. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
eep not back your powers in dalliance.
Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us;
ain combat with their palaces!

Enter a Meſſenger.

: Succeſs unto our valiant general,
appineſs to his acomplices!
r. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'ythee, ſpeak.
: The Engliſh army, that divided was
o parties, is now conjoin'd in one;

[3], *neither in birth,*] I would read—*for* birth. That is, thou : rule me though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority .. JOHNSON.

And

And means to give you battle preſently.

Char. Somewhat too ſudden, ſirs, the warning is;
But we will preſently provide for them.

Bur. I truſt, the ghoſt of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all baſe paſſions, fear is moſt accurs'd:—
Command the conqueſt, Charles, it ſhall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming ſpells, and periapts[4];
And ye choice ſpirits, that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north[5],
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

[4] —*ye charming ſpells, and periapts;*] Charms ſow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. "*Woe to them that ſow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt ſouls.*" Pope.

Periapts were worn about the neck as preſervatives from diſeaſe or danger. Of theſe, the firſt chapter of St. John's Goſpel was deemed the moſt efficacious. Whoever is deſirous to know more about them, may conſult Reginald Scott's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. Steevens.

The following ſtory, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has aſſerted. "A cardinal ſeeing a prieſt carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuſe was, that he only carried it to defend himſelf againſt the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, ſerves *St. John's Goſpel?* Alas, my lord, ſaid the prieſt, theſe curs underſtand no Latin." Malone.

[5] —*monarch of the north,*] The north was always ſuppoſed to be the particular habitation of bad ſpirits. Milton therefore aſſembles the rebel angels in the north. Johnson.

The boaſt of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Iſaiah is ſaid to be, that *he will ſit upon the mount of the congregation, in the ſides of the* north. Steevens.

Enter

Enter Fiends.

eedy and quick appearance argues proof
r accuſtom'd diligence to me.
ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
the powerful regions[6] under earth,
ie this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and ſpeak not.*
d me not with ſilence over-long!
I was wont to feed you with my blood,
a member off, and give it you,
eſt of a further benefit;
do condeſcend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
e to have redreſs?—My body ſhall
ompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
: my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
: you to your wonted furtherance?
ake my ſoul; my body, ſoul, and all,
that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
hey forſake me. Now the time is come,
'rance muſt vail her lofty-plumed creſt,
t her head fall into England's lap.
cieht incantations are too weak,
:ll too ſtrong for me to buckle with:—
France, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

[6] *powerful* regions—] I believe Shakſpeare wrote—*legions.* WARBURTON.

rmer paſſage *regions* ſeems to have been printed inſtead of at leaſt all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there d the latter word inſtead of the former. See p. 80, n. 3. d *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the mſelves, but not to their place of reſidence, ſhew that it has title to a place in the text here. So, in *the Tempeſt*:

— But one *fiend* at a time,
I'll fight their *legions* o'er." MALONE.

regions under earth are the infernal regions. Whence elſe ſhould reſs have ſelected or ſummoned her fiends? STEEVENS.

Alarums.

Alarums. Enter French *and* Engliſh, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The* French *fly.*

York. Damſel of France, I think, I have you faſt:
Unchain your ſpirits now with ſpelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No ſhape but his can pleaſe your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing miſchief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpriz'd
By bloody hands, in ſleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag[7]! enchantreſs, hold thy tongue.
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curſe a while.
York. Curſe, miſcreant, when thou comeſt to the ſtake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in lady* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner.
[*gazes on her.*
O faireſt beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
I kiſs theſe fingers [*kiſſing her hand.*] for eternal peace[8]:

[7] *Fell,* banning *hag!*] To *ban* is to curſe. STEEVENS.

[8] *I kiſs theſe fingers for eternal peace:*] In the old copy theſe lines are thus arranged and pointed:

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
I kiſs theſe fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.

by which Suffolk is made to kiſs his own fingers, a ſymbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example. The tranſpoſition was made, I think rightly, by Mr. Capel. In the old edition, as here, there is only a comma after "hands," which ſeems to countenance the regulation now made. To obtain ſomething like ſenſe, the modern editors were obliged to put a full point at the end of that line. MALONE.

Who

rt thou? ſay, that I may honour thee.
. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
ng of Naples, whoſoe'er thou art.
An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
offended, nature's miracle,
rt allotted to be ta'en by me:
ı the ſwan her downy cygnets ſave,
g them priſoners underneath her wings *.
this ſervile uſage once offend,
ıd be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
!—I have no power to let her paſs;
ıd would free her, but my heart ſays—no.
's the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams [9],
ing another counterfeited beam,
ıs this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
ould I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak:
for pen and ink, and write my mind:
: la Poole! diſable not thyſelf [1];
t a tongue? is ſhe not here?
ou be daunted at a woman's ſight!
auty's princely majeſty is ſuch,
ıds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough [2].
Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be ſo,—
ınſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
ɔerceive, I am thy priſoner.

er *wings*.] Old Copy—*bis*. This manifeſt error I only men- ıuſe it ſupports a note in Vol. III. p. 229, n. 3. and juſtifies e there made. *Her* was formerly ſpelt *bir*; hence it was often ıd with *bis*. MALONE.

ays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams, &c.] This compariſon, ween things which ſeem ſufficiently unlike, is intended to ex- ſoftneſs and delicacy of lady Margaret's beauty, which de- ıt did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by JOHNSON.

able not thyſelf;] Do not repreſent thyſelf ſo weak. To judgment of another was, in that age, the ſame as to deſtroy ır authority. JOHNSON.

As you like it, Act V: "—If again, it was not well cut, he *judgment*." STEEVENS.

t makes the ſenſes rough.] The meaning of this word is not ıs.' Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*crouch*. MALONE.

Suf. How canſt thou tell, ſhe will deny thy ſuit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aſide.*
Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? what ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aſide.*
Mar. I were beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card[3].
Mar. He talks at random; ſure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tuſh! that's a wooden thing[4].
Mar. He talks of wood: It is ſome carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfy'd,
And peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he ſeems a knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courteſy. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cauſe—
Mar. Tuſh! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

[3] —*a* cooling card.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"I'll have a preſent *cooling card* for you." STEEVENS.
[4] —*a wooden thing.*] is *an awkward buſineſs, an undertaking not likely to ſucceed.* So, in Lilly's *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:
"My maſter takes but *wooden* paine." STEEVENS.

Suf.

Suf. Say, gentle princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden ſcepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myſelf.
How ſay you, madam; are you ſo content?
Mar. An if my father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's caſtle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A parley ſounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, ſee, thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Conſent, (and, for thy honour, give conſent,)
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eaſy-held impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign[4],

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I deſcend,
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.

[*Exit, from the walls.*

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets ſounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleaſes.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for ſo ſweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What anſwer makes your grace unto my ſuit?

Reig. Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth[5],
To be the princely bride of ſuch a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine*, and Anjou,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be Henry's, if he pleaſe.

Suf. That is her ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for ſign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffick of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So, farewel, Reignier! Set this diamond ſafe

4 — face, *or feign.*] "To *face* (ſays Dr. Johnſon) is to carry a falſe appearance; to play the hypocrite." Hence the name of one of the characters in Ben Jonſon's *Alchymiſt*. MALONE.

5 *Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth, &c.*] *To woo her little worth*—may mean—*to court her ſmall ſhare of merit.* But perhaps this paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:

Since thou doſt deign to woo her, little worth
To be the princely bride of ſuch a lord;

i. e. little deſerving to be the wife of ſuch a prince. MALONE.

* — *the* county *Maine,*] Maine is called a *county* both by Hall and Hollinſhed. The old copy erroneouſly reads—*country*. MALONE.

In

golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
ıe Chriſtian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my lord! Good wiſhes, praiſe, and
prayers,
all Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
ı princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
virgin, and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly[6] directed.
t, madam, I muſt trouble you again,—
ı loving token to his majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unſpotted heart,
ver yet taint with love, I ſend the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thyſelf;—I will not ſo preſume,
ı ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a king[7].
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER, *and* MARGARET.
Suf. O, wert thou for myſelf!—But, Suffolk, ſtay;
ıou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
ıere Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
licit Henry with her wond'rous praiſe:
think thee on her virtues that ſurmount;
ad, natural graces that extinguiſh art[8];
:peat their ſemblance often on the ſeas,
hat, when thou com'ſt to kneel at Henry's feet,
ıou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[6] — *modeſtly*—] Old Copy—*modeſty*. Corrected by the editor of ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *To ſend ſuch* peeviſh *tokens*—] *Peeviſh* for childiſh. WARBURTON. See a note on *Cymbeline*, A&I. ſc. vii: "He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*." STEEVENS.

[8] Mad, *natural graces* that extinguiſh art;] So the old copy. The ıdern editors have been content to read—*Her* natural graces. By the ıd *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultiated. In the former of theſe ſignifications he appears to have uſed it *Othello*: "*he ſhe lov'd prov'd* mad:" which Dr. Johnſon has properly ıterpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*. *Mad*, in ne of the ancient books of gardening, is uſed as an epithet to plants ich grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, *in* Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, *and Others.*

York. Bring forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I ſought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs[9] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, ſweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miſer[1]! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can teſtify
She was the firſt-fruit of my bachelorſhip.

War. Graceleſs! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote—
" And catch a grace beyond the reach of art."
In *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634, *mad* is uſed in the ſame manner as in the text:
" Is it not *mad* lodging in theſe wild woods here?"
Again, in Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, " — with manie more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before."
Malone.

9 — timeleſs—] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:
" Thy ſtrength was buried in his *timeleſs* death." Stevens.

1 *Decrepit* miſer!] *Miſer* has no relation to avarice in this paſſage, but ſimply means a miſerable creature. So, in Holinſhed, p. 760, where he is ſpeaking of the death of Richard III: " And ſo this *miſer*, at the ſame verie point, had like chance and fortune," &c. Again, p. 951, among the laſt words of lord Cromwell: " — for if I ſhould ſo doo, I were a very wretch and a *miſer*." Stevens.

Shep.

p. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle[2]!
knows, thou art a collop of my fleſh;
or thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear:
me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
. Peaſant, avaunt!—You have ſuborn'd this man,
rpoſe to obſcure my noble birth.
p. Tis true, I gave a noble[3] to the prieſt,
norn that I was wedded to her mother.—
down and take my bleſſing, good my girl.
hou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time
r nativity! I would, the milk
nother gave thee, when thou ſuck'dſt her breaſt,
een a little ratſbane for thy ſake!
e, when thou didſt keep my lambs a-field,
ſome ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
hou deny thy father, curſed drab?
rn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
t. Take her away; for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
the world with vicious qualities.
. Firſt, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
ie[4] begotten of a ſhepherd ſwain,
n'd from the progeny of kings;
ous, and holy; choſen from above,
piration of celeſtial grace,
rk exceeding miracles on earth.
r had to do with wicked ſpirits:
n,—that are polluted with your luſts,
d with the guiltleſs blood of innocents,
pt and tainted with a thouſand vices,—
ſe you want the grace that others have,

[2] *ſo* obſtacle!] A vulgar corruption of *obſtinate*, which I think ly laſted ſince our author's time till now. JOHNSON.
ſame corruption may be met with in Gower, Chapman, and riters. STEEVENS.
[3] *my* noble *birth.*—
true, I gave a noble—] This paſſage ſeems to corrobo- explanation, ſomewhat far-fetched, which I have given in *IV.* of the *nobleman* and *royal man.* JOHNSON.
[4] *me*—] I believe the author wrote—Not *one.* MALONE.

You judge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs wonders, but by help of devils.
No, miſconceived[4]! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte and immaculate in very thought;
Whoſe maiden blood, thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, ſirs; becauſe ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, diſcover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince Charles muſt father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel[5]!

It

[4] *No, miſconceived!*] i. e. *No, ye miſconceivers, ye who miſtake me and my qualities.* STEEVENS.

[5] —*that notorious* Machiavel!] *Machiavel* being mentioned ſomewhat before his time, this line is by ſome of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel ſeems to have made ſo very deep an impreſſion on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely ſpoken of. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caractacus*,

" —— read *Machiavel!*
" Princes that would aſpire, muſt mock at hell."

Again:

It dies, an if it had a thouſand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man! that's moſt intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, ſhe knows not well,
There were ſo many, whom ſhe may accuſe.

War. It's ſign, ſhe hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Uſe no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curſe:
May never glorious ſun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death [6]
Environ you; till miſchief, and deſpair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves [7]!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commiſſion from the king.
For know, my lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aſpiring French;

Again: "—— my brain
"Italianates my barren faculties
"To *Machiavelian* blackneſs." STEEVENS.

[6] *—darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death—*] The expreſſion is ſcriptural: "Whereby the day-ſpring from on high hath viſited us, to give light to them that ſit *in darkneſs and the ſhadow of death.*" MALONE.

[7] *— till miſchief and deſpair*
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves!] Perhaps Shakſpeare intended to remark in this execration, the frequency of ſuicide among the Engliſh, which has been commonly imputed to the gloomineſs of their air. JOHNSON.

And

And ſee at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about ſome matter.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended*; ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce ſhall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourſelves
What the conditions of that league muſt be.

York. Speak, Wincheſter; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my poiſon'd voice [8],
By ſight of theſe our baleful enemies [9].

Win. Charles, and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives conſent,
Of meer compaſſion, and of lenity,

[8] — poiſon'd voice,] *Poiſon'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful enemies*, or with *baleful*, if it can be uſed in the ſame ſenſe. The modern editors read—*priſon'd voice*. JOHNSON.

Priſon'd was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] — baleful *enemies.*] *Baleful* is *ſorrowful*; I therefore rather imagine that we ſhould read—*baneful*, hurtful, or miſchievous. JOHNSON.

Baleful had anciently the ſame meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet very frequently beſtow'd on poiſonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers."

STEEVENS.

To

To eaſe your country of diſtreſsful war,
And ſuffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You ſhall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him tribute, and ſubmit thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And ſtill enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Muſt he be then as ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his temples with a coronet [1];
And yet, in ſubſtance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am poſſeſs'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt unvanquiſh'd
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambaſſador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.

York. Inſulting Charles! haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon compariſon [2]?
Either accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit [3] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We ſhall not find like opportunity.

[1] —*with a* coronet;] *Coronet* is here uſed for a *crown*. JOHNSON.

[2] —*upon compariſon?*] Do you ſtand to compare your preſent ſtate, a ſtate which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

[3] *Of* benefit—] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. JOHNSON.

Alen.

Alen. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your ſubjects from ſuch maſſacre,
And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleaſure ſerves.
[*Aſide, to* Charles.

War. How ſay'ſt thou, Charles? ſhall our condition ſtand?

Char. It ſhall:
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.

York. Then ſwear allegiance to his majeſty;
As thou art knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[Charles, *and the reſt, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now diſmiſs your army when ye pleaſe;
Hang up your enſigns, let your drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare deſcription, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's ſettled paſſions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt hulk againſt the tide;
So am I driven[4], by breath of her renown,
Either to ſuffer ſhipwreck, or arrive

4 *So am I driven*, &c.] This ſimile is ſomewhat obſcure; he ſeems to mean, that as a ſhip is driven againſt the tide by the wind, ſo he is driven by love againſt the current of his intereſt. JOHNSON.

Where

here I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tuſh, my good lord! this ſuperficial tale
but a preface of her worthy praiſe:
ıe chief perfections of that lovely dame,
lad I ſufficient ſkill to utter them,)
ould make a volume of enticing lines,
ıle to raviſh any dull conceit.
ıd, which is more, ſhe is not ſo divine.
full replete with choice of all delights,
t, with as humble lowlineſs of mind,
e is content to be at your command;
mmand, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
ı love and honour Henry as her lord.
K. *Hen.* And otherwiſe will Henry ne'er preſume.
ıerefore, my lord protector, give conſent,
at Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin.
u know, my lord, your highneſs is betroth'd
ıto another lady of eſteem;
w ſhall we then diſpenſe with that contract,
d not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
one, that, at a triumph [5] having vow'd
try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the liſts
reaſon of his adverſary's odds:
poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
d therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
r father is no better than an earl,
though in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord *, her father is a king,
ıe king of Naples, and Jeruſalem;
ıd of ſuch great authority in France,
his alliance will confirm our peace,

— *at a* triumph—] A *triumph* in this author's time ſignified an ibition of ſports, &c. See *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II. 42, n. 4. MALONE.

— *my* good *lord*,] *Good*, which is not in the old copy, was added the ſake of the metre, in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

And

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And ſo the earl of Armagnac may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto Charles.

Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower;
While Reignier ſooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! diſgrace not ſo your king,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To chooſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to ſeek a queen to make him rich:
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep, or horſe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip[6];
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt[7] of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliſs[8],
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in women commonly is ſeen,)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a king;
For Henry, ſon unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of ſo high reſolve,

[6] — *by attorneyſhip*;] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the diſcretional agency of another. JOHNSON.

[7] It *moſt*—] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[8] *Whereas the* contrary *bringeth bliſs*,] *Contrary* is here uſed as a quadriſyllable; as if it were written *conterary*. So *Henry* is uſed by our old poets as a triſyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. MALONE.

As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret ſhall be queen, and none but ſhe.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſenſion in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts[9].
Take, therefore, ſhipping; poſt, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay; for, till you do return,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand cares.—
And you, good uncle, baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me by what you were[1],
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief[2]. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;

9 *As I am ſick with* working of my thoughts.] So, in Shakſpeare's *King Henry V.*

"*Work, work your thoughts,* and therein ſee a ſiege."
MALONE.

1 *If you do* cenſure *me,* &c.] To *cenſure* is here ſimply to *judge. If in judging me you conſider the paſt frailties of your own youth.* JOHNSON.
See Vol I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

2 — *ruminate my* grief.] *Grief* in the firſt line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneaſineſs*; in the ſecond ſpecially for *ſorrow.* JOHNSON.

With

With hope to find the like event in love,
But proſper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret ſhall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm[3]. [*Exit.*

3 Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two ſucceeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the ſecond and third parts were publiſhed without the firſt, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were ſurreptitiouſly obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick thoſe plays not ſuch as the author deſigned, but ſuch as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the ſeries of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, becauſe in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

Henry the ſixth, in infant bands crown'd king,—
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhewn.

France is loſt in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houſes of York and Lancaſter.

JOHNSON.

That the ſecond and third parts (as they are now called) were printed without the firſt, is a proof, in my apprehenſion, that they were not written by the author of the firſt: and the title of *The Contention of the houſes of York and Lancaſter*, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto in 1600, is a proof that they were a diſtinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the ſame time; and that this play was never known by the name of *The firſt Part of King Henry VI.* till Heminge and Condell gave it this title in their volume, to diſtinguiſh it from the two ſubſequent plays; which, being *altered* by Shakſpeare, aſſumed the new titles of the *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. This firſt part was, I conceive, originally called *The hiſtorical play of King Henry VI.* See the Eſſay at the end of theſe conteſted pieces. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Humphrey, *Duke of* Gloſter, *his uncle.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *great uncle to the king.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York:
Edward *and* Richard, *his ſons.*
Duke of Somerſet,
Duke of Suffolk,
Duke of Buckingham,
Lord Clifford,
Young Clifford, *his ſon.*
} *of the king's party.*
Earl of Saliſbury,
Earl of Warwick,
} *of the* York *faction.*
Lord Scales, *Governour of the Tower.* *Lord* Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and his brother.* *Sir* John Stanley.
A Sea-captain, Maſter, and Maſter's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, priſoners with Suffolk.
A Herald. Vaux.
Hume *and* Southwell, *two prieſts.*
Bolingbroke, *a Conjurer.* *A ſpirit raiſed by him.*
Thomas Horner, *an Armourer.* Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. *Mayor of* Saint Alban's.
Simpcox, *an Impoſtor.* *Two Murderers.*
Jack Cade, *a Rebel:*
George, John, Dick, Smith, *the Weaver,* Michael, *&c. his followers.*
Alexander Iden, *a* Kentiſh *Gentleman.*

Margaret, *Queen to King* Henry.
Eleanor, *Dutcheſs of* Gloſter.
Margery Jourdain, *a Witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Meſſengers, &c.

SCENE, diſperſedly in various parts of England.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of ſtate in the Palace.*

Flouriſh of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one ſide, King HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *on the other,* Queen MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others, following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majeſty[2]
I had in charge at my depart for France,

As

[1] In a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly ſtated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakſpeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* *The Contention of the two famous houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter* in two parts, was publiſhed in quarto, in 1600; and the firſt part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) March 12, 1593-4. On theſe two plays, which I believe to have been written by ſome preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakſpeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reaſons on which this hypotheſis is founded, I ſhall ſubjoin at large at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* At preſent it is only neceſſary to apprize the reader of the method obſerved in the printing of theſe plays. All the lines printed in the uſual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at leaſt with ſuch minute variations as are not worth noticing); and thoſe, I conceive, Shakſpeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypotheſis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and thoſe with aſteriſks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarſe ſtuff that had been awkwardly made up for the ſtage by ſome of his contemporaries. The ſpeeches which he new-modelled, he improved, ſometimes by amplification, and ſometimes by retrenchment.

Theſe two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their preſent form in

As procurator to your excellence [3],
To marry princeſs Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In preſence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend biſhops,
I have perform'd my taſk, and was eſpous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of England and her lordly peers,

1591. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol I. and the Diſſertation at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnſon obſerves very juſtly, that theſe two parts were not written without a *dependance* on the firſt. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *K. Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The firſt part,*) certainly had been exhibited before theſe were written in *any form.* But it does not follow from this conceſſion, either that *The Contention of the two houſes, &c.* in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakſpeare was the author of theſe two pieces as they *originally appeared.* MALONE.

This and *The third part of King Henry VI.* contain that troubleſome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention betwixt the houſes of York and Lancaſter. The preſent ſcene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445]; and cloſes with the firſt battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [1455]: ſo that it comprizes the hiſtory and tranſactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by Crowne, and acted in 1682. STEEVENS.

[2] *As by your high,* &c.] It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the ſeries of tranſactions of which it preſuppoſes the firſt part already known. This is a ſufficient proof that the ſecond and third parts were not written without dependance on the firſt, though they were printed as containing a complete period of hiſtory. JOHNSON.

[3] *As procurator to your excellence,* &c.] So, in Holinſhed, p. 625: "The marqueſſe of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, eſpouſed the ſaid ladie in the church of ſaint Martine. At the which marriage were preſent the father and mother of the bride; the French king himſelf that was uncle to the huſband, and the French queen alſo that was aunt to the wife. There were alſo the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanſon, and of Britaine, ſeaven earles, twelve barons, twenty biſhops," &c. STEEVENS.

This paſſage Holinſhed tranſcribed *verbatim* from Hall. MALONE.

Deliver

Deliver up my title in the queen
To your moſt gracious hands, that are[4] the ſubſtance
Of that great ſhadow I did repreſent;
The happieſt gift that ever marqueſs gave,
The faireſt queen that ever king receiv'd.
K. Hen. Suffolk, ariſe.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of love,
Than this kind kiſs.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulneſs!
For thou haſt given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoul,
If ſympathy of love unite our thoughts.
Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;
The mutual conference[5] that my mind hath had—
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
In courtly company, or at my beads,—
With you mine alder-leſeſt ſovereign[6],
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my king
With ruder terms; ſuch as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.
K. Hen. Her ſight did raviſh: but her grace in ſpeech,
Her words y-clad with wiſdom's majeſty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys[7];

Such

[4] —*that are*—] i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my ſovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line ſtands:

Unto your gracious *excellence* that are, &c. MALONE.

[5] *The mutual conference*—] I am the bolder to addreſs you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

[6] —*mine* alder-leſeſt *ſovereign*,] *Alder-leveſt*, ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his GLOS. to Chaucer, ſignifies, *deareſt of all*. *Leve* or *lefe*, Sax. *dear*; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. ca. pl. *of all*. MALONE.

The word is uſed by Chaucer, Marſton, and Gaſcoigne. STEEVENS.

[7] *Makes me, from wondering, fall to* weeping joys;] This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakſpeare was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much ado about nothing*, *K. Richard II.* *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. This and the preceding ſpeech ſtand thus in the original play in quarto. I tranſcribe them that the reader may be the better able to judge concerning my hypotheſis; and ſhall quote a few other paſſages for the ſame purpoſe. To exhibit

' Such is the fulneſs of my heart's content.—
' Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.
All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happineſs!
Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*
Suf. My lord protector, ſo it pleaſe your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our ſovereign and the French king Charles,
' For eighteen months concluded by conſent.
Glo. [*reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marqueſs of Suffolk, ambaſſador for Henry king of England,—that the ſaid Henry ſhall eſpouſe the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jeruſalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*—Item,—*That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the king her father*—
K. Hen. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.
K. Hen. Uncle of Wincheſter, I pray, read on.
Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine ſhall be releaſed and delivered over to the king her father; and ſhe ſent over of the king of England's own proper coſt and charges, without having dowry.*
K. Hen. They pleaſe us well.—Lord marqueſs, kneel down;
We here create thee the firſt duke of Suffolk,

all the ſpeeches that Shakſpeare has altered, would be almoſt to print the two plays twice:

Queen. The exceſſive love I beare unto your grace,
Forbids me to be laviſh of my tongue,
Leſt I ſhould ſpeake more than beſeems a woman.
Let this ſuffice; my bliſs is in your liking;
And nothing can make poor Margaret miſerable
Unleſs the frowne of mightie England's king.
Fr. King. Her lookes did wound, but now her ſpeech doth pierce.
Lovely Queen Margaret, ſit down by my ſide;
And uncle Gloſter, and you lordly peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloved Queene. MALONE.

And

And girt thee with the ſword.—
Couſin of York, we here diſcharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Wincheſter, Gloſter, York, and Buckingham,
Somerſet, Saliſbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the ſtate,
' To you duke Humphrey muſt unload his grief,
' Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
' What! did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
' His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
' Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
' In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
' To conquer France, his true inheritance?
' And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
' To keep by policy what Henry got?
' Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
' Brave York, Saliſbury, and victorious Warwick,
' Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy?
' Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myſelf,
' With all the learned council of the realm,
' Study'd ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
' Early and late, debating to and fro
' How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
' And hath his highneſs in his infancy
' Been crown'd * in Paris, in deſpight of foes;
' And ſhall theſe labours, and theſe honours, die?
' Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
' Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
' O peers of England, ſhameful is this league!
' Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
' Blotting your names from books of memory;

* Been *crown'd*—] The word *Been* was ſupplied by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

' Razing the characters of your renown;
' Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
' Undoing all, as all had never been!
' *Car.* Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtance[8]?
' For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.
* *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
* But now it is impoſſible we ſhould:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roaſt,
' Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
* Unto the poor king Reignier, whoſe large ſtyle
* Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe[9].
* *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that dy'd for all,
* Theſe counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant ſon?
' *War.* For grief that they are paſt recovery:
' For, were there hope to conquer them again,
' My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
' Anjou and Maine! myſelf did win them both;
' Thoſe provinces theſe arms of mine did conquer:
' And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
' Deliver'd up again with peaceful words[1]?
' Mort Dieu!
* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be ſuffocate,
* That dims the honour of this warlike iſle!
* France ſhould have torn and rent my very heart,
* Before I would have yielded to this league.
' I never read but England's kings have had
' Large ſums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
' And our king Henry gives away his own,

[8] *This peroration with ſuch circumſtance?*] This ſpeech crowded with ſo many inſtances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

[9] *—whoſe large ſtyle*
Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe.] So Holinſhed: "King Reigner hir father, for all his *long ſtile*, had too ſhort a *purſe* to ſend his daughter honourably to the king hir ſpowſe." MALONE.

[1] *And are the cities, &c.*] The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wiſh it had been better expreſſed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the jingle is more ſtriking. "And muſt that then which we won with our *ſwords*, be given away with *words?*" MALONE.

' To

' To match with her that brings no vantages.
* *Glo.* A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
* That Suffolk ſhould demand a whole fifteenth,
* For coſts and charges in tranſporting her!
* She ſhould have ſtaid in France, and ſtarv'd in France,
* Before—
* *Car.* My lord of Gloſter, now you grow too hot;
* It was the pleaſure of my lord the king.
* *Glo.* My lord of Wincheſter, I know your mind;
' 'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike,
' But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble you.
' Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
' I ſee thy fury: if I longer ſtay,
' We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings[2].—
Lordings, farewel; and ſay, when I am gone,
I propheſy'd—France will be loſt ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
* Conſider, lords,—he is the next of blood,
* And heir apparent to the Engliſh crown;
* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the weſt[3],
* There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it.
* Look to it, lords; let not his ſmoothing words
* Bewitch your hearts; be wiſe, and circumſpect.
' What though the common people favour him,
' Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloſter*;
' Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
' *Jeſu maintain your royal excellence!*

[2] —bickerings.] To *bicker* is to *ſkirmiſh*. In the ancient metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date, the heroes conſult whether they ſhould *bicker* on the walls, or deſcend to battle on the plain. *Levi pugna congredior* is the expreſſion by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dict.* 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*of the weſt*,] Certainly Shakſpeare wrote—*eaſt*. WARBURTON. There are wealthy kingdoms in the *weſt* as well as in the *eaſt*, and the weſtern kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

' With

' With—*God preſerve the good duke Humphrey!*
' I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
' He will be found a dangerous protector.
* *Buck.* Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,
* He being of age to govern of himſelf?—
' Couſin of Somerſet, join you with me,
' And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
' We'll quickly hoiſe duke Humphrey from his ſeat.
* *Car.* This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay;
* I'll to the duke of Suffolk preſently. [*Exit.*
' *Som* Couſin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
' And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
' Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
' His inſolence is more intolerable
' Than all the princes in the land beſide;
' If Gloſter be diſplac'd, he'll be protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerſet, will be protector,
* Deſpight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
' While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
' Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
' I never ſaw but Humphrey duke of Gloſter
' Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
' Oft have I ſeen the haughty cardinal—
' More like a ſoldier, than a man o'the church,
' As ſtout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
' Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
' Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
' Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
' Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,
' Hath won the greateſt favour of the commons,
' Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
' And, brother York[4], thy acts in Ireland,

' In

4 *And, brother York,*] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Weſtmoreland. Richard Nevil, Earl of Saliſbury, was ſon to the Earl of Weſtmoreland by a ſecond wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Saliſbury, who was killed at the ſiege of Orleans (ſee p. 25, n. 1.); and in conſequence of that alliance obtained the title of Saliſbury

'In bringing them to civil diſcipline*;
'Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
'When thou wert regent for our ſovereign,
'Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
'Join we together, for the publick good;
'In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſs
'The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
'With Somerſet's and Buckingham's ambition;
'And, as we may, cheriſh duke Humphrey's deeds,
'While they do tend the profit of the land[5].

* *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
* And common profit of his country!

* *York.* And ſo ſays York, for he hath greateſt cauſe.

Sal. Then let's make haſte away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is loſt;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
* And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or elſe be ſlain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
* Paris is loſt; the ſtate of Normandy
* Stands on a tickle point[6], now they are gone:

Saliſbury in 1428. His eldeſt ſon Richard, having married the ſiſter and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, in 1449. MALONE.

* —*to civil diſcipline*;] This is an anachroniſm. The preſent ſcene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449. MALONE.

[5] —the *profit of the land.*] I think we might read—more clearly—*to* profit of the land, i. e. to profit themſelves by it; unleſs *'tend* be written for *attend*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *tend* has here the ſame meaning as *tender* in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"I *tender* ſo the ſafety of my liege."

Or it may have been put for *intend*; while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their *object*. MALONE.

[6] —*on a* tickle *point,*] *Tickle* is very frequently uſed for *tickliſh* by poets contemporary with Shakſpeare. So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now ſtands our fortune on a *tickle* point."

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"The reſt by turning of my *tickle* wheel." STEEVENS.

* Suffolk concluded on the articles;
* The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
* I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
* And purchaſe friends, and give to courtezans,
* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
* While as the ſilly owner of the goods
* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,
* And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
* While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away;
* Ready to ſtarve, and dare not touch his own.
* So York muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and ſold.
* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
* Bear that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd [7],
* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon [8].
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's ſoil.
A day will come, when York ſhall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a ſhew of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I ſpy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit:
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter uſurp my right,
Nor hold the ſcepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whoſe church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be ſtill a while, till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate;
Till Henry, ſurfeiting in joys of love,

[7] *As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,*] According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only ſo long as a certain firebrand ſhould laſt. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torment. MALONE.

[8] — *the prince's heart of Calydon.*] Meleager. STEEVENS.

With

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

' *Dutch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow preſently.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Meſſenger.

' Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
* While Gloſter bears this baſe and humble mind.
* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
* I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling-blocks,
* And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs necks:
* And, being a woman, I will not be ſlack
* To play my part in fortune's pageant.
' Where are you there! Sir John[1]! nay, fear not, man,
' We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jeſu preſerve your royal majeſty!

' *Dutch.* What ſay'ſt thou, majeſty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
' Your grace's title ſhall be multiply'd.

Dutch. What ſay'ſt thou, man? haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

' *Hume.* This they have promiſed,—to ſhew your highneſs
A ſpirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
' That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch queſtions,
' As by your grace ſhall be propounded him.

' *Dutch.* It is enough[2]; I'll think upon the queſtions:
' When from ſaint Albans we do make return,
' We'll ſee theſe things effected to the full.

' Here,

ſame as *where*; and ſeems to be brought into uſe only on account of its being a diſſyllable. So, in the *Tryal of Treaſure*, 1567:

" *Whereas* ſhe is reſident, I muſt needes be."

Again, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:

" That I ſhould paſs *whereas* Octavia ſtands
" To view my miſery," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] — Sir *John!*] The title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen in ancient times. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

[2] *It is enough*; &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in the old quarto:

" *Elean.* Thanks, good ſir John, ſome two days hence, I gueſs,
" Will fit our time; then ſee that they be here.

" For

' Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
' With thy confederates in this weighty cauſe.
[*Exit* Dutcheſs.
* *Hume*. Hume muſt make merry with the dutcheſs' gold;
' Marry, and ſhall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
' Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
' The buſineſs aſketh ſilent ſecrecy.
* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
* Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
' Yet have I gold, flies from another coaſt:
' I dare not ſay, from the rich cardinal,
' And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
' Yet I do find it ſo: for, to be plain,
' They, knowing dame Eleanor's aſpiring humour,
' Have hired me to undermine the dutcheſs,
' And buz theſe conjurations in her brain.
* They ſay, A crafty knave does need no broker[3];
* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
* Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
* To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
* Well, ſo it ſtands: And thus, I fear, at laſt,
* Hume's knavery will be the dutcheſs' wreck;
* And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
* Sort how it will[4], I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit*.

" For now the king is riding to St. Albans,
" And all the dukes and earls along with him.
" When they be gone, then ſafely they may come,
" And on the backſide of my orchard here,
" There caſt their ſpells in ſilence of the night,
" And ſo reſolve us of the thing we wiſh:—
" Till when, drink that for my ſake, and ſo farewell."
STEEVENS.

Here we have a ſpeech of *ten* lines, with different verſification, and different circumſtances, from thoſe of the *five* which are found in the folio. What imperfect tranſcript (for ſuch the quarto has been called) ever produced ſuch a variation? MALONE.

3 —*A crafty knave does need no broker*;] This is a proverbial ſentence. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

4 Sort *how it will*,] Let the iſſue be what it will. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 324, n. 5.—This whole ſpeech is very different in the original play. Inſtead of the laſt couplet we find theſe lines:

" But whiſt, Sir John; no more of that I trow,
" For fear you loſe your head, before you go." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and Others, with Petitions.*

'1. *Pet.* My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord pro-'tector will come this way by and by, and then we may 'deliver our ſupplications in the quill[5].

'2. *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good 'man! Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and Queen* MARGARET.

'*Peter.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with 'him: I'll be the firſt, ſure.

'2. *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, 'and not my lord protector.

'*Suf.* How now, fellow? would'ſt any thing with me?

'1. *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for 'my lord protector.

'*Q. Mar.* [reading the ſuperſcription.] *To my lord pro-'tector!* are your ſupplications to his lordſhip? Let me 'ſee them: What is thine?

'1. *Pet.* Mine is, an't pleaſe your grace, againſt John 'Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my 'houſe, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

5 —*in the quill.*] Perhaps our ſupplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* ſupplications. We ſtill ſay, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the uſe of chalk. STEEVENS.

In the quill may mean, with great exactneſs and obſervance of form, or with the utmoſt punctilio of ceremony. The phraſe ſeems to be taken from part of the dreſs of our anceſtors, whoſe ruffs were *quilled*. While theſe were worn, it might be the vogue to ſay, ſuch a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taſte. TOLLET.

To this obſervation I may add, that after printing began, the ſimilar phraſe of a thing being *in print*, was uſed to expreſs the ſame circumſtance of exactneſs. "All this" (declares one of the quibbling ſervants in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) "I ſay *in print*, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is ſome wrong, indeed.—What's your's?—What's here! [*reads.*] *Againſt the duke of Suffolk, for enclofing the commons of Melford.*—How now, ſir knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas, ſir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole townſhip.

Peter. [*preſenting his petition.*] Againſt my maſter, Thomas Horner, for ſaying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

'*Q. Mar.* What ſay'ſt thou? Did the duke of York 'ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown?

'*Peter.* That my maſter was[6]! No, forſooth: my ma'ſter ſaid, That he was; and that the king was an 'uſurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and ſend for his maſter with a purſuivant preſently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with* PETER.

'*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
'Under the wings of our protector's grace,
'Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*tears the petition.*

'Away, baſe cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

'*All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

'*Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, ſay, is this the guiſe,
'Is this the faſhion in the court of England?
'Is this the government of Britain's iſle,
'And this the royalty of Albion's king?
'What; ſhall king Henry be a pupil ſtill,

[6] *That my* maſter *was!*] The folio reads—That my *miſtreſs* was; which has been followed in all ſubſequent editions. But the context ſhews clearly that it was a miſprint for *maſter*. Peter ſuppoſes that the queen had aſked, whether the duke of York had ſaid that his *maſter* (for ſo he underſtands the pronoun *he* in her ſpeech) was rightful heir to the crown. "That my *maſter* was heir to the crown! (he replies.) No, the reverſe is the caſe. My maſter ſaid, that the duke of York was heir to the crown." In the *Taming of the Shrew*, *miſtreſs* and *maſter* are frequently confounded. The miſtake aroſe from theſe words being formerly abbreviated in Mſs.; and an M. ſtood for either one or the other. See Vol. III. p. 267, n. 4. MALONE.

'Under

Under the ſurly Gloſter's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in ſtyle,
And muſt be made a ſubject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my love,
And ſtol'ſt away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought, king Henry had reſembled thee,
In courage, courtſhip, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are—the prophets, and apoſtles;
His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ;
His ſtudy is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would chooſe him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the triple crown upon his head;
That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs.
' *Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cauſe
Your highneſs came to England, ſo will I
In England work your grace's full content.
* *Q. Mar.* Beſide the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerſet, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can do more in England than the king.
* *Suf.* And he of theſe, that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Saliſbury, and Warwick, are no ſimple peers.
' *Q. Mar.* Not all theſe lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She ſweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empreſs, than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back[1],
And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-born callat as ſhe is,

[1] *She bears a duke's revenues, &c.*] See Vol. VII. p. 12, n. 5. MALONE.

' She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms[8] for his daughter.
' *Suf.* Madam, myſelf have lim'd a buſh for her[9],
* And plac'd a quire of ſuch enticing birds,
* That ſhe will light to liſten to the lays,
* And never mount to trouble you again.
* So, let her reſt: And, madam, liſt to me;
* For I am bold to counſel you in this.
* Although we fancy not the cardinal,
* Yet muſt we join with him, and with the lords,
* Till we have brought duke Humphrey in diſgrace.
* As for the duke of York,—this late complaint[1]
* Will make but little for his benefit:
* So, one by one, we'll weed them all at laſt,
* And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK *and* SOMERSET *converſing with him*; *Duke and Dutcheſs of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerſet, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himſelf in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentſhip.
Som. If Somerſet be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Diſpute not that; York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters ſpeak.
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

[8] —*two dukedoms*—] The dutchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry ſurrendered to Regnier, on his marriage with Margaret. See Sc. I. MALONE.

9 — *lim'd a buſh for her*;] In the original play in quarto:
" I have ſet lime-twigs that will entangle them." MALONE.

[1] —*this late complaint*] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man againſt his maſter, for ſaying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON.

Buck.

Buck. All in this preſence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the beſt of all.
* *Sal.* Peace, ſon;—and ſhew ſome reaſon, Buckingham,
* Why Somerſet ſhould be preferr'd in this.
* *Q. Mar.* Becauſe the king, forſooth, will have it ſo.
' *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himſelf
' To give his cenſure[2]: theſe are no women's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
' To be protector of his excellence?
' *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;
' And, at his pleaſure, will reſign my place.
' *Suf.* Reſign it then, and leave thine inſolence.
' Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?
' The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the ſeas;
* And all the peers and nobles of the realm
* Have been as bondmen to thy ſovereignty.
* *Car.* The commons haſt thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
* *Som.* Thy ſumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
* Have coſt a maſs of publick treaſury.
* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,
* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
* And left thee to the mercy of the law.
* *Q. Mar.* Thy ſale of offices, and towns in France,—
* If they were known, as the ſuſpect is great,—
* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The Queen drops her fan.*
' Give me my fan[3]: What, minion! can you not?
[*gives the* Dutcheſs *a box on the ear.*

[2] — *his* cenſure:] Through all theſe plays *cenſure* is uſed in an indifferent ſenſe, ſimply for judgment or opinion. JOHNSON.
It is ſo uſed by all the contemporaries of Shakſpeare. See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.
[3] *Give me my* fan;] In the original play the queen drops not a *fan*, but a *glove*.
"Give me my glove; why minion, can you not ſee?"
See p. 128, n. 2; p. 136, n. 9; and p. 140, n. 6, and 8. MALONE.

' I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?
' *Dutch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
' Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd ſet my ten commandments in your face[4].
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas againſt her will.
' *Dutch.* Againſt her will! Good king, look to't in time;
' She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
* Though in this place moſt maſter wear no breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Dutcheſs[5].
* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
* And liſten after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
* She's tickled now[6]; her fume needs no ſpurs,
* She'll gallop faſt enough[7] to her deſtruction.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
* With walking once about the quadrangle,
* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
* As for your ſpightful falſe objections,
* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

4 *I'd ſet my* ten commandments *in your face.*] So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:
" Now ten times I beſeeche him that hie ſits,
" Thy wives x *com.* may ſerche thy five wits."
Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: " I would ſet a tap abroach, and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments.*" STEEVENS.

5 *Exit* Dutcheſs.] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:
" *King.* Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame.
" I would not for a thouſand pounds of gold,
" My noble uncle had been here in place.—
" But ſee, where he comes! I am glad he met her not." STEEV.

6 *She's* tickled *now*;] *Tickled* is here uſed as a triſyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. The editor of the ſecond folio, not perceiving this, reads—" her fume *can need* no ſpurs;" in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

7 — faſt *enough*—] The folio reads—*farre* enough. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

* But

in mercy ſo deal with my ſoul,
luty love my king and country!
the matter that we have in hand:—
y ſovereign, York is meeteſt man
or regent in the realm of France.
efore we make election, give me leave
ſome reaſon, of no little force,
rk is moſt unmeet of any man.
'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
I cannot flatter thee in pride:
I be appointed for the place,
of Somerſet will keep me here,
diſcharge, money, or furniture,
ice be won into the Dauphin's hands.
, I danc'd attendance on his will,
s was beſieg'd, famiſh'd, and loſt.
That I can witneſs; and a fouler fact
r traitor in the land commit.
ce, head-ſtrong Warwick!
age of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

ents of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

anſe here is a man accus'd of treaſon:
the duke of York excuſe himſelf!
Doth any one accuſe York for a traitor?
. What mean'ſt thou, Suffolk? tell me: What
are theſe?
eaſe it your majeſty, this is the man
accuſe his maſter of high treaſon:
s were theſe;—that Richard, duke of York,
tful heir unto the Engliſh crown;
your majeſty was an uſurper.
. Say, man, were theſe thy words?
't ſhall pleaſe your majeſty, I never ſaid nor
ſuch matter: God is my witneſs, I am falſe-
ly the villain.

' *Pet.* By theſe ten bones[8], my lords, [*holding up*
' *hands.*] he did ſpeak them to me in the garret
' night, as we were ſcouring my lord of York's arm
' *York.* Baſe dunghill villain, and mechanical,
' I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's ſpeech:—
' I do beſeech your royal majeſty,
' Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I ſpake words. My accuſer is my prentice; and when I correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow t his knees he would be even with me: I have good wit of this; therefore, I beſeech your majeſty, do not away an honeſt man for a villain's accuſation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

' *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
' Let Somerſet be regent o'er the French,
' Becauſe in York this breeds ſuſpicion:
' And let theſe have a day appointed them[9]
' For ſingle combat, in convenient place;
' For he hath witneſs of his ſervant's malice:

[8] *By theſe ten bones*, &c.] We have juſt heard a dutcheſs thr *to ſet her ten commandments* in the face of a queen. The jeſts in play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers. This ration is, however, very ancient. So, in *The longer thou liveſt more Fool thou art*, 1570:

" By theſe *tenne bones* I will, I have ſworne."

It occurs likewiſe in the myſtery of *Candlemas Day*, in *Hycke Sc* and in *Monſieur Thomas*, 1637. STEEVENS.

[9] *And let them have a day appointed them*, &c.] In the original quarto 1600, the correſponding lines ſtand thus:

The law, my lord, is this. By caſe it reſts ſuſpicious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And theſe to try each other's right or wrong,
Which ſhall be on the thirtieth of this month,
With ebon ſtaves and ſandbags combating,
In Smithfield, before your royal majeſty.

An opinion has prevailed that *The whole Contention*, &c. prin 1600, was an imperfect ſurreptitious copy of Shakſpeare's play hibited in the folio; but what ſpurious copy, or imperfect trar taken in ſhort-hand, ever produced ſuch variations as theſe? MA

' This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom[1].
Som. I humbly thank your royal majeſty.
Her. And I accept the combat willingly.
Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; ' for God's ſake,
' pity my caſe! the ſpight of man prevaileth againſt me.
' O, Lord have mercy upon me! I ſhall never be able
' to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!
Glo. Sirrah, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.
' *K. Hen.* Away with them to priſon: and the day
' Of combat ſhall be the laſt of the next month.—
' Come, Somerſet, we'll ſee thee ſent away. [*Exeunt.*

[1] — *duke Humphrey's doom.*] After this line, Mr. Theobald introduced from a longer ſpeech in the quarto, the two following lines:

" *King.* Then be it ſo. My lord of Somerſit,
" We make your grace regent over the French."

The plea urged by Theobald for their introduction was, that otherwiſe Somerſet thanks the king before he had declared his appointment; but Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, thought Henry's aſſent might be expreſſed by a nod. Somerſet knew that Humphrey's *doom* was final; as likewiſe did the Armourer, for he, like Somerſet, accepts the combat, without waiting for the king's confirmation of what Gloſter had ſaid. Shakſpeare therefore not having introduced the following ſpeech, which is found in the firſt copy, we have no right to inſert it. That it was not intended to be preſerved, appears from the concluding line of the preſent ſcene, in which Henry addreſſes Somerſet; whereas in the quarto, Somerſet *goes out*, on his appointment. This is one of thoſe minute circumſtances which may be urged to ſhew that theſe plays, however afterwards worked up by Shakſpeare, were *originally* the production of another author, and that the quarto edition of 1600 was printed from the *copy* originally written by that author, whoever he was. MALONE.

After the lines inſerted by Theobald, the king continues his ſpeech thus:

——— over the French;
And to defend our rights 'gainſt foreign foes,
And ſo do good unto the realm of France.
Make haſte, my lord; 'tis time that you were gone:
The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.
Som. I humbly thank your royal majeſty,
And take my leave, to poſt with ſpeed to France. [*Exit* Som.
King. Come, uncle Gloſter; now let's have our horſe,
For we will to St. Albans preſently.
Madam, your hawk, they ſay, is ſwift of flight,
And we will try how ſhe will fly to-day. [*Exeunt.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The ſame. The Duke of Gloſter's *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE[2].

* *Hume.* Come, my maſters; the dutcheſs, I tell you,
* expects performance of your promiſes.
* *Boling.* Maſter Hume, we are therefore provided:
* Will her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorciſms *?
* *Hume.* Ay; What elſe? fear you not her courage.
* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of
* an invincible ſpirit: But it ſhall be convenient, maſter
* Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſy be-
* low; and ſo, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave
* us. [*Exit* Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you proſtrate, and
* grovel on the earth:—* John Southwell, read you; and
* let us to our work.

Enter Dutcheſs, *above.*

* *Dutch.* Well ſaid, my maſters; and welcome all. To
* this geer; the ſooner the better.
* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night[3],

* The

[2] *Enter*, &c.] The quarto reads:

Enter ELEANOR, *with Sir* John HUM, Roger BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer, and* Margery JOURDAINE *a witch.*

Eleanor. Here, ſir John, take this ſcroll of paper here,
Wherein is writ the queſtions you ſhall aſk;
And I will ſtand upon this tower here,
And hear the ſpirit what it ſays to you;
And to my queſtions write the anſwers down.

[*She goes up to the tower.*

STEEVENS.

* — *our* exorciſms.] See Vol. III. p. 475, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] — *the* ſilent *of the night,*] *Silent*, though an adjective, is uſed by Shakſpeare as a ſubſtantive. So, in *The Tempeſt*, the *waſt* of night is uſed for the greateſt part of it. The old quarto reads—*the* ſilence *of the night.* The variation between the copies is worth notice.

Bolingbroke

" The time of night when Troy was ſet on fire;
" The time when ſcritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl[4],
" And ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves,
" That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
" Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
" We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle*; Bolingbroke, *or* Southwell, *reads*, Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the ſpirit riſeth.*

" *Spir.* Adſum.
" *M. Jourd.* Aſmath,
" By the eternal God, whoſe name and power
" Thou trembleſt at, anſwer that I ſhall aſk;
" For, till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.
" *Spir.* Aſk what thou wilt:—That I had ſaid and done[5]!

Boling. Firſt, of the king. What ſhall of him become[6]*?*

[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir.

Bolingbrooke makes a circle.

Bol. Dark night, dread night, the *ſilence* of the night,
Wherein the furies maſk in helliſh troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
The ſpirit Aſkalon to come to me;
To pierce the bowels of this centrick earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye!
Aſkalon, aſcend, aſcend!"

In a ſpeech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor ſays, they have —caſt their ſpells in *ſilence of the night*. STEEVENS.

4 — ban-dogs *howl*,] The etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unſettled. They ſeem, however, to have been deſigned by poets to ſignify ſome terrifick beings whoſe office it was *to make night hideous*, like thoſe mentioned in the firſt book and eighth ſatire of *Horace*:

" ——— ſerpentes, atque videres
" *Infernas* errare *canes*." STEEVENS.

5 — *That I had ſaid and done!*] It was anciently believed that ſpirits who were raiſed by incantations, remain'd above ground, and anſwer'd queſtions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. STEEVENS.

6 — *What ſhall of him become?*] Here is another proof of what has been already ſuggeſted. In the quarto 1600, it is concerted between Mother Jourdain and Bolingbroke that *he* ſhould frame a circle, &c. and that ſhe ſhould " fall proſtrate on the ground," to " whiſper with the

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry ſhall depoſe;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *ſpeaks*, Southwell *writes the anſwer.*
Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
Spir. By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.
Boling. What ſhall befall the duke of Somerſet?
Spir. Let him ſhun caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand[7].
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid[8]!
[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *deſcends.*

the devils below." (Southwell is not introduced in that piece.) Accordingly, as ſoon as the incantations begin, *Bolingbroke* reads the queſtions out of a paper, as here. But our poet has expreſsly ſaid in the preceding part of this ſcene that Southwell was to read them. Here however he inadvertently follows his original as it lay before him, forgetting that conſiſtently with what he had already written, he ſhould have deviated from it. He has fallen into the ſame kind of inconſiſtency in *Romeo and Juliet*, by ſometimes adhering to and ſometimes deſerting the poem on which he formed that tragedy. MALONE.

[7] *Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.*] I remember to have read this prophecy in ſome of our old chronicles, where, I think, it runs thus;

"Safer ſhall he be on ſand,
"Than where caſtles mounted ſtand:"

at preſent I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

[8] *False fiend, avoid!*] Inſtead of this ſhort ſpeech at the diſmiſſion of the ſpirit, the old quarto gives us the following:

"Then down, I ſay, unto the damned pool,
"Where Pluto in his fiery waggon ſits,
"Riding, amidſt the ſing'd and parched ſmoaks,
"The road of *Dytas*, by the river Styx;
"There howle and burn for ever in thoſe flames:
"Riſe, Jordane, riſe, and ſtay thy charming ſpells:—
"'Zounds! we are betray'd!"

Dytas is written by miſtake for *Ditis*, the genitive caſe of *Dis*, which is uſed inſtead of the nominative by more than one ancient author. So, in Tho. Drant's Tranſlation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567:

"And by that meanes made manye ſoules lord *Ditis'* hall to ſeeke." STEEVENS.

Here again we have ſuch a variation as never could have ariſen from an imperfect tranſcript. MALONE.

Enter YORK, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *haſtily, with their guards, and others.*

' *York.* Lay hands upon theſe traitors, and their traſh.
' Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
' What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
' Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
' My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
' See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.
' *Dutch.* Not half ſo bad as thine to England's king,
' Injurious duke; that threat'ſt where is no cauſe.
' *Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*
' Away with them; let them be clapp'd up cloſe,
' And kept aſunder:—You, madam, ſhall with us:—
' Stafford, take her to thee.— [*Exit* Dutch. *from above.*
' We'll ſee your trinkets here all forth-coming;
' All.—Away! [*Exeunt guards, with* SOUTH. BOLING. *&c.*
' *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well[9]:
' A pretty plot, well choſen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's ſee the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry ſhall depoſe;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
' Why, this is juſt,
' *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere poſſe.*
Well, to the reſt:
*Tell me**, *what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

By

[9] *Lord Buckingham, methinks,* &c.] This repetition of the propheſies, which is altogether unneceſſary, after what the ſpectators had heard in the ſcene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the firſt edition of this play. POPE.

They are not, it is true, found in this ſcene, but they are repeated in the ſubſequent ſcene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the king. This alſo is a *variation* that only could proceed from *various* authors. MALONE.

* *Tell me,* &c.] Yet theſe two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand; nor are they in the original play. Here we have a ſpecies of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakſpeare, of which he has been guilty in other places. See p. 118, where Gloſter

By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.—
What ſhall betide the duke of Somerſet?—
Let him ſhun caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
Come, come, my lords;
Theſe oracles are hardily attain'd[1],
And hardly underſtood.
The king is now in progreſs towards ſaint Albans;
With him, the huſband of this lovely lady:
Thither go theſe news, as faſt as horſe can carry them;
A ſorry breakfaſt for my lord protector.
Buck. Your grace ſhall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the poſt, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleaſure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Saliſbury, and Warwick,
To ſup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with Falconers hallaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook[2],
I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

Gloſter and Wincheſter read the ſame paper differently, and the note in the APPENDIX on that variation, which I had not attended to till that ſheet was worked off. See alſo Vol. IV. p. 55, n. 6. MALONE.

[1] — *are* hardily *attain'd*,] i. e. a great riſque and hazard is run to obtain them. THEOBALD.

The folio reads—*hardly*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[2] — *for flying at the brook*,] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

And,

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out[3].
' *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
' And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt[4] !—
' To ſee how God in all his creatures works !
' Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high[4].
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majeſty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower ſo well;
They know, their maſter loves to be aloft[5],
' And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
' *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble mind
' That mounts no higher than a bird can ſoar.
' *Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
' *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
' *K. Hen.* The treaſury of everlaſting joy!
' *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
' Beat on a crown[6], the treaſure of thy heart;

Pernicious

3 — *the wind was very high;*
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman better acquainted with falconry than myſelf, that the meaning, however expreſſed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their maſters in windy weather. JOHNSON.

The wind was ſo high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of ſuch diſcordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amuſement, were in general ſettled with the utmoſt preciſion; and I may at leaſt venture to declare, that a miſtreſs might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of theſe birds of worms, it was neceſſary to deſtroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon*, a *buck*, and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Hauking*, &c. by dame Julyana Bernes, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

4 *And what a pitch*, &c.] In the old play we find:
" Uncle Gloſter, how high your hawk did ſoar,
" *And on a ſudden ſowc'd the partridge down.*" MALONE.

4 — *are* fain *of climbing high.*] *Fain*, in this place, ſignifies *fond*. The word (as I am informed) is ſtill uſed in Scotland. STEEVENS.

5 — *to be aloft,*] Perhaps alluding to the adage: " High flying hawks are fit for princes." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

6 — *thine eyes and thoughts*
Beat on *a crown,*] So, in the *Tempeſt*:

" Do

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with king and common-weal!
' *Glo.* What, cardinal, is your prieſthood grown peremptory?
' *Tantæne animis cæleſtibus iræ?*
' Churchmen ſo hot? good uncle, hide ſuch malice;
' With ſuch holineſs can you do it*?
' *Suf.* No malice, ſir; no more than well becomes
' So good a quarrel, and ſo bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorſhip.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine inſolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloſter.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on theſe furious peers,
For bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud protector, with my ſword!
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!
[*Aſide to the* Cardinal.
' *Car.* Marry, when thou dar'ſt. [*Aſide.*
' *Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
' In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe. [*Aſide.*
' *Car.* Ay, where thou dar'ſt not peep: an if thou dar'ſt,
' This evening, on the eaſt ſide of the grove. [*Aſide.*
' *K. Hen.* How now, my lords?
' *Car.* Believe me, couſin Gloſter,
' Had not your man put up the fowl ſo ſuddenly,
' We had had more ſport.—Come with thy two-hand ſword.
[*Aſide to* GLO.

" Do not infeſt your mind with *beating on*
" The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs."

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

" This her mind *beats on*."

I have given theſe inſtances of this phraſe, becauſe Dr. Johnſon interpretation of it was certainly incorrect. He ſuppoſed there was alluſion to a hawk's *bating* the wing. MALONE.

Again, in Lilly's *Maids Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

" With him whoſe reſtleſs *thoughts* do *beat on* thee." STE

* —*can you* do it?] The old play, quarto 1600, reads more intelligibly,—" Good uncle, can you *dote?*" MALONE.

Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—the eaſt ſide of the grove[7]?
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aſide.*
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloſter?
' *Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing elſe, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, prieſt, I'll ſhave your crown for this,
' Or all my fence ſhall fail[8]. [*Aſide.*
' *Car. Medice teipſum*; } [*Aſide.*
' Protector, ſee to't well, protect yourſelf. }
K. Hen. The winds grow high; ſo do your ſtomachs, lords[9].
' How irkſome is this muſick to my heart!
' When ſuch ſtrings jar, what hope of harmony?
' I pray, my lords, let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter an Inhabitant *of Saint* Albans, *crying*, A Miracle!
Glo. What means this noiſe?
Fellow, what miracle doſt thou proclaim?
Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
Inhab. Forſooth, a blind man at ſaint Alban's ſhrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his ſight;
A man, that ne'er ſaw in his life before.

[7] *Are you* advis'd, &c.] Do you underſtand?—This line, which in the old copy is given to Gloſter, was, I think, rightly transferred by Mr. Theobald to the Cardinal. In the original play the Cardinal deſires Gloſter to bring "his ſword and buckler.", The *two-hand ſword* was ſometimes called the *long ſword*, and in common uſe before the introduction of the rapier. Juſtice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windſor* boaſts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this inſtrument. See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] — *my* fence *ſhall fail.*] *Fence* is the art of defence. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:
"Deſpight his nice *fence*, and his active practice." STEEVENS.

[9] *The winds grow high, ſo do your ſtomachs, lords.*] This line Shakſpeare hath injudiciouſly adopted from the old play, changing only the word *color* [choler] to *ſtomachs*. In the old play the altercation appears not to be concealed from Henry. Here Shakſpeare certainly intended that it ſhould paſs between the Cardinal and Gloſter *aſide*; and yet he has inadvertently adopted a line, and added others, that imply that Henry has heard the appointment they have made. MALONE.

' *K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to believing ſoul
' Gives light in darkneſs, comfort in deſpair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, *and his brethren*; *and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two perſons in a chair*; *his wife and a great multitude following.*

* *Car.* Here come the townſmen on proceſſion,
* To preſent your highneſs with the man.
* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
* Although by his ſight his ſin be multiply'd.
* *Glo.* Stand by, my maſters, bring him near the king
* His highneſs' pleaſure is to talk with him.
* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumſtance,
* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't pleaſe your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worſhip.
Glo. Had'ſt thou been his mother, thou could'ſt have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
' *K. Hen.* Poor ſoul! God's goodneſs hath been great to thee:
' Let never day nor night unhallow'd paſs,
' But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.
* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
* Or of devotion, to this holy ſhrine?
' *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
' A hundred times, and oftner, in my ſleep
' By good ſaint Alban; who ſaid,—*Simpcox, come*[1];
' *Come, offer at my ſhrine, and I will help thee.*

[1] —Simpcox, *come*;] The old copy has *Simon*. Probably *Sim.* on was ſet down in the MS. it being a very frequent practice in the dramatick MSs. of our author's time to write only the firſt ſyllable of proper names. Mr. Theobald, I find, had made the ſame emendation though it was not followed in the ſubſequent editions; and an anonymous writer, I have lately obſerved, has accounted as I have done for the miſtake. MALONE.

* *Wife*

* *Wife.* Moſt true, forſooth; and many time and oft
* Myſelf have heard a voice to call him ſo.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'ſt thou ſo?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, maſter.
Glo. How long haſt thou been blind?
Simp. O, born ſo, maſter.
Glo. What, and would'ſt climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
* *Glo.* 'Mafs, thou lov'dſt plums well, that would'ſt venture ſo.
' *Simp.* Alas, good maſter, my wife deſir'd ſome damſons,
'And made me climb, with danger of my life.
' *Glo.* A ſubtle knave! but yet it ſhall not ſerve.—
'Let me ſee thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
'In my opinion, yet thou ſee'ſt not well.
' *Simp.* Yes, maſter, clear as day; I thank God, and ſaint Alban.
Glo. Say'ſt thou me ſo? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, maſter; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well ſaid: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forſooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'ſt what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never ſee.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
* *Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, ſirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, maſter, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, maſter.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it pleaſe you, maſter.
Glo. Then Saunder, ſit there, the lyingeſt knave
In Chriſtendom. If thou hadſt been born blind,

Thou might'ſt as well have known all our names,
As thus to name the ſeveral colours we
Do wear. Sight may diſtinguiſh of colours;
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.—
My lords, ſaint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning * to be great,
That could reſtore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, maſter, that you could!

Glo. My maſters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it pleaſe your grace.

Glo. Then ſend for one preſently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a ſtool hither by and by. [*A ſtool brought out.*] Now, ſirrah, if you mean to ſave yourſelf from whipping, leap me over this ſtool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, ſir, we muſt have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, ſirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the ſtool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry,* A Miracle!

* *K. Hen.* O God, ſee'ſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to ſee the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, ſir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

* —that *cunning*—] Folio—*it* cunning. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *That* was probably contracted in the Mſ. ſo. MALONE.

Car.

'*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.
'*Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
'*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;
'You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly[2].

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'*K. Hen.* What tidings with our couſin Buckingham?
'*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold[3].
'A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent[4],—
'Under the countenance and confederacy
'Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
'The ring-leader and head of all this rout,—
'Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your ſtate,
'Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
'Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
'Raiſing up wicked ſpirits from under ground,
'Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
'And other of your highneſs' privy council,
'As more at large your grace ſhall underſtand.
'*Car.* And ſo, my lord protector, by this means
'Your lady is forth-coming[5] yet at London.

2 — *whole towns to fly.*] Here in the old play the king adds:
"Have done, I ſay; and let me hear no more of that."
MALONE.

3 *Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.* &c.] In the original play the correſponding ſpeech ſtands thus; and the variation is worth noting:
"Ill news for ſome, my lord, and this it is,
"That proud dame Elinor, our protector's wife,
"Hath plotted treaſons 'gainſt the king and peers,
"By witchcrafts, ſorceries, and conjurings:
"Who by ſuch means did raiſe a ſpirit up,
"To tell her what hap ſhould betide the ſtate;
"But ere they had finiſh'd their deviliſh drift,
"By York and myſelf they were all ſurpris'd,
"And here's the anſwer the devil did make to them."
MALONE.

4 *A* ſort — lewdly *bent,*] *Lewdly,* in this place, and in ſome others, does not ſignify *wantonly,* but *wickedly.* STEEVENS.
The word is ſo uſed in old acts of parliament. *A ſort* is a *company.* See Vol. II. p. 490, n. 5. MALONE.

5 *Your lady is forth-coming*—] That is, Your lady is in cuſtody.
JOHNSON.

' This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
' 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aſide to* GLOSTER.
' *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
* Sorrow and grief have vanquiſh'd all my powers:
* And, vanquiſh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
* Or to the meaneſt groom.
* *K. Hen.* O God, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones;
* Heaping confuſion on their own heads thereby!
* *Q. Mar.* Gloſter, ſee here the tainture of thy neſt;
* And, look, thyſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.
' *Glo.* Madam, for myſelf[6], to heaven I do appeal,
' How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal:
' And, for my wife, I know not how it ſtands;
' Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
' Noble ſhe is; but, if ſhe have forgot
' Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with ſuch
' As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
' I baniſh her, my bed, and company;
' And give her, as a prey, to law, and ſhame,
' That hath diſhonour'd Gloſter's honeſt name.
' *K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repoſe us here:
' To-morrow, toward London, back again,
' To look into this buſineſs thoroughly,
' And call theſe foul offenders to their anſwers;
' And poiſe the cauſe in juſtice' equal ſcales,
' Whoſe beam ſtands ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe prevails.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

[6] *Madam for myſelf*, &c.] Thus in the original play:
" And pardon me, my gracious ſovereign,
" For here I ſwear unto your majeſty,
" That I am guiltleſs of theſe heinous crimes,
" Which my ambitious wife hath falſely done:
" And for ſhe would betray her ſovereign lord,
" I here renounce her from my bed and board;
" And leave her open for the law to judge,
"Unleſs ſhe clear herſelf of this foul deed." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Saliſbury and Warwick,
Our ſimple ſupper ended, give me leave,
In this cloſe walk, to ſatisfy myſelf,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible [7], to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy ſubjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had ſeven ſons:
The firſt, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The ſecond, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaſter:
The fifth, was Edmond Langley [8], duke of York;
The ſixth, was Thomas of Woodſtock, duke of Gloſter;
William of Windſor was the ſeventh, and laſt.
Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only ſon,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaſter,
The eldeſt ſon and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence ſhe came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know [9],
Harmleſs Richard was murder'd traiterouſly.

War.

7 *Which is infallible,*] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. JOHNSON.

Surely he means his *title.* MALONE.

8 *The fifth, was Edmond Langley,* &c.] The author of the original play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, as Edward's fifth ſon; and repreſented the Duke of York as Edward's *ſecond* ſon. MALONE.

9 — *as* all *you know,*] In the original play the words are, "— as you *both* know". This mode of phraſeology, when the ſpeaker addreſſes

* *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;
* Thus got the houſe of Lancaſter the crown.
* *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
* For Richard, the firſt ſon's heir, being dead,
* The iſſue of the next ſon ſhould have reign'd.
* *Sal.* But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.
* *York.* The third ſon, duke of Clarence, (from whoſe line
* I claim the crown,) had iſſue—Philippe, a daughter,
* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
* Edmund had iſſue—Roger, earl of March:
* Roger had iſſue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
' *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
' As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
' And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
' Who kept him in captivity, till he died [1].

* But,

only two perſons, is peculiar to Shakſpeare. In *K. Henry IV.* P II. Act III. ſc. i. the king addreſſing Warwick and Surrey, ſays,

" Why then good morrow to you *all*, my lords. ' MALONE.

[1] *Who kept him in captivity, till he died.*] I have obſerved in a former note, (p. 44, n. 8.) that the hiſtorians as well as the dramatick poets have been ſtrangely miſtaken concerning this Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, who was ſo far from being " kept in captivity till he died," that he appears to have been at liberty during the whole reign of King Henry V. and to have been truſted and employed by him; and there is no proof that he ever was confined, as a *ſtate-priſoner*, by King Henry IV. Being only ſix years of age at the death of his father in 1398, he was delivered by Henry in ward to his ſon Henry Prince of Wales; and during the whole of that reign, being a minor and related to the family on the throne, both he and his brother Roger were under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordſhire men againſt Owen Glendower; and they being routed, he was taken priſoner by Owen, and is ſaid by Walſingham to have contracted a marriage with Glendower's daughter, and to have been with him at the battle of Shrewſbury; but I believe the ſtory of his being affianced to Glendower's daughter is a miſtake, and that the hiſtorian has confounded Mortimer with Lord Gray of Ruthvin, who was likewiſe taken priſoner by Glendower, and actually did marry his daughter. Edmond Mortimer Earl of March married Anne Stafford, the daughter of Edmond Earl of Stafford. If he was at the battle of Shrewſbury he was probably brought there againſt his will, to grace the cauſe of the rebels. The Percies in the Manifeſto which they

• But, to the reſt.
' *York.* His eldeſt ſiſter, Anne,
' My mother, being heir unto the crown,
' Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was ſon
' To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth ſon.

they publiſhed a little before that battle, ſpeak of him, not as a confederate of Owen's, but as the rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding that the king for political reaſons would not ranſom him, they at their own charges had ranſomed. After that battle, he was certainly under the care of the king, he and his brother in the ſeventh year of that reign having had annuities of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks allotted to them, for their maintenance during their minorities.

In addition to what I have already ſaid reſpecting the truſt repoſed in him during the whole reign of K. Henry V. I may add, that in the ſixth year of that king this Earl of March was with the Earl of Saliſbury at the ſiege of Freſnes; and ſoon afterwards with the king himſelf at the ſiege of Melun. In the ſame year he was conſtituted LIEUTENANT OF NORMANDY. He attended Henry when he had an interview with the French King, &c. at Melun, to treat about a marriage with Catharine, and he accompanied the queen when ſhe returned from France in 1422, with the corpſe of her huſband.

One of the ſources of the miſtakes in our old hiſtories concerning this earl, I believe, was this: he was probably confounded with one of his kinſmen, a Sir John Mortimer, who was confined for a long time in the Tower, and at laſt was executed in 1424. That perſon however, could not have been his uncle (as has been ſaid in p. 44, n. 8.) for he had but one legitimate uncle, and his name was *Edmond*. The Sir John Mortimer, who was confined in the Tower, was perhaps couſin german to the laſt Edmond Earl of March, the illegitimate ſon of his uncle Edmond.

I take this opportunity of correcting an inaccuracy in the note above referred to. I have ſaid that Lionel Duke of Clarence was married to Elizabeth the daughter of the Earl of Ulſter, in 1360. I have ſince learned that he was affianced to her in his tender years; and conſequently Lionel, having been born in 1338, might have had his daughter Philippa in 1354. Philippa, I find, was married in 1370, at the age of ſixteen, to Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, who was himſelf born in 1351. Their ſon Roger was born in 1371, and muſt have been married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Kent, in the year 1388, or 1389, for their daughter Anne, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, was born in 1389. Edmond Mortimer, Roger's eldeſt ſon, (the Mortimer of Shakſpeare's *K. Henry IV.* and the perſon who has given occaſion to this tedious note,) was born in the latter end of the year 1392; and conſequently when he died in his caſtle at Trim in Ireland, in 1424-5, he was thirty-two years old. MALONE.

' By

' By her I claim the kingdom: ſhe was heir
' To Roger, earl of March; who was the ſon
' Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
' Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
' So, if the iſſue of the elder ſon
' Succeed before the younger, I am king.
' *War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
' Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
' The fourth ſon; York claims it from the third.
' Till Lionel's iſſue fails, his ſhould not reign:
' It fails not yet; but flouriſhes in thee,
' And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock.—
' Then, father Saliſbury, kneel we both together;
' And, in this private plot[2], be we the firſt,
' That ſhall ſalute our rightful ſovereign
' With honour of his birth-right to the crown.
Both. Long live our ſovereign Richard, England's king!
' *York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
' Till I be crown'd; and that my ſword be ſtain'd
' With heart-blood of the houſe of Lancaſter:
' And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd;
' But with advice, and ſilent ſecrecy.
' Do you, as I do, in theſe dangerous days,
' Wink at the duke of Suffolk's inſolence,
' At Beaufort's pride, at Somerſet's ambition,
' At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
' Till they have ſnar'd the ſhepherd of the flock,
' That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
' 'Tis that they ſeek; and they, in ſeeking that,
' Shall find their deaths, if York can propheſy.
' *Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
' *War.* My heart aſſures me[3], that the earl of Warwick

[2] —*private plot,*] Sequeſter'd ſpot of ground. MALONE.

[3] *My heart aſſures me,*] Inſtead of this couplet, we find in the old play no leſs than *ten* lines; ſo that if we ſuppoſe that piece to be an imperfect tranſcript of this, we muſt acknowledge the tranſcriber had a good *ſprag* memory, for he remembered what he never could have either heard or ſeen. MALONE.

' Shall

'Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
'*York.* And, Nevil, this I do aſſure myſelf,—
'Richard ſhall live to make the earl of Warwick
'The greateſt man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Hall of juſtice.

Trumpets ſounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Dutcheſs of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

'*K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloſter's wife:
'In ſight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
'Receive the ſentence of the law, for ſins
'Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
'You four, from hence to priſon back again;
[*to* Jourd. *&c.*
'From thence, unto the place of execution:
'The witch in Smithfield ſhall be burn'd to aſhes,
'And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the gallows.—
'You, madam, for you are more nobly born, [*to the* Dut.
'Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
'Shall, after three days' open penance[4] done,
'Live in your country here, in baniſhment,
'With ſir John Stanley, in the iſle of Man.
'*Dutch.* Welcome is baniſhment, welcome were my death.
'*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou ſeeſt, hath judged thee;
'I cannot juſtify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the* Dutcheſs, *and the other Priſoners, guarded.*
'Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
'Ah, Humphrey, this diſhonour in thine age
'Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground!—
'I beſeech your majeſty, give me leave to go;

4 —*after* three *days' open penance*—] In the original play the king particularly ſpecifies the *mode* of penance. "Thou ſhalt *two* days do penance barefoot, in the ſtreets, with a white ſheet," &c. MALONE.

'Sorrow

' Sorrow would ſolace, and mine age would eaſe [2].
' *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloſter; ere thou go,
' Give up thy ſtaff; Henry will to himſelf
' Protector be: and God ſhall be my hope,
' My ſtay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
' And go in peace, Humphrey; no leſs belov'd,
' Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
* *Q. Mar.* I ſee no reaſon, why a king of years
* Should be to be protected like a child.—
' God and king Henry govern England's realm [3]:
' Give up your ſtaff, ſir, and the king his realm.
' *Glo.* My ſtaff?—here, noble Henry, is my ſtaff:
' As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
' As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
' Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*
* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
* And Humphrey, duke of Gloſter, ſcarce himſelf,
* That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
* His lady baniſh'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
* This ſtaff of honour raught [4]:—'There let it ſtand,
' Where it beſt fits to be, in Henry's hand.
* *Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his ſprays;
* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngeſt days [5].

[2] *Sorrow would ſolace, and my age would eaſe.*] That is, Sorrow would have, ſorrow requires, ſolace, and age requires eaſe. JOHNSON.

[3] *God and king Henry govern England's* realm:] The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is diſpleaſing; and when it is conſidered that much of this ſcene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.* JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding ſcene of this play t

And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy *helm.* STEEVENS.

[4] *This ſtaff of honour* raught:—] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently uſed by Spenſer. STEEVENS.

[5] — *in* her *youngeſt days.*] Eleanor was certainly not a young woman. We muſt therefore ſuppoſe that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and ſtands for *its*;—a licence which Shakſpeare often takes. MASON.

Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor's, youngeſt days *of power.* But the aſſertion, which ever way underſtood, is untrue. MALONE.

' *York*,

' *York.* Lords, let him go[6].—Pleaſe it your majeſty,
' This is the day appointed for the combat;
' And ready are the appellant and defendant,
' The armourer and his man, to enter the liſts,
' So pleaſe your highneſs to behold the fight.
' *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purpoſely therefore
' Left I the court, to ſee this quarrel try'd.
' *K. Hen.* O' God's name, ſee the liſts and all things fit;
' Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
' *York.* I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſted[7],
' Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
' The ſervant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one ſide, HORNER, *and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his ſtaff with a ſand-bag faſtened to it*[8]; *a drum before him; at the other ſide,* PETER, *with a drum and a ſimilar ſtaff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.*

1. *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of ſack; And fear not, neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

2. *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco[9].

[6] *Lords, let him go.*] i. e. Let him paſs out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[7] — *worſe beſted.*] In a worſe plight. JOHNSON.

[8] — *with a ſand-bag faſtened to it*;] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and ſword; ſo thoſe of inferior rank fought with an ebon ſtaff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with ſand. To this cuſtom Hudibras has alluded in theſe humourous lines:

" Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
" As men with *ſand-bags* did of old." WARBURTON.

Mr. Sympſon, in his notes on Ben Jonſon, obſerves, that a paſſage in St. Chryſoſtom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. STEEVENS.

[9] — *a cup of* charneco.] *Charneco* was, I believe, a ſweet wine. It is very often mentioned by old writers, but none of the paſſages in which it is mentioned, that I have ſeen, aſcertain either its quality, or the country where it was produced. MALONE.

3. *Neigh.*

3. *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1. *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy maſter; fight for credit of the prentices.

Pet. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for me, I pray * you; for, I think, I have taken my laſt draught in this * world.*—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou ſhalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bleſs me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my maſter, he hath learnt ſo much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter, forſooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Pet. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then ſee thou thump thy maſter well.

Hor. Maſters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's inſtigation, to prove him a knave, and myſelf an honeſt man: * and touching the duke of York,—will take * my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; * And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Aſcapart[1].

[1] —*as Bevis of Southampton fell upon* Aſcapart.] I have added this from the old quarto. WARBURTON.

Aſcapart—the giant of the ſtory—a name familiar to our anceſtors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

"Thoſe *Aſcaparts*, men big enough to throw
"Charing-croſs for a bar," &c. JOHNSON.

The figures of theſe combatants are ſtill preſerved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare not having adopted theſe words, according to the hypotheſis already ſtated, they ought perhaps not to be here introduced. However, I am not ſo wedded to my own opinion, as to oppoſe it to ſo many preceding editors, in a matter of ſo little importance, and therefore I have admitted Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

York.

York. Diſpatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double[2].

Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* Peter *ſtrikes down his maſter.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confeſs, I confeſs treaſon.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy maſter's way.

Pet. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this preſence? O Peter, thou haſt prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our ſight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt*:
And God, in juſtice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A ſtreet.

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, ſometimes, hath the brighteſt day a cloud;
And, after ſummer, evermore ſucceeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold[3]:

[2] —*this knave's tongue begins to double.*] So, in Holinſhed, whoſe narrative Shakſpeare has deſerted, by making the armourer confeſs treaſon.—"When he ſhould have come to the field freſh and faſting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and ſtrong drink in ſuch exceſſive ſort, that he was therewith diſtempered, and reeled as he went; and ſo was ſlain without guilt: as for the falſe ſervant he lived not long," &c. STEEVENS.

* *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.*] According to the ancient uſage of the duel, the vanquiſhed perſon not only loſt his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable inſtance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hanneſly, Militem, & Robertum Kaſtanton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occiſus.* From whence, ſays the hiſtorian, "*magna fuit evidentia quod militis cauſa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius ſequebatur.*" A. Murimuth, ad ann. 1380 p. 149. BOWLE.

[3] *Barren* winter, *with his* wrathful *nipping cold:*] So, in Sackville's *Induction:*

"The *wrathful winter* 'proaching on apace—. REED.

* So cares and joys abound, as ſeaſons fleet [4].—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

' *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
' To watch the coming of my puniſh'd dutcheſs:
' Uneath [5] may ſhe endure the flinty ſtreets,
' To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy ſhame;
That erſt did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.
* But, ſoft! I think, ſhe comes; and I'll prepare
* My tear-ſtain'd eyes to ſee her miſeries.

Enter the Dutcheſs of GLOSTER, *in a white ſheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand*; *Sir* John Stanley, *a ſheriff, and officers.*

Serv. So pleaſe your grace, we'll take her from the ſheriff.

' *Glo.* No, ſtir not for your lives; let her paſs by [6].

Dutch. Come you, my lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou doſt penance too. Look, how they gaze!

[4] —*as ſeaſons* fleet.—] To *fleet* is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— now the *fleeting* moon
" No planet is of mine." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon in his Dictionary ſuppoſes to *fleet* (as here uſed) to be the ſame as to *flit*; that is, to be in a flux or tranſient ſtate; to paſs away. MALONE.

[5] *Uneath*—] i. e. ſcarcely. POPE.

Eath is the ancient word for *eaſe* or *eaſy*. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 6:

" More *eath* was now impreſſion to receive."

Uneath is commonly uſed by the ſame author for *not eaſily*. STEEVENS.

[6] *No, ſtir not*, &c.] In the original play thus:

" I charge you for your lives, ſtir not a foot;
" Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
" But let them do their office as they ſhould." MALONE.

' See

See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloſter, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
Dutch. Ah, Gloſter, teach me to forget myſelf:
For, whilſt I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame[7], with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I ſtart, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this ſhameful yoke?
Trow'ſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy, that enjoy the ſun?
No; dark ſhall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn dutcheſs,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-ſtock,
To every idle raſcal follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame;
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, ſure, it ſhortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that falſe prieſt,
Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be ſnar'd,

Mail'd up in ſhame,] Wrapped up; bundled up in diſgrace; alſo to the ſheet of penance. JOHNSON.

• Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.
• *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry;
• I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
• And had I twenty times ſo many foes,
• And each of them had twenty times their power,
• All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe [8],
• So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
• Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
• Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away,
• But I in danger for the breach of law.
• Thy greateſt help is quiet [9], gentle Nell:
• I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
• Theſe few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your grace to his majeſty's parliament, holden at Bury the firſt of this next month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er aſk'd herein before! This is cloſe dealing.—Well, I will be there. [*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, maſter ſheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commiſſion.

• *Sher.* An't pleaſe your grace, here my commiſſion ſtays:
• And ſir John Stanley is appointed now
• To take her with him to the iſle of Man.

• *Glo.* Muſt you, ſir John, protect my lady here?

• *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe you grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well: the world may laugh again [1];
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if

[8] —*any* ſcathe,] *Scathe* is harm, or miſchief. Chaucer, Spenſer, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their uſe of this word. STEEVENS.

[9] *Thy greateſt help is quiet,*] The poet has not endeavoured to raiſe much compaſſion for the dutcheſs, who indeed ſuffers but what ſhe had deſerved. JOHNSON.

[1] —*the world may laugh again*;] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

You

You do it her. And ſo, ſir John, farewel.
Dutch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewel?
' *Glo.* Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.
' *Dutch.* Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whoſe name I oft have been afear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
* *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the iſle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your ſtate.
* *Dutch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
* *Stan.* Like to a dutcheſs, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that ſtate you ſhall be us'd.
' *Dutch.* Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare;
Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame *!
' *Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
' *Dutch.* Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is diſcharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, ſhall we go?
' *Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
' *Dutch.* My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
And ſhew itſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to ſee my priſon [2]. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — *I long to ſee my priſon.*] This impatience of a high ſpirit is very natural. It is not ſo dreadful to be impriſoned, as it is deſireable in a ſtate of diſgrace to be ſheltered from the ſcorn of gazers. JOHNSON.
This is one of thoſe touches that certainly came from the hand of Shakſpeare; for theſe words are not in the old play. MALONE.

* — conduct *of my ſhame!*] That is, *conductor.* See Vol. I. p. 98, n. 7. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others.*

' *K. Hen.* I muſe, my lord of Gloſter is not come:
' 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
' Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.
' *Q. Mar.* Can you not ſee? or will you not obſerve
' The ſtrangeneſs of his alter'd countenance?
' With what a majeſty he bears himſelf;
' How inſolent of late he is become,
' How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himſelf?
' We know the time, ſince he was mild and affable;
' And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
' Immediately he was upon his knee,
' That all the court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion:
' But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
' When every one will give the time of day,
' He knits his brow, and ſhews an angry eye,
' And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed knee,
' Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
' Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
' But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
' And Humphrey is no little man in England.
' Firſt, note, that he is near you in deſcent;
' And, ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
' Me ſeemeth[3] then, it is no policy,—
' Reſpecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
' And his advantage following your deceaſe,—
' That he ſhould come about your royal perſon,
' Or be admitted to your highneſs' council.
' By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;

[3] *Me ſeemeth*—] That is, it ſeemeth to me; a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

' And,

" And, when he pleaſe to make commotion,
" 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
" Now 'tis the ſpring, and weeds are ſhallow-rooted;
" Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
" And choke the herbs for want of huſbandry.
" The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
" Made me collect theſe dangers in the duke.
" If it be fond *, call it a woman's fear;
" Which fear if better reaſons can ſupplant,
" I will ſubſcribe, and ſay—I wrong'd the duke.
" My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
" Reprove my allegation, if you can;
" Or elſe conclude my words effectual.
" *Suf.* Well hath your highneſs ſeen into this duke;
" And, had I firſt been put to ſpeak my mind,
I think, I ſhould have told your grace's tale [4].
" The dutcheſs, by his ſubornation,
" Upon my life, began her deviliſh practices:
" Or if he were not privy to thoſe faults,
" Yet, by reputing of his high deſcent [5],
" (As next the king, he was ſucceſſive heir,)
" And ſuch high vaunts of his nobility,
" Did inſtigate the bedlam brain-ſick dutcheſs,
" By wicked means to frame our ſovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
" And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours treaſon.
The fox barks not, when he would ſteal the lamb.
No, no, my ſovereign; Gloſter is a man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
" *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
" Deviſe ſtrange deaths for ſmall offences done?

* *If it be* fond,] Idle, foolish. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5, MALONE.

4 — *your grace's tale.*] Suffolk uſes *highneſs* and *grace* promiſcuouſly to the queen. *Majeſty* was not the ſettled title till the time of king James the Firſt. JOHNSON.

5 *Yet, by* reputing *of his high deſcent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*repeating*. *Reputing of his high deſcent*, is *valuing himſelf upon it*. The ſame word occurs in the fifth act:

" And in my conſcience do *repute* his grace," &c. STEEVENS.

York. And did he not, in his protectorſhip,
* Levy great ſums of money through the realm,
* For ſoldiers' pay in France, and never ſent it?
* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
* *Buck.* Tut! theſe are petty faults to faults unknown,
* Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke Humphrey.
* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
* Is worthy praiſe: But ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience?
* Our kinſman Gloſter is as innocent
* From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon
* As is the ſucking lamb, or harmleſs dove:
* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
* For he's diſpoſed as the hateful raven.
* Is he a lamb? his ſkin is ſurely lent him,
* For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
* Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit?
* Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
* Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious ſovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerſet. What news from France?
* *Som.* That all your intereſt in thoſe territories
* Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.
K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerſet: But God's will be done!
York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England[6].

[6] *Cold news for me*; &c.] Theſe two lines York had ſpoken before in the firſt act of this play. He is now meditating on his diſappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his preſent loſs. STEEVENS.

Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear[7] ere long,
Or ſell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aſide.*

Enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* All happineſs unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.
Suf. Nay, Gloſter, know, that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke *, thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this arreſt;
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from treaſon to my ſovereign:
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, ſtay'd the ſoldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highneſs hath loſt France.
Glo. Is it but thought ſo? What are they, that think it!
I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in ſtudying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wreſted from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my trial day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I diſpurſed to the garriſons,
And never aſk'd for reſtitution.

7 —*this* gear—] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

So, in the ſtory of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:
"Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,
"Nor your ſinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

* *Well, Suffolk's* duke,] The folio has—Well, Suffolk, thou,—. The defect of the metre ſhews that the word was omitted, which I have ſupplied from the old play. MALONE.

* *Car.* It ſerves you well, my lord, to ſay ſo much.
* *Glo.* I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God!
York. In your protectorſhip, you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
* For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears,
* And lowly words were ranſom for their fault.
' Unleſs it were a bloody murderer,
' Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
' I never gave them condign puniſhment:
' Murder, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
' Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.
' *Suf.* My lord, theſe faults are eaſy [8], quickly anſwer'd:
' But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
' Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
' I do arreſt you in his highneſs' name;
' And here commit you to my lord cardinal
' To keep, until your further time of trial.
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Gloſter, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
' That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpects [9];
My conſcience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, theſe days are dangerous!
* Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
* And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
* Foul ſubornation is predominant,
* And equity exil'd your highneſs' land.
* I know, their complot is to have my life;
' And, if my death might make this iſland happy,
' And prove the period of their tyranny,

[8] —*theſe faults are* eaſy,—] *Eaſy* is ſlight, inconſiderable, as in other paſſages of this author. JOHNSON.

9 —*from all* ſuſpects;] The folio reads—*ſuſpence.* The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. The correſponding line in the original play ſtands thus:

" Good uncle, obey to this arreſt;
" I have no doubt but thou ſhalt clear thyſelf." MALONE.

So, in a following ſcene:

" If my *ſuſpect* be falſe, forgive me, God!" STEEVENS.

' I would

" I would expend it with all willingneſs:
" But mine is made the prologue to their play;
" For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
" Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
" Beaufort's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
' And Suffolk's cloudy brow his ſtormy hate;
' Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
' The envious load that lies upon his heart;
' And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
' Whoſe over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
' By falſe accuſe doth level at my life:—
' And you, my ſovereign lady, with the reſt,
' Cauſeleſs have laid diſgraces on my head;
• And, with your beſt endeavour, have ſtirr'd up
• My lieſeſt [1] liege to be mine enemy:—
• Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
• Myſelf had notice of your conventicles,
• And all to make away my guiltleſs life:
' I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
' Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt;
' The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.
• *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:
• If thoſe, that care to keep your royal perſon
• From treaſon's ſecret knife, and traitors' rage,
• Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
• And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
• 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our ſovereign lady here,
' With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
' As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
' Falſe allegations to o'erthrow his ſtate?
' *Q. Mar.* But I can give the loſer leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer ſpoke, than meant: I loſe, indeed;—
• Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe!—
• And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

[1] —*lieſeſt*—] is *deareſt*. JOHNSON.
See p. 116, n. 6. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day:—
' Lord cardinal, he is your priſoner.

' *Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him ſure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his cruteh,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
' Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide,
' And wolves are gnarling who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
' Ah, that my fear were falſe! ah, that it were!
' For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear[2].

[*Exeunt* Attendants, *with* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wiſdoms ſeemeth beſt,
Do, or undo, as if ourſelf were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highneſs leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret[3]; my heart is drown'd with grief,
• Whoſe flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
• My body round engirt with miſery;
• For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?—
• Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I ſee
• The map of honour[4], truth, and loyalty;

[2] *Ah! that my fear were falſe!* &c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the original play, inſtead of theſe two lines, we have the following:

" Farewell my ſovereign; long may'ſt thou enjoy
" Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!" MALONE.

[3] *Ay, Margaret,* &c.] Of this ſpeech the only traces in the quarto are the following lines. In the king's ſpeech a line ſeems to be loſt:

Queen. What, will your highneſs leave the parliament?
King. Yea, Margaret; my heart is kill'd with grief;
* * * * *
Where I may ſit, and ſigh in endleſs moan,
For who's a traitor, Gloſter he is none.

If therefore, according to the conjecture already ſuggeſted, theſe plays were originally the compoſition of another author, the ſpeech before us belongs to Shakſpeare. It is obſervable that one of the expreſſions in it is found in his *Richard II.* and in the *Rape of Lucrece*; and in peruſing the ſubſequent lines one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by ſome been ſuppoſed to have followed. MALONE.

[4] *The* map *of honour,*—] In *K. Richard II.* if I remember right, we have the ſame words. Again, in *the Rape of Lucrece:*

" Shewing life's triumph in the *map* of death." MALONE.

• And

* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
* That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
* What lowring ſtar now envies thy eſtate,
* That theſe great lords, and Margaret our queen,
* Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life?
* Thou never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong:
* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays[5],
* Bearing it to the bloody ſlaughter-houſe;
* Even ſo, remorſeleſs, have they borne him hence.
* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
* Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
* And can do nought but wail her darling's loſs;
* Even ſo myſelf bewails good Gloſter's caſe,
* With ſad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
* Look after him, and cannot do him good;
* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
* His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
* Say—*Who's a traitor*, Gloſter *he is none*. [*Exit.*

* *Q. Mar.* Free lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
* Too full of fooliſh pity: and Gloſter's ſhew
* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
* With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
* Or as the ſnake, roll'd in a flowering bank[7],

[5] *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays,] It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to ſtray from the direct road. The duke of Gloſter is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horſeback, or upon men's ſhoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

[6] *Free lords*, &c.] By this ſhe means (as may be ſeen by the ſequel) you, who are not bound up to ſuch preciſe regards of religion as is the king, but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARBURTON.

[7] — in *a flowering bank*,] i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. Some of the modern editions read unneceſſarily—*as a flowering bank*. MALONE.

* With

* With ſhining checker'd ſlough, doth ſting a child,
* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
* Believe me, lords, were none more wiſe than I,
* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
' This Gloſter ſhould be quickly rid the world,
' To rid us from the fear we have of him.
* *Car.* That he ſhould die, is worthy policy;
* But yet we want a colour for his death:
* 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by courſe of law.
* *Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:
* The king will labour ſtill to ſave his life,
* The commons haply riſe to ſave his life;
* And yet we have but trivial argument,
* More than miſtruſt, that ſhews him worthy death.
* *York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die.
* *Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive ſo fain as I.
* *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reaſon for his death[2].—
* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
* Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your ſouls,—
* Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were ſet
* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
* As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken ſhould be ſure of death.
' *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madneſs then,
' To make the fox ſurveyor of the fold?
' Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
' His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
' Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.

[2] *'Tis York that hath more reaſon for his death.*] Why York had more reaſon than the reſt for deſiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerſet. JOHNSON.

York had more reaſon, becauſe duke Humphrey ſtood between him and the crown, which he had propoſed to himſelf as the termination of his ambitious views. So Act III. ſc. v:

For Humphrey being dead, as he ſhall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. STEEVENS.

' No;

'No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
'By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
'Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood;
'As Humphrey, prov'd by reaſons, to my liege[9].
'And do not ſtand on quillets, how to ſlay him:
'Be it by gins, by ſnares, by ſubtilty,
'Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
'So he be dead; for that is good deceit
'Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit[1].

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

[9] *No; let him die, in that he is a fox,*
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood;
As Humphrey, prov'd by reaſons, to my liege] The meaning of the ſpeaker is not hard to be diſcovered, but his expreſſion is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to ſheep, even before he has actually killed them; ſo Humphrey may be properly deſtroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treaſons* for *reaſons*, but the drift of the argument is to ſhew that there may be *reaſon* to kill him before any *treaſon* has broken out. JOHNSON.

As ſeems to be here uſed for *like*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, with ſome probability, As Humphrey's prov'd, &c. In the original play, inſtead of theſe lines, we have the following ſpeech:

Suf. And ſo think I, madam; for as you know,
If our king Henry had ſhook hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king.
And it may be, by policy he works,
To bring to paſs the thing which now we doubt.
The fox barks not, when he would ſteal the lamb;
But if we take him ere he doth the deed,
We ſhould not queſtion if that he ſhould live.
No, let him die, in that he is a fox,
Leſt that in living he offend us more. MALONE.

[1] — *for that is good deceit*
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.] *To mate*, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or deſtroy; from *matar*, Span. to kill. See Vol. IV. p. 416, n. 8. MALONE.

Mates him means—that firſt puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in cheſs, uſed when the king is ſtopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

Suf.

* *Suf.* Not reſolute, except ſo much were done;
* For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant:
* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
* Seeing the deed is meritorious,
* And to preſerve my ſovereign from his foe,—
* Say but the word, and I will be his prieſt[2].
* *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
* Ere you can take due orders for a prieſt:
* Say, you conſent, and cenſure well the deed[3],
* And I'll provide his executioner,
* I tender ſo the ſafety of my liege.
* *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
* *Q. Mar.* And ſo ſay I.
* *York.* And I: and now we three have ſpoke it,
* It ſkills not[4] greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Meſſenger.

' *Meſ.* Great lords[5], from Ireland am I come amain,
' To ſignify—that rebels there are up,

[2] — *I will be his prieſt.*] I will be the attendant on his laſt ſcene, I will be the laſt man whom he will ſee. JOHNSON.

[3] — *and cenſure well the deed,*] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

[4] *It ſkills not*—] It is of no importance. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia*, tranſlated by R. Robinſon, 1624: " I will deſcribe to you one or other of them, for *it ſkilleth* not greatly which." MALONE.

[5] *Great Lords*, &c.] I ſhall ſubjoin this ſpeech as it ſtands in the quarto:

" Madam, I bring you news from Ireland;
" The wild Onele, my lord, is up in arms,
" With troops of Iriſh kerns, that uncontroll'd
" Doth plant themſelves within the Engliſh pale,
" And burn and ſpoil the country, as they go."

Surely here is not an imperfect exhibition of the lines in the folio, haſtily taken down in the theatre by the ear or in ſhort-hand, as I once concurred with others in thinking to be the caſe. We have here an original and diſtinct draught; ſo that we muſt be obliged to maintain that Shakſpeare wrote *two* plays on the preſent ſubject, a haſty ſketch, and a more finiſhed performance; or elſe muſt acknowledge, that he formed the piece before us on a foundation laid by another writer. MALONE.

' And

And put the Engliſhmen unto the ſword:
Send ſuccours, lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient* ſtop!
What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?
York. That Somerſet be ſent as regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witneſs the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtaid in France ſo long.
York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done;
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar character'd on thy ſkin:
Men's fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York;—ſweet Somerſet, be ſtill;—
Thy fortune, York, hadſt thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.
York. What, worſe than naught? nay, then a ſhame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame!
Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Engliſhmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county ſome,
And try your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?
York. I will, my lord, ſo pleaſe his majeſty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his conſent;
And, what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this taſk in hand.
York. I am content: Provide me ſoldiers, lords,

* —*expedient*—] i. e. expeditious. See Vol. IV. p. 494, n. 53 and Vol. V. p. 27, n. 7. MALONE.

While

' Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
' *Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will ſee perform'd[6].
' But now return we to the falſe duke Humphrey.
' *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,
' That, henceforth, he ſhall trouble us no more.
' And ſo break off; the day is almoſt ſpent:
' Lord Suffolk, you and I muſt talk of that event.
' *York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
' At Briſtol I expect my ſoldiers;
' For there I'll ſhip them all for Ireland.
' *Suf.* I'll ſee it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* York.
' *York.* Now, York, or never, ſteel thy fearful thoughts,
' And change miſdoubt to reſolution:
' Be that thou hop'ſt to be; or what thou art
' Reſign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
' Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
' And find no harbour in a royal heart.
' Faſter than ſpring-time ſhowers, comes thought on thought;
' And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
' My brain, more buſy than the labouring ſpider,
' Weaves tedious ſnares to trap mine enemies.
' Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
' To ſend me packing with an hoſt of men:
' I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved ſnake,
' Who, cheriſh'd in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
' I take it kindly; yet, be well aſſur'd

[6] *— that I will ſee perform'd.*] In the old play this office is given to Buckingham:

Queen. —— my lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muſter up ſuch ſoldiers,
As ſhall ſuffice him in theſe needful wars.
Buck. Madam, I will; and levy ſuch a band
As ſoon ſhall overcome thoſe Iriſh rebels:
But York, where ſhall thoſe ſoldiess ſtay for thee?
York. At Briſtol I'll expect them ten days hence.
Buck. Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farewell.
[*Exit* Buck.

Here again we have a very remarkable variation. MALONE.

' You

" You put ſharp weapons in a mad man's hands.
" Whiles I in Ireland nouriſh a mighty band,
" I will ſtir up in England ſome black ſtorm,
" Shall blow ten thouſand ſouls to heaven, or hell:
" And this fell tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage
" Until the golden circuit on my head [7],
" Like to the glorious ſun's tranſparent beams,
" Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw [8].
' And, for a miniſter of my intent,
' I have ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
' John Cade of Aſhford,
' To make commotion, as full well he can,
' Under the title of John Mortimer.
" In Ireland have I ſeen this ſtubborn Cade
" Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of kerns;
" And fought ſo long, till that his thighs with darts
" Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd porcupine:
" And, in the end being reſcu'd, I have ſeen him
" Caper upright like a wild Moriſco [9],

" Shaking

[7] *Until the* golden circuit *on my head,*] So, in *Macbeth*:
" All that impedes thee from the *golden round*,
" Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
" To have thee *crown'd* withall."
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" ——— a ſleep,
" That from this *golden rigol* hath divorc'd
" So many Engliſh kings." MALONE.

[8] —*mad-bred* flaw.] *Flaw* is a ſudden violent guſt of wind. JOHNSON.

[9] —*a wild Moriſco,*] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Mooriſh dance. JOHNSON.

In *Albion's Triumph*, a maſque, 1631, the ſeventh entry conſiſts of *mimicks* or *Moriſcos*.

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. Junius deſcribes it thus: " —faciem plerunque inficiunt fuligine, et peregrinum veſtium cultum aſſumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri eſſe videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolaſſe, atque inſolens recreationis genus adveriſſe."

In the churchwardens' accompts of the pariſh of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkſhire, from the firſt year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—" For two doſſin of

* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
* Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty kern [1],
* Hath he converſed with the enemy;
* And undiſcover'd come to me again,
* And given me notice of their villainies.
* This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
* In face, in gait, in ſpeech he doth reſemble:
' By this I ſhall perceive the commons' mind,
' How they affect the houſe and claim of York.
' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
' I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
* Will make him ſay—I mov'd him to thoſe arms.
' Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
' Why, then from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
' And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd:
' For, Humphrey being dead [2], as he ſhall be,
' And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II [3].

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *haſtily.*

* 1. *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
* We have diſpatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

* 2. *Mur*

Morres bells." As theſe appear to have been purchaſed by the community, we may ſuppoſe this diverſion was conſtantly practiſed at their publick feſtivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it. STEEVENS

[1] — *like a* ſhag-hair'd *crafty kern,*] See Vol. IV. p. 398, n. 2 and p. 267, n. 1. MALONE.

[2] *For, Humphrey being dead,* &c.] Inſtead of this couplet we find in the old play theſe lines:

" And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
" None then can ſtop the light to England's crown,
" But York can tame, and headlong pull them down."

MALONE

[3] *Scene II.*] This ſcene, and the directions concerning it, ſtand thus in the quarto edition:

The

* 2. *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
* Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

' 1. *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
' *Suf.* Now, ſirs, have you diſpatch'd this thing?
' 1. *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
' *Suf.* Why, that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my houſe;
' I will reward you for this venturous deed.
' The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
' Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
' According as I gave directions?
' 1. *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
' *Suf.* Away, be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and Others.*

' *K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our preſence ſtraight:
' Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
' If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.
' *Suf.* I'll call him preſently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
' *K. Hen.* Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
' Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our uncle Gloſter,
' Than from true evidence, of good eſteem,
' He be approv'd in practice culpable.
* *Q. Mar.* God forbid, any malice ſhould prevail,
* That faultleſs may condemn a nobleman!
* Pray God, he may acquit him of ſuſpicion!

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is diſcouered in his bed, and two men lying on his breſt, and ſmothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.

Suff. How now, ſirs! what have you diſpatch'd him?
One. Yea, my lord; he's dead, I warrant you.
Suff. Then ſee the cloathes laid ſmooth about him ſtill,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other, but that he died of his own accord.
2. All things is handſome now, my lord.
Suff. Then draw the curtains again, and get you gone,
And you ſhall have your firm reward anon. [*Exit* Murtherers.
STEEVENS.

* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret[4]; theſe words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

' How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
' Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloſter is dead.
* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!
* *Car.* God's ſecret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
* The duke was dumb, and could not ſpeak a word.
[*The king ſwoons.*
' *Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the noſe.
* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!
* *Suf.* He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.
* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!
* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my ſovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now[5] to ſing a raven's note,
* Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
' By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
' Can chaſe away the firſt-conceived ſound?
* Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words.
* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I ſay;
* Their touch affrights me, as a ſerpent's ſting.
Thou baleful meſſenger, out of my ſight!

[4] *I thank thee*, Margaret;] The folio reads—I thank thee, *Nell*; and Mr. Theobald, conceiving that "there can be no reaſon why the king ſhould forget his own wife's name," reads—"*Well*, theſe words," &c. which the ſubſequent editors too haſtily adopted. Though the king could not well forget his wife's name, either Shakſpeare or the tranſcriber might. That *Nell* is not a miſtake of the preſs for *Well* is clear from a ſubſequent ſpeech of the *queen's* in this ſcene, where *Eleanor*, the name of the Dutcheſs of Gloſter, is again *three times* printed inſtead of *Margaret*. No reaſon can be aſſigned why the proper correction ſhould be made in all thoſe places, and not here. MALONE.

[5] —*right now*—] Juſt now, even now. JOHNSON.

' Upon

'Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
'Sits, in grim majeſty, to fright the world.
'Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
'Yet do not go away;—Come, baſiliſk [4],
'And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
'For in the ſhade of death I ſhall find joy;
'In life, but double death, now Gloſter's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
'Although the duke was enemy to him,
'Yet he, moſt chriſtian-like, laments his death:
'And for myſelf,—foe as he was to me,
'Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
'Or blood-conſuming ſighs recall his life,
'I would be blind with weeping, ſick with groans,
'Look pale as primroſe, with blood-drinking ſighs [6],
'And all to have the noble duke alive.
'What know I how the world may deem of me?
'For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
'It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
'So ſhall my name with ſlander's tongue be wounded,
'And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
'This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
'To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
'*K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloſter, wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is [7].
What, doſt thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leper, look on me.
'What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf [8]?

'Be

[4] *Come, baſiliſk,* &c.] So Mantuanus, a writer very popular at this time.

"Natus in ardente Lydiæ baſiliſcus arena,
"Vulnerat aſpectu, luminibuſque nocet." MALONE.

[6] — *with* blood-drinking *ſighs,*] So, in another of Shakſpeare's plays:

"— dry ſorrow drinks my blood." MALONE.

[7] *Be woe for me,*] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloſter, but for me. JOHNSON.

[8] *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This alluſion which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and Pſalm lviii. may receive an odd illuſtration from the following paſſage in *Gower de Confeſſione Amantis,* B. I. fol. x.

* Be poiſonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
* Is all thy comfort ſhut in Gloſter's tomb?
* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
* Erect his ſtatue then, and worſhip it,
* And make my image but an ale-houſe ſign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the ſea;
' And twice by aukward wind[9] from England's bank
' Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
Did ſeem to ſay,—Seek not a ſcorpion's neſt,
* Nor ſet no footing on this unkind ſhore?
* What did I then, but curs'd the gentle guſts,
* And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
* And bid them blow towards England's bleſſed ſhore
* Or turn our ſtern upon a dreadful rock?
* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
* But left that hateful office unto thee:
* The pretty vaulting ſea refus'd to drown me;
* Knowing, that thou wouldſt have me drown'd on ſhor
* With tears as ſalt as ſea through thy unkindneſs:

" A ſerpent, whiche that aſpidis
" Is cloped, of his kinde hath this,
" That he the ſtone nobleſt of all,
" The whiche that men carbuncle call,
" Bereth in his heed above on hight;
" For whiche whan that a man by ſlight
" (The ſtone to wynne, and him to dante)
" With his carecte him wolde enchante,
" Anone as he perceiveth that,
" *He leyeth downe his one eare all plat*
" *Unto the grounde, and halt it faſt:*
" *And eke that other eare als faſte*
" *He ſtoppeth with his taille ſo ſore*
" *That he the wordes, laſſe or more,*
" *Of his enchantement ne hereth:*
" And in this wiſe him ſelfe he ſkiereth,
" So that he hath the wordes wayved,
" And thus his eare is nought deceived."

Shakſpeare has the ſame alluſion in *Troilus and Creſſida*: " Have more *deaf* than *adders*, to the voice of any true deciſion." STEEVENS.

9 —*aukward wind*—] Thus the old copy. The modern ed read *adverſe winds*. STEEVENS.

* The ſplitting rocks cowr'd in the ſinking ſands[1],
* And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;
* Becauſe thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
* Might in thy palace periſh Margaret[2].
* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
* When from the ſhore the tempeſt beat us back,
* I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm:
* And when the duſky ſky began to rob
* My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy land's view,
* I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,—
* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
* And threw it towards thy land; the ſea receiv'd it;
* And ſo, I wiſh'd, thy body might my heart:
* And even with this, I loſt fair England's view,
* And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
* And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
* For loſing ken of Albion's wiſhed coaſt.
* How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
* (The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
* To ſit and witch me[3], as Aſcanius did,
* When he to madding Dido, would unfold
* His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
* Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not falſe like him?
* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
* For Henry weeps, that thou doſt live ſo long.

[1] *The ſplitting rocks*, &c.] The ſenſe ſeems to be this.—The rocks hid themſelves in the ſands, which ſunk to receive them into their boſom. STEEVENS.

[2] *Might in thy palace* periſh *Margaret.*] The verb *periſh* is here uſed actively. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——— let not my ſins
" *Periſh* your noble youth." STEEVENS.

[3] *To ſit and* witch *me,*] The old copy has—*watch* me. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who obſerves that the poet forgot the paſſage in the Æneid, the hiſtory of the deſtruction of Troy being related to Dido, not by Aſcanius, but Æneas.

It may be remarked, that this miſtake was certainly the miſtake of Shakſpeare, whoever may have been the original author of the firſt ſketch of this play; for this long ſpeech of Margaret's is founded on one in the quarto, conſiſting only of ſeven lines, in which there is no allusion to Virgil. MALONE.

Noiſe within. Enter WARWICK, *and* SALISBURY *Commons preſs to the door.*

' *War.* It is reported, mighty ſovereign,
' That good duke Humphrey traiterouſly is murde
' By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
' The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
' That want their leader, ſcatter up and down,
' And care not who they ſting in his revenge.
' Myſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
' Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis to
But how he died, God knows, not Henry[4]:
' Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corpſe,
' And comment then upon his ſudden death.

War. That I ſhall do, my liege:—Stay, Saliſb
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[Warwick *goes into an inner room, and Saliſbury*

* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgeſt all things, ſt
thoughts;
* My thoughts, that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's lif
* If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God;
* For judgment only doth belong to thee!
* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
* With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain[5]
* Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears;
* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
* But all in vain are theſe mean obſequies;
* And, to ſurvey his dead and earthy image,
* What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?

4 — *not Henry:*] The poet commonly uſes Henry as a word ſyllables. JOHNSON.

5 — *and to drain*—] This is one of our poet's harſh ex As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water iſſue from it, h duſly uſes the word here in the ſenſe of *dropping*, or *diſtill*

The folding doors of an inner chamber are opened, and GLOSTER *is diſcovered dead in his bed:* WARWICK *and Others ſtanding by it* [6].

' *War.* Come hither, gracious ſovereign, view this body.

' *K. Hen.* That is to ſee how deep my grave is made:
' For, with his ſoul, fled all my worldly ſolace;
' For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death [7].

' *War.* As ſurely as my ſoul intends to live
' With that dread King, that took our ſtate upon him
' To free us from his Father's wrathful curſe,
' I do believe that violent hands were laid
' Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, ſworn with a ſolemn tongue!
' What inſtance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

' *War.* See, how the blood is ſettled in his face!
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt [8],

' Of

[6] This ſtage-direction I have inſerted as beſt ſuited to the exhibition. The ſtage-direction in the quarto is—" Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and ſhews Duke Humphry in his bed." In the folio: " A bed with Gloſter's body put forth." Theſe are ſome of the many circumſtances which prove, I think, deciſively, that the theatres of our author's time were unfurniſhed with ſcenes. In thoſe days, as I conceive, curtains were occaſionally hung acroſs the middle of the ſtage on an iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a ſecond apartment, when a change of ſcene was required. The direction in the folio, " to put forth a bed," was merely to the property-man to thruſt a bed forwards behind thoſe curtains, previous to their being drawn open. See the *Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[7] *For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.*] I think the meaning is, I ſee my life in the arms of death; I ſee my *life expiring*, or rather *expired*. The conceit is much in our author's manner. So, in *Macbeth*:
" — the *death* of each day's *life*." MALONE.

The poet's meaning is, *I ſee my life deſtroyed or endangered by his death*. PERCY.

[8] *Oft have I ſeen a* timely-*parted* ghoſt, &c.] All that is true of the body of a dead man, is here ſaid by Warwick of the ſoul. I would read:
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted corſe.
I cannot but ſtop a moment to obſerve that this horrible deſcription is ſcarcely the work of any pen but Shakſpeare's. JOHNSON.

A timely-parted ghoſt means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common courſe of nature; to which violence has not brought a *timeleſs*

' Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſs,
' Being all * deſcended to the labouring heart;

timeleſs end. The oppoſition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words—" As guilty of duke Humphrey's *timeleſs death*."

The correſponding lines appear thus in the quarto; by which, if the notion that has been already ſuggeſted be well founded, the reader may ſee how much of this deſervedly admired ſpeech is original, and how much ſuper-induced:

" Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted *ghoſt*,
" Of aſhy ſemblance, pale, and bloodleſs:
" But, lo! the blood is ſettled in his face,
" More better coloured than when he liv'd.
" His well proportion'd beard made rough and ſtern;
" His fingers ſpread abroad, as one that graſp'd
" For life, yet was by ſtrength ſurpriz'd. The leaſt
" Of theſe are probable. It cannot chooſe
" But he was murthered."

In a ſubſequent paſſage, alſo in the original play, which Shakſpeare has not tranſferred into his piece, the word *ghoſt* is again uſed as here. Young Clifford addreſſing himſelf to his father's *dead body*, ſays,

" O diſmal ſight! ſee, where he breathleſs lies,
" All ſmear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
" Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghoſt* I ſwear," &c.

Our author therefore is not chargeable here with any impropriety, or confuſion. He has only uſed the phraſeology of his time. MALONE.

This is not the firſt time that Shakſpeare has confounded the terms that ſignify *body* and *ſoul*, together. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" ——— damned *ſpirits* all,
" That in croſs-ways and floods have *burial*."

It is ſurely the *body* and not the *ſoul* that is committed to the earth, or whelm'd in the water. The word *ghoſt*, however, is licentiouſly uſed by our ancient writers. In Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. viii. Sir *Guyon* is in a ſwoon, and two knights are about to ſtrip him, when the *Palmer* ſay:

" —— no knight ſo rude I weene,
" As to doen outrage to a ſleeping *ghoſt*."

Again, in the ſhort copy of verſes printed at the concluſion of the three firſt books of Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, 1596:

" And grones of *buried ghoſtes* the heavens did perſe."

Again, in our author's *K. Richard II.*:

" The *ghoſts* they have depoſ'd."

Again, in *Certain ſecret wonders of nature*, by Edward Fenton, 4to. bl. l. 1569: " —aſtoniſhed at the view of the mortified *ghoſt* of him that lay dead." STEEVENS.

* *Being all*—] That is, the blood being all deſcended, the ſubſtantive being comprized in the adjective *bloodleſs*. MASON.

' Who,

'Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
'Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the enemy;
'Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
'To bluſh and beautify the cheek again.
'But, ſee, his face is black, and full of blood;
'His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
'Staring full ghaſtly like a ſtrangled man:
'His hair up-rear'd, his noſtrils ſtretch'd with ſtruggling;
'His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſp'd
'And tugg'd for life, and was by ſtrength ſubdu'd.
'Look on the ſheets, his hair, you ſee, is ſticking;
'His well proportion'd beard[9] made rough and ragged,
'Like to the ſummer's corn by tempeſt lodg'd.
'It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
'The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.
'*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who ſhould do the duke to death?
'Myſelf, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
'And we, I hope, ſir, are no murderers.
'*War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
'And you, forſooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feaſt him like a friend;
'And 'tis well ſeen, he found an enemy.
'*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, ſuſpect theſe noblemen
'As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeleſs death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a butcher with an axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's neſt,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite ſoar with unbloody'd beak?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this tragedy.
'*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men;

[9] *His well proportion'd beard*—] His beard nicely trim'd and adjuſted. See Vol. V. p. 524, n. 2. MALONE.

But

But here's a vengeful ſword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murder's crimſon badge:—
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Som. *and Others*

War. What dares not Warwick, if falſe Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thouſand times.

War. Madam, be ſtill; with reverence may I ſay;
For every word, you ſpeak in his behalf,
Is ſlander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord ſo much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some ſtern untutor'd churl, and noble ſtock
Was graft with crab-tree ſlip; whoſe fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my ſovereign's preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay—it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thyſelf waſt born in baſtardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men!

Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
* And do ſome ſervice to duke Humphrey's ghoſt.
[*Exeunt* Suffolk *and* Warwick

* *K. Hen.* What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?

* Thric

* Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel juſt *;
* And he but naked, though lock'd up in ſteel,
* Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

[*A noiſe within.*

Q. Mar. What noiſe is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

' *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
' Here in our preſence? dare you be ſo bold?—
' Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty ſovereign.

Noiſe of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

**Sal.* Sirs, ſtand apart; the king ſhall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs falſe Suffolk ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed fair England's territories,
' They will by violence tear him from your palace,
* And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They ſay, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
' They ſay, in him they fear your highneſs' death;
' And mere inſtinct of love, and loyalty,—
' Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
' As being thought to contradict your liking,—
' Makes them thus forward in his baniſhment.
* They ſay, in care of your moſt royal perſon,
* That, if your highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
* And charge—that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
* In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
* Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
* Were there a ſerpent ſeen, with forked tongue,
* That ſlily glided towards your majeſty,
* It were but neceſſary you were wak'd;

* *Thrice is he arm'd*, &c.] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:
" Come, Moor; I'm *arm'd* with more than complete *ſteel*,
" The *juſtice* of my *quarrel*." MALONE.

* Left,

• Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
• The mortal worm [9] might make the ſleep eternal:
• And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
• That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
• From ſuch fell ſerpents as falſe Suffolk is;
• With whoſe envenomed and fatal ſting,
• Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
• They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*within.*] An anſwer from the king, my lord of Saliſbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpoliſh'd hinds,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their ſovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhew how quaint an orator [1] you are:
But all the honour Saliſbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambaſſador,
Sent from a ſort [2] of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within.*] An anſwer from the king, or we will all break in.

' *K. Hen.* Go, Saliſbury, and tell them all from me,
' I thank them for their tender loving care:
' And had I not been 'cited ſo by them,
' Yet did I purpoſe as they do entreat;
' For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly propheſy
' Miſchance unto my ſtate by Suffolk's means.
' And therefore,—by his majeſty I ſwear,
' Whoſe far unworthy deputy I am,—
' He ſhall not breathe infection in this air [3]

9 *The mortal* worm—] Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander ſays when he takes off the aſpicks from the young princes:

" How now, proud *worms?* how taſtes you princes' blood?"
STEEVENS.

Mortal is here, as in many other places, *deadly*. MALONE.

1 — *bow* quaint *an orator*—] *Quaint* for *dextrous, artificial*. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: " — a ladder *quaintly* made of cords."
MALONE.

2 — *a ſort*—] Is a *company*. JOHNSON.
See Vol. II. p. 490. n. 5. MALONE.

3 *He ſhall not breath infection in this air*] That is, he ſhall not contaminate this air with his infected breath. MALONE.

'But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

'*Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

'*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

'No more, I ſay; if thou doſt plead for him,

'Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my wrath.

'Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;

'But, when I ſwear, it is irrevocable:—

'If, after three days' ſpace, thou here be'ſt found

'On any ground that I am ruler of,

'The world ſhall not be ranſom for thy life.—

'Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

'I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K.* HENRY, WARWICK, *Lords, &c.*

'*Q. Mar.* Miſchance, and ſorrow, go along with you*!

'Heart's diſcontent, and ſour affliction,

'Be play-fellows to keep you company!

'There's two of you; the devil make a third!

'And three-fold vengeance tend upon your ſteps!

'*Suf.* Ceaſe, gentle queen, theſe execrations,

'And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

'*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch!

'Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore ſhould I curſe them?

Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan†,

'I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,

'As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,

'With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,

* *Miſchance and ſorrow*, &c.] In the original play the queen is ſtill more violent:

"Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you!" MALONE.

† *Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering ſuch unwelcome violence, the practice of thoſe who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a ſtring to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan diſcharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathſome cave:
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words;
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one diſtract;
Ay, every joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink[5]!
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt that they taſte!
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a grove of cypreſs trees[6]!
Their chiefeſt proſpect, murdering baſiliſks!
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſmart as lizards' ſtings[7]!
Their muſick, frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs;
And boding ſcritch-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, ſweet Suffolk; thou torment'ſt thyſelf;
And theſe dread curſes—like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave[8]?
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

[5] — *Poiſon be their drink!*] Moſt of theſe execrations are uſed, in the very words of Shakſpeare, by Lee, in his *Cæſar Borgia*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

[6] — *a* cypreſs *tree!*] *Cypreſs* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

[7] — *murdering* baſiliſks!—lizard's *ſtings!*] It has been ſaid of the *baſiliſk* that it had the power of deſtroying by a ſingle glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no ſting, but is quite inoffenſive. STEEVENS.

See p. 181, n. *. MALONE.

[8] *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?*] This inconſiſtency is very common in real life. Thoſe who are vexed to impatience are angry to ſee others leſs diſturbed than themſelves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately ſee in them what they could not find in themſelves, the deformity and folly of uſeleſs rage. JOHNSON.

* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee ceaſe[9]! Give me
thy hand,
* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
* To waſh away my woeful monuments.
' O, could this kiſs be printed in thy hand; [*kiſſes his hand.*
* That thou might'ſt think upon theſe by the ſeal,
' Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for thee[1]!
' So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
' 'Tis but ſurmis'd whilſt thou art ſtanding by,
* As one that ſurfeits thinking on a want.
' I will repeal thee, or, be well aſſur'd,
' Adventure to be baniſhed myſelf:
* And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
* Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone.—
* O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
* Embrace, and kiſs, and take ten thouſand leaves,
* Lother a hundred times to part than die.
* Yet now farewel; and farewel life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times baniſhed,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
* A wilderneſs is populous enough,
* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
* For where thou art, there is the world itſelf,
* With every ſeveral pleaſure in the world;
* And where thou art not, deſolation.

[9] *O, let me entreat thee,* &c.] Inſtead of the firſt four lines of this ſpeech, we find in the old play theſe, which Shakſpeare has availed himſelf of elſewhere:

" No more, ſweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France;
" Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,
" I'll have an Iriſh [Iris] that ſhall find thee out." MALONE.

[1] *That thou might'ſt think upon theſe by* the ſeal,
Through whom a thouſand ſighs, &c.] That by the impreſſion of my kiſs for ever remaining on thy hand thou mighteſt think on thoſe lips through which a thouſand ſighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNSON.

See the ſong introduced in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" But my *kiſſes* bring again,
" *Seals* of love, but ſeal'd in vain."

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in ſeveral places. There is no trace of it in the old play. MALONE.

• I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
• Myſelf no joy in nought, but that thou liv'ſt.

Enter VAUX.

' *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux ſo faſt? what news, I pr'ythee?

' *Vaux.* To ſignify unto his majeſty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
' For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,
' That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the air,
' Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
' Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghoſt
' Were by his ſide; ſometime, he calls the king,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
• The ſecrets of his over-charged ſoul[1]:
' And I am ſent to tell his majeſty,
' That even now he cries aloud for him.

' *Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy meſſage to the king. [*Exit* VAUX.

' Ah me! what is this world? what news are theſe[2]?
' But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loſs[3],
' Omitting Suffolk's exile, my ſoul's treaſure?
' Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
' And with the ſouthern clouds contend in tears;
' Theirs for the earth's increaſe[4], mine for my ſorrows?

[1] *And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,*
The ſecrets, &c.] The firſt of theſe lines is in the old play. The ſecond is unqueſtionably our author's. The thought appears to have ſtruck him; for he has introduced it again in *Macbeth*:

" ——— Infected minds
" To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets." MALONE.

[2] *Ah me! what is this world? what news are theſe?*] Inſtead of this line, the quarto reads:

Oh! what is worldly pomp? all men muſt die,
And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end. STEEVENS.

[3] — *at an hour's poor loſs,*] I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time,* who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the queen intends to ſay, " Why do I lament a circumſtance, the impreſſion of which will paſs away in the ſhort period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loſs of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?" MALONE.

[4] — *for the earth's* increaſe,] See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

' Now,

'Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'ſt, is coming;
'If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
'*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
'And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the air,
'As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy ſight[4], I ſhould be raging mad,
'And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes,
'To have thee with thy lips to ſtop my mouth;
'So ſhouldſt thou either turn my flying ſoul[5],
'Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body,
And then it liv'd in ſweet Elyſium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jeſt;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me ſtay, befall what may befall.
'*Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corroſive[6],
'It is applied to a deathful wound.
'To France, ſweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
'For whereſoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris[7] that ſhall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'ſt caſk

4 Where, *from thy ſight*,—] In the preambles of almoſt all the ſtatutes made during the firſt twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is uſed inſtead of *whereas*. It is ſo uſed here. MALONE.

5 —*turn my flying ſoul*,] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this paſſage in his *Eloiſa to Abelard*, where he makes that votariſt of exquiſite ſenſibility ſay:

"See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
"Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul." STEEV.

6 *Away! though parting be a fretful* corroſive,] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I ſuppoſe, pronounced, *corſive*; and the metre ſhews that it ought to be ſo pronounced here. So, in *The Alchymiſt*, "*corſive* waters." Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"His ſon diſtreſt, a *corſive* to his heart." MALONE.

7 *I'll have an* Iris—] *Iris* was the meſſenger of Juno. JOHNSON. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"——— this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
"The many-colour'd *Iris*,—". STEEVENS.

That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a ſplitted bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal* Beaufort's *Bed-chamber.*

Enter King HENRY[8], SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Others. The* Cardinal *in bed; Attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord[9]? ſpeak, Beaufort, to thy ſovereign.

[8] *Enter* King Henry, *&c.*] The quarto offers the following ſtage directions. *Enter King and Saliſbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the cardinal is diſcovered in his bed, raving and ſtaring as if he were mad.* STEEVENS.

This deſcription did not eſcape our author, for he has availed himſelf of it elſewhere. See the ſpeech of Vaux in p. 194. MALONE.

[9] *How fares my lord,* &c.] This ſcene, and that in which the dead body of the duke of Gloſter is deſcribed, are deſervedly admired. Having already ſubmitted to the reader the lines on which the former ſcene is founded, I ſhall now ſubjoin thoſe which gave riſe to that before us:

" *Car.* O death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole year,
" I'll give thee as much gold as will purchaſe ſuch another iſland.
" *King.* O ſee, my lord of Saliſbury, how he is troubled.
" Lord Cardinal, remember, Chriſt muſt have thy ſoul.
" *Car.* Why, dy'd he not in his bed?
" What would you have me to do then?
" Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
" Sirrah, go fetch me the ſtrong poiſon, which
" The 'pothecary ſent me.
" O, ſee where duke Humphrey's ghoſt doth ſtand,
" And ſtares me in the face! Look; look; comb down his hair.
" So now, he's gone again. Oh, oh, oh.
" *Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.
" *King.* Lord Cardinal, if thou dieſt aſſured of heavenly bliſs,
" Hold up thy hand, and make ſome ſign to me.
[*The Cardinal dies.*
" O ſee, he dies, and makes no ſign at all.
" O God, forgive his ſoul!
" *Sal.* So bad an end did never none behold;
" But as his death, ſo was his life in all.
" *King.* Forbear to judge, good Saliſbury, forbear;
" For God will judge us all. Go take him hence,
" And ſee his funerals be perform'd." [*Exeunt.* MALONE.

' *Car.*

'*Car.* If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure',
'Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
'So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
'*K. Hen.* Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
'When death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!
'*War.* Beaufort, it is thy ſovereign ſpeaks to thee.
'*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
'Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
'Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no[a]?—
'O! torture me no more, I will confeſs.—
'Alive again? then ſhew me where he is;
'I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him.—
'He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them[b].—
'Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,

[1] *If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure*, &c.] The following paſſage in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 70, b. ſuggeſted the correſponding lines to the author of the old play: "During theſe doynges, Henry Beaufford, byſhop of Wincheſter, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde.—This man was—haut in ſtomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above meaſure of all men, and to fewe liberal; diſdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous inſaciable and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymſelfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor John Baker, his pryvie counſailer and his chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death bed, he ſaid theſe words. 'Why ſhould I dye, havyng ſo muche riches? If the whole realme would ſave my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothynge? When my nephew of Bedford dieđ, I thought my ſelfe halfe up the whele, but when I ſawe myne other nephew of Glouceſter diſceaſed, then I thought my ſelfe able to be equal with kinges, and ſo thought to increaſe my treaſure in hope to have worne a trypple croune. But I ſe nowe the worlde fayleth me, and ſo I am deceyved; praying you all to pray for me." MALONE.

[a] *Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?*] So, in *King John*:
"We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:—
"Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
"Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
"Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?" MALONE.

[b] *He hath no eyes*, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes,
"Which thou doſt glare with."

' Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul!—
' Give me ſome drink; and bid the apothecary
' Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.
* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
* O, beat away the buſy meddling fiend,
* That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
* And from his boſom purge this black deſpair!
' *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin
* *Sal.* Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
* *K. Hen.* Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be
' Lord cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
' Hold up thy hand [3], make ſignal of thy hope.—
' He dies, and makes no ſign; O God, forgive him!
' *War.* So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
' *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all [4].—
' Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe;
' And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt* [5]

[3] *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus in the old play of *King John*, 159
Pandulph ſees the king dying, and ſays:
" Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
" *Lift up your hand*, in token you forgive."
Again:
" *Lift up thy hand*, that we may witneſs here,
" Thou dieſt the ſervant of our Saviour Chriſt:—
" Now joy betide thy ſoul!" STEEVENS.

[4] *Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.*—]
" Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,
" Aut ſumus, aut fuimus, vel poſſumus eſſe quod hic eſt."
JOHNSON

[5] *Exeunt.*] This is one of the ſcenes which have been applauded b
the criticks, and which will continue to be admired when prejudi
ſhall ceaſe, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. Theſe a
beauties that riſe out of nature and of truth; the ſuperficial read
cannot miſs them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.
JOHNSON

ACT IV. SCENE I[6].

Kent. *The Sea-ſhore near* Dover.

Firing heard at ſea[7]. *Then enter from a boat, a* Captain, *a* Maſter, *a* Maſter's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, *and Others; with them* SUFFOLK, *and other Gentlemen priſoners.*

[8] *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day[9]
[8] Is crept into the boſom of the ſea;

[8] And

[6] The circumſtance on which this ſcene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle:—"But fortune wold not that this flagitious perſon [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was baniſhed from England for five years] ſhoulde ſo eſcape; for when he ſhipped in Suffolke, entendynge to be tranſported into France, he was encontered with a ſhippe of warre apperteinyng to the Duke of Exceter, the Conſtable of the Towre of London, called *the Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the ſame bark with ſmall fight entered into the duke's ſhyppe, and perceyving his perſon preſent, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one ſyde of a cocke-bote, cauſed his head to be ſtryken of, and left his body with the head upon the ſandes of Dover; which corſe was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfielde college in Suffolke, and there buried." MALONE.

[7] *Firing heard at ſea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonſon was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Moroſe in the *Silent Woman*. "Nay, I would fit out a play that were nothing but *fights at ſea*, drum, trumpet, and target." STEEVENS.

[8] *The gaudy*, blabbing, *and* remorſeful *day*,] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquiſitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, conſiders darkneſs as a natural ſhelter, and makes night the confidante of thoſe actions which cannot be truſted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

Remorſeful is pitiful. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"——— a gentleman
"Valiant, wiſe, *remorſeful*, well accompliſh'd."

The ſame idea occurs in *Macbeth*:

"Scarf up the tender eye of *pitiful day*." STEEVENS.

This ſpeech is an amplification of the following one in the firſt part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. quarto, 1600:

"Bring forward theſe priſoners that ſcorn'd to yield;
"Unlade their goods with ſpeed, and *ſink their ſhip*.

* And now loud-howling wolves arouſe the jades
* That drag the tragick melancholy night;
* Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
* Clip dead men's graves [9], and from their miſty jaws
* Breathe foul contagious darkneſs in the air.
* Therefore, bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize;
* For, whilſt our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
* Here ſhall they make their ranſom on the ſand,
* Or with their blood ſtain this diſcolour'd ſhore.—
' Maſter, this priſoner freely give I thee;—
' And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
' The other, [*pointing to* Suffolk.] Walter Whitmore, is thy ſhare.
' 1. *Gent.* What is my ranſom, maſter? let me know.
' *Maſt.* A thouſand crowns, or elſe lay down your head.
' *Mate.* And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.
* *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thouſand crowns,
* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you ſhall;
* The lives of thoſe which we have loſt in fight,

" Here maſter, this priſoner I give to you,
" This other the maſter's mate ſhall have;
" And Walter Whickmore, thou ſhalt have this man;
" And let them pay their ranſome ere they paſs.
" *Suff.* Walter!" [*he ſtarteth.*

Had Shakſpeare's play been taken down by the ear, or an imperfect copy otherwiſe obtained, his lines might have been multilated, or imperfectly repreſented; but would a new circumſtance (like that of *ſinking* Suffolk's *ſhip*) not found in the original, have been *added* by the copyiſt?—On the other hand, if Shakſpeare new modelled the work of another, ſuch a circumſtance might will be *omitted*. MALONE.

9 ——— *the jades*
That drag the tragick melancholy night,
Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves,] The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is ſuppoſed, by Shakſpeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.
See Vol. II. p. 505, n. 8. MALONE.

* Cannot

* Cannot be counter-pois'd [1] with ſuch a petty ſum.
* 1. *Gent.* I'll give it, ſir; and therefore ſpare my life.
* 2. *Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
' *Whit.* I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
' And therefore, to revenge it, ſhalt thou die; [*to* Suf.
' And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my will.
* *Cap.* Be not ſo raſh; take ranſom, let him live.
' *Suf.* Look on my George [2], I am a gentleman;
' Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be paid.
' *Whit.* And ſo am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
' How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what, doth death affright?
' *Suf.* Thy name affrights me [3], in whoſe ſound is death.
' A cunning man did calculate my birth,
' And told me—that by *Water* I ſhould die [4]:
' Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
' Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
' *Whit. Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
' Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour blur our name *,

' But

[1] Cannot *be counterpois'd*—] I ſuſpect that a line has been loſt, preceding—" The lives of thoſe," &c. and that this ſpeech belongs to *Whitmore*; for it is inconſiſtent with what the captain ſays afterwards. The word *cannot* is not in the folio. The old play affords no aſſiſtance. The word now added is neceſſary to the ſenſe, and is a leſs innovation on the text than what has been made in the modern editions—*Nor can thoſe lives*, &c. MALONE.

[2] *Look on my* George,] In the firſt edition it is *my ring*. WARBURT. Here we have another proof of what has been already ſo often obſerved. A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded either by the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ranſom of each of Suffolk's companions is a hundred pounds, but here a thouſand crowns. MALONE.

[3] *Thy name affrights me*—] But he had heard his name before, without being ſtartled by it. In the old play, as ſoon as ever the captain has conſigned him to "*Walter Whickmore*," Suffolk *immediately* exclaims, *Walter!* Whickmore aſks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, "It is thy name affrights me."—Our author has here, as in ſome other places, fallen into an impropriety, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original. MALONE.

[4] — *by* Water—] See the fourth ſcene of the firſt act of this play. STEEVENS.

* *Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour*, &c.] This and the following lines are founded on theſe two in the old play:

" And therefore ere I merchant-like ſell blood for gold,
" Then *caſt me headlong down into the ſea.*"

The

' But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot;
' Therefore, when merchant-like I ſell revenge,
' Broke be my ſword, my arms torn and defac'd,
' And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*lays hold on* Suffolk.

' *Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy priſoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

' *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but theſe rags are no part of the duke;
Jove ſometime went diſguis'd, And why not I[5]?

Cap. But Jove was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be.

' *Suf.* Obſcure and lowly ſwain[6], king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaſter,
' Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded groom[7].
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
' Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
' And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
' How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
' Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

The new image which Shakſpeare has introduced into this ſpeech, " — my arms torn and defac'd,"—is found alſo in *King Richard II:*

" From my own windows *torn my houſehold coat,*
" Raz'd out my impreſs; leaving me no ſign,—
" Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
" To ſhew the world I am a gentleman."

See the notes on that paſſage Vol. V. p. 51, n. 7, and 8. MALONE.

[5] *Jove ſometime went diſguis'd,* &c.] This verſe is omitted in all but the firſt old edition, [quarto, 1600,] without which what follows is not ſenſe. The next line alſo,

Obſcure and lowly ſwain, king Henry's blood,

was falſly put in the Captain's mouth. POPE.

[6] — lowly *ſwain,*] The folio reads—*lowſy* ſwain. STEEVENS.

The quarto *lowly.* In a ſubſequent paſſage the folio has the word right:

By ſuch a *lowly* vaſſal as thyſelf.

Lowſy was undoubtedly an errour of the preſs. MALONE.

[7] — *a* jaded *groom.*] I ſuppoſe he means a low fellow, fit only to attend upon horſes; which in our author's time were frequently termed *jades.* The original play has *jady,* which conveys this meaning (the only one that the words ſeem to afford,) more clearly, *jaded* being liable to an equivoque. MALONE.

' When

'When I have feaſted with queen Margaret?
'Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-fall'n;
'Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride[8]:
'How in our voiding lobby haſt thou ſtood,
'And duly waited for my coming forth?
'This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
'And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous tongue[9].

Whit. Speak, captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?

Cap. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Baſe ſlave! thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's ſide
'Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole[9]?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord[1]?
'Ay, kennel, puddle, ſink; whoſe filth and dirt
'Troubles the ſilver ſpring where England drinks.
'Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

[8] — *abortive pride:*] Pride that has had birth too ſoon, pride iſſuing before its time. JOHNSON.

[9] — charm *thy riotous tongue.*] i. e. reſtrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be ſilent. See Vol. III. p. 320, n. 3, and Mr. Steevens's note in *Othello*, A&V. ſc. ult. where Iago uſes the ſame expreſſion. It occurs frequently in the books of our author's age. MALONE.

9 Cap. *Yes, Poole.*

Suf. *Poole?*] Theſe two little ſpeeches are found in the quarto, but not in the folio. It is clear from what follows that theſe ſpeeches were not intended to be rejected by Shakſpeare, but accidentally omitted at the preſs. I have therefore reſtored them. See p. 202. n. 5. MALONE.

I think the two intermediate ſpeeches ſhould be inſerted in the text, to introduce the captain's repetition of *Poole*, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The diſſonance of this broken line makes it almoſt certain that we ſhould read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole, kennel, puddle.* JOHNSON.

In the old play the reply of the captain is—

'"Yea, Poole, puddle, kennell, ſink and dirt." MALONE.

'For

' For ſwallowing [9] the treaſure of the realm:
' Thy lips, that kiſs'd the queen, ſhall ſweep the ground
' And thou, that ſmil'dſt at good duke Humphrey's death
' Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain [1],
• Who, in contempt, ſhall hiſs at thee again:
• And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
• For daring to affy [2] a mighty lord
• Unto the daughter of a worthleſs king,
• Having neither ſubject, wealth, nor diadem.
• By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
• And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
• With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
• By thee, Anjou and Maine were ſold to France:
• The falſe revolting Normans, thorough thee,
• Diſdain to call us lord; and Picardy
• Hath ſlain their governors, ſurpriz'd our forts,
• And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
• The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
• Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain,—
• As hating thee, are riſing [3] up in arms:
• And now the houſe of York—thruſt from the crown,
• By ſhameful murder of a guiltleſs king,
• And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
• Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful colours
• Advance our half-fac'd ſun [4], ſtriving to ſhine,
• Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
• The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

[9] For *ſwallowing*—] He means, perhaps, ſo as to prevent thy ſwallowing, &c. So, in the *Puritan*, 1607: "—he is now in huckſter's handling *for* running away." I have met with many other inſtances of this kind of phraſeology. The more obvious interpretation, however, may be the true one. MALONE.

[1] — *ſhalt grin in vain*,] From hence to the end of this ſpeech is undoubtedly the original compoſition of Shakſpeare, no traces of it being found in the elder play. MALONE.

[2] — *to* affy—] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. STEEVENS.

[3] — are *riſing*—] Old Copy—*and* riſing. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] — *whoſe hopeful colours*
Advance our half-fac'd ſun,] "Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the ſun diſperſing themſelves out of a cloud." Camden's *Remaines*. MALONE.

• And,

* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
* Is crept into the palace of our king,
* And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
* *Suf.* O that I were a god, to ſhoot forth thunder
* Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject drudges!
* Small things make baſe men proud: 'this villain here,
'Being captain of a pinnace[5], threatens more
'Than Bargulus the ſtrong Illyrian pirate[6].
'Drones ſuck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
'It is impoſſible, that I ſhould die
'By ſuch a lowly vaſſal as thyſelf.
'Thy words move rage, and not remorſe, in me*:
'I go of meſſage from the queen to France;
'I charge thee, waft me ſafely croſs the channel.
'*Cap.* Walter,—
'*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

[5] *Being captain of a* pinnace,] A *pinnace* did not anciently ſignify, as at preſent, a man of war's boat, but a ſhip of ſmall burthen. So, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118: "The king (James I.) naming the great ſhip, Trade's Increaſe; and the prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her) Pepper-corn." STEEVENS.

[6] *Than Bargulus the ſtrong Illyrian pirate.*] "*Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo eſt apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit,*" Cicero *de Offic.* lib. ii. cap. 11. WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer obſerves that Shakſpeare might have met with this pirate in two tranſlations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him "Bargulus, a pirate upon the ſee of Illiry;" and Nicholas Grimald, about twenty-three years afterwards, "Bargulus, the Illyrian robber."

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto, but we meet with another hero in his room. The Captain, ſays Suffolk,

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
The great Macedonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*, 1601: "*Abradas*, the great Macedonian pirat, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare ſayles in the ocean." STEEVENS.

Here we ſee another proof of what has been before ſuggeſted. See p. 153, n. 3; and p. 201, n. 2. MALONE.

* *Thy words move rage, and not remorſe in me:*] This line Shakſpeare has injudiciouſly taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk; for what *remorſe*, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to ſhew to his *aſſailant*; whereas the Captain might with propriety ſay to his *captive*,—thy haughty language exaſperates me, inſtead of exciting my *compaſſion*. MALONE.

* *Suf.*

* *Suf. Pene gelidus timor occupat artus*[7] :—'tis thee I fear.

' *Whit.* Thou ſhalt have cauſe to fear, before I leave the
' What, are ye daunted now? now will ye ſtoop?
' 1. *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, ſpeak him fai
' *Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is ſtern and rough,
' Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
' Far be it, we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
' With humble ſuit: no, rather let my head
' Stoop to the block, than theſe knees bow to any,
' Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
' And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,
' Than ſtand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
* True nobility is exempt from fear:—
* More can I bear, than you dare execute[8].
' *Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
' *Suf.* Come, ſoldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can[9],

' Th

[7] Pene *gelidus timor occupat artus*:] The folio, where alone t line is found, reads—*Pine*, &c. a corruption, I ſuppoſe, of the w that I have ſubſtituted in its place. I know not what other word co have been intended. The editor of the ſecond folio, and all the mod editors, have eſcaped the difficulty, by ſuppreſſing the word. The m ſure is of little conſequence, for no ſuch line, I believe, exiſts in claſſick author. Dr. Grey refers us to "Ovid de *Triſt.* 313, and *Me morph.* 247:" a very wide field to range in; however with ſome trou I found out what he meant. The line is *not* in Ovid; (nor I believe any other poet;) but in his *De Triſtibus*, lib. 1. El. iii. 113, we fin

Navita, confeſſus *gelido* pallore *timorem*,—

and in his *Metamorph.* Lib. IV. 247, we meet with theſe lines:

Ille quidem *gelidos* radiorum viribus *artus*,
Si queat, in vivum tentat revocare calorem. MALONE.

[8] *More can I bear, than you dare execute.*] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" ——I am able now, methinks,
" (Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,)
" To endure more miſeries, and greater far,
" Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *Othello*:

" Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
" As I have to be hurt." MALONE.

[9] *Come ſoldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.*] In the folio this lin given the Captain by the careleſſneſs of the printer or tranſcriber. T preſent regulation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and followe Dr. Warburton. See the latter part of note 5. p. 202. MALONE

Surely this line belongs to Suffolk. No cruelty was meditated bey

'That this my death may never be forgot!—
'Great men oft die by vile bezonians[9]:
'A Roman ſworder[1] and banditto ſlave
'Murder'd ſweet Tully; Brutus' baſtard hand[2]
'Stabb'd Julius Cæſar; ſavage iſlanders,
'Pompey the great[3]: and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit* SUF. *with* Whitmore *and others.*

Cap. And as for theſe whoſe ranſom we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the firſt Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* Suffolk's *body.*

'*Whit.* There let his head and lifeleſs body lie,

decollation; and without ſuch an introduction, there is an obſcure abruptneſs in the beginning of his reply to the captain. STEEVENS.

9 — *bezonians.*] *Biſognoſo*, is a mean low man. So, in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, p. 4: "The ordinary tillers of the earth, ſuch as we call huſbandmen; in France peſants, in Spaine *beſonyans*, and generally the cloutſhoe." See Vol. V. p. 429, n. 8. STEEVENS.

1 *A Roman ſworder*, &c.] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Lænas, tribune of the ſoldiers. STEEVENS.

2 — *Brutus'* baſtard *hand*—] Brutus was the ſon of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.

3 *Pompey the great*;] The poet ſeems to have confounded the ſtory of Pompey with ſome other. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance might be advanced as a ſlight proof, in aid of many ſtronger, that our poet was no claſſical ſcholar. Such a one could not eaſily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Spenſer likewiſe abounds with deviations from eſtabliſhed hiſtory and fable. STEEVENS.

Pompey being killed by Achillas and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fiſhing-boat in which they were, reached the coaſt, and his head being thrown into the ſea, (a circumſtance which Shakſpeare found in North's tranſlation of Plutarch) his miſtake does not appear more extraordinary than ſome others which have been remarked in his works.

It is remarkable that the introduction of Pompey was among Shakſpeare's additions to the old play: This may account for the claſſical error, into which probably the original author would not have fallen. In the quarto the lines ſtand thus:

"A ſworder, and banditto ſlave
"Murdered ſweet Tully;
"Brutus' baſtard hand ſtabb'd Julius Cæſar,
"And Suffolk dies by pirates on the ſeas." MALONE.

'Until

' Until the queen his miſtreſs bury it[4]. [*Exit.*

' 1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
' His body will I bear unto the king:
' If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
' So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis *and* John Holland.

' *Geo.* Come, and get thee a ſwoſd[5], though made of ' a lath; they have been up theſe two days.

' *John.* They have the more need to ſleep now then.

' *Geo.* I tell thee[6], Jack Cade the clothier means to ' dreſs the commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a new ' nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never merry world in England, ſince gentlemen came up.

' *Geo.* O miſerable age! Virtue is not regarded in ' handycrafts-men.

' *John.* The nobility think ſcorn to go in leather a-' prons.

' *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good work-' men.

' *John.* True; And yet it is ſaid,—Labour in thy vo-

[4] *There let his head,* &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech the quarto gives us the following:

Cap. Off with his head, and ſend it to the queen,
And ranſomleſs this priſoner ſhall go free,
To ſee it ſafe delivered unto her. STEEVENS.

See p. 205, n. 6, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

[5] — *get thee a ſword,*] The quarto reads—Come away *Nick,* and *put a long ſtaff in thy pike,* &c. STEEVENS.

So afterwards, inſtead of "Cade the *clothier,*" we have in the quarto "Cade the *dyer* of *Aſhford.*" See the notes above referred to. MALONE.

[6] *I tell thee,*—] In the original play this ſpeech is introduced more naturally. *Nick* aſks George "Sirra George, what's the matter?" to which George replies, "Why marry, Jack Cade, the *dyer* of Aſhford here," &c. MALONE.

' cation:

cation: which is as much to ſay, as,—let the magiſtrates be labouring men; and therefore ſhould we be magiſtrates.

Geo. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I ſee them! I ſee them! There's Beſt's ſon, the tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher[7],—

Geo. Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver:—

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is ſpun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver, and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of ſtealing a cade of herrings[8]. [*Aſide.*

Cade. —for our enemies ſhall fall before us[9], inſpired with

[7] *And Dick the butcher,—*] In the firſt copy thus:

"Why there's Dick the butcher, and *Robin the ſadler,* and *Will that came a wooing to our Nan laſt Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that ſhould have your parnell, and a great ſort more, is come from Rochester and from Maidſtone, and Canterbury, and all the towns hereabouts, and we muſt all be lords, or ſquires, as ſoon as Jack Cade is king.*" See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] — *a cade of herrings.*] That is, a barrel of herrings. I ſuppoſe the word *keg,* which is now uſed, is *cade* corrupted. JOHNSON.

Naſh ſpeaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books againſt *a cade of herrings,* and ſays, "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the firſt that deviſed to put redde herrings in *cades,* and from him they have their name." *Praiſe of the Red Herring,* 1599. STEEVENS.

[9] — *our enemies ſhall fall before us,*] He alludes to his name *Cade,* from *cado,* Lat. *to fall.* He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

We John Cade, &c.] This paſſage, I think, ſhould be regulated thus:

Cade. We John Cade, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father, for our enemies ſhall fall before us;—

Dick. Or rather of ſtealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. Inſpired with the ſpirit, &c. TYRWHITT.

' with the ſpirit of putting down kings and princes,—
' Command ſilence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honeſt man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aſide.*

' *Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

' *Dick.* I knew her well, ſhe was a midwife. [*Aſide.*

' *Cade.* My wife deſcended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and ſold many laces. [*Aſide.*

' *Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her ' furr'd pack [1], ſhe waſhes bucks here at home. [*Aſide.*

' *Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable houſe.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a houſe, but the cage [*]. [*Aſide.*

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* A muſt needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aſide.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

In the old play the correſponding paſſage ſtands thus:

Cade. I John Cade, ſo named *for* my valiancy,—

Dick. Or rather *for* ſtealing of a cade of ſprats.

The tranſpoſition recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt is ſo plauſible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But Dick's quibbling on the word *of* (which is uſed by Cade, according to the phraſeology of our author's time, for *by*, and as employed by Dick ſignifies—*on account of*,) is ſo much in Shakſpeare's manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words "Or rather of ſtealing," &c. be poſtponed to—"For our enemies ſhall fall before us," Dick then, as at preſent, would aſſert—that Cade is not ſo called on account of his enemies *falling* before him, but on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correſpond ſufficiently with the old play; but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakſpeare, would be deſtroyed. Cade, as the ſpeeches ſtand in the folio, proceeds to aſſign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what Dick has ſaid. MALONE.

[1] — *furr'd pack*,] A wallet or knapſack of ſkin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

In the original play the words are—"and now being not able to *occupy* her furred pack,"— under which perhaps "more was meant than meets the ear." MALONE.

[*] — *but the* cage.] A cage was formerly a term for a priſon. See Minſheu, in v. We yet talk of jail-*birds*. MALONE.

Dick,

Dick. No queſtion of that; for I have ſeen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aſide.*

Cade. I fear neither ſword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the ſword, for his coat is of proof[2]. [*Aſide.*

Dick. But, methinks, he ſhould ſtand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for ſtealing of ſheep. [*Aſide.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There ſhall be, in England, ſeven half-penny loaves ſold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops[3]; and I will make it felony, to drink ſmall beer: all the realm ſhall be in common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my palfry go to graſs. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God ſave your majeſty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there ſhall be no money[4]; all ſhall eat and drink on my ſcore; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worſhip me their lord.

Dick. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing[5], that of the ſkin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment? that parchment, being ſcribbled o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings: but I ſay, 'tis

[2] —*for his coat is of* proof.] A quibble between two ſenſes of the word; one as being able to reſiſt, the other as being *well tried*, that is, long worn. HANMER.

[3] —*the* three-hoop'd *pot ſhall have ten* hoops;] See Naſh's *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man ſhould take his *hoope*, and no more." It appears from a paſſage in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon, that "burning of cans" was one of the offices of a city magiſtrate. I ſuppoſe he means ſuch as were not of ſtatutable meaſure. STEEVENS.

[4] —*there ſhall be no money*;] To mend the world by baniſhing money is an old contrivance of thoſe who did not conſider that the quarrels and miſchiefs which ariſe from money, as the ſign or ticket of riches, muſt, if money were to ceaſe, ariſe immediately from riches themſelves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own ſhare of the goods of life. JOHNSON.

[5] *Is not this a lamentable thing*, &c.] This ſpeech was tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare, it being found in the old play in a ſubſequent ſcene. MALONE.

the bee's wax; for I did but ſeal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man ſince. How now? who's there?

Enter ſome, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Smith. We took him ſetting of boys' copies*.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations[6], and write court-hand.

'*Cade.* I am ſorry for't: the man is a proper man, on 'mine honour; unleſs I find him guilty, he ſhall not die. '—Come hither, ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is 'thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They uſe to write it on the top of letters[7];—'Twill go hard with you.

'*Cade.* Let me alone:—Doſt thou uſe to write thy

* *We took him*, &c.] We muſt ſuppoſe that Smith had taken the Clerk ſome time before, and left him in the cuſtody of thoſe who were bring him in. In the old play *Will* the *weaver* enters with the Clerk, though he has not long before been converſing with Cade. Perhaps it was intended that Smith ſhould go out after his ſpeech—ending, "for his coat is of proof:" but no *Exit* is marked in the old copy. It is a matter of little conſequence.—It is, I think, moſt probable that *Will* was the true name of this character, as in the old play, (ſo Dick, George, John, &c.) and that *Smith*, the name of ſome low actor, has crept into the folio by miſtake. MALONE.

6 —*obligations*,] That is, *bonds*. MALONE.

7 —*on the top of letters*;] i. e. of letters miſſive, and ſuch like publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*. WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V. containing the honourable Battell of Agincourt*, I find the ſame circumſtance. The archbiſhop of Burges (i. e. Bruges) is the ſpeaker, and addreſſes himſelf to king Henry:

" I beſeech your grace to deliver me your ſafe
" Conduct, under your broad ſeal *Emanuel*."

The king in anſwer ſays:

" ——— deliver him ſafe conduct
" Under our broad ſeal *Emanuel*." STEEVENS.

'name?

ume? or haſt thou a mark to thyſelf, like an honeſt lain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſs'd: away with him; he's a vil-in, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I ſay: hang him with his en and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt ſome with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! ſir Humphrey Stafford and his rother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, ſtand, or I'll fell thee down: le ſhall be encounter'd with a man as good as him-lf: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myſelf a knight reſently; Riſe up ſir John Mortimer. Now have at him[8].

er Sir Humphrey STAFFORD, *and* William *his Bro-ther, with drum and forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent, ſark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down, ome to your cottages, forſake this groom;— he king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, f you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaves, I paſs not[9]; s to you, good people, that I ſpeak,

— *have at him.*] After this ſpeech the old play has the following is:

—Is there any more of them that be knights?

Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; riſe up ſir Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum.

ee p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

— *I paſs not*;] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.

o, in Drayton's *Queſt of Cynthia:*

"Transform me to what ſhape you can,

"I *paſs not* what it be." STEEVENS.

* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.
' *Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plaiſterer;
' And thou thyſelf, a ſhearman, Art thou not?
Cade. And Adam was a gardener.
' *W. Staf.* And what of that?
Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?
' *Staf.* Ay, ſir.
Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.
W. Staf. That's falſe.
' *Cade.* Ay, there's the queſtion; but, I ſay, 'tis true:
' The elder of them, being put to nurſe,
' Was by a beggar-woman ſtol'n away;
' And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
' Became a bricklayer, when he came to age;
' His ſon am I; deny it, if you can.
Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he ſhall be king.
Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's houſe, and the bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it; therefore, deny it not.
* *Staf.* And will you credit this baſe drudge's words,
* That ſpeaks he knows not what?
* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.
W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.
* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myſelf. [*Aſide.*]—Go to, ſirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's ſake, Henry the fifth, in whoſe time boys went to ſpan-counter for French crowns,—I am content he ſhall reign; but I'll be protector over him.
' *Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's
' head, for ſelling the dukedom of Maine.
' *Cade.* And good reaſon; for thereby is England
' maim'd[1], and fain to go with a ſtaff, but that my puiſ-
' ſance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that

[1] —*is England* maim'd,] The folio has—*main'd*. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, ſure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the ſame conceit; C. W. 1595:
" Anjou and *Maine*, the *maim* that foul appeare—." MALONE.

' lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth [2], and made it
' an eunuch: and more than that, he can ſpeak French,
' and therefore he is a traitor.
' *Staf.* O groſs and miſerable ignorance!
' *Cade.* Nay, anſwer, if you can: The Frenchmen are
' our enemies: go to then, I aſk but this; Can he, that
' ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good coun-
' ſellor, or no?
* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.
* *W. Staf.* Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
* Aſſail them with the army of the king.
' *Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
' Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
' That thoſe, which fly before the battle ends,
' May, even in their wives' and children's ſight,
' Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
' And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and forces.*
* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
* Now ſhew yourſelves men, 'tis for liberty.
* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
* Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoon;
* For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.
* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are moſt
* out of order. Come, march forward [3]. [*Exeunt.*

[2] —*hath* gelded *the common-wealth,*] Shakſpeare hath here tranſgreſſed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore:* "Nolo morte dici Africani *caſtratam* eſſe rempublicam." The character of the ſpeaker, however, may countenance ſuch indelicacy. In other places our author, leſs excuſeably, talks of *gelding* purſes, patrimonies, and continents. STEEVENS.

This peculiar expreſſion is Shakſpeare's own, not being found in the old play. In *K. Richard II.* Roſs ſays that Henry of Bolingbroke has been—

"Bereft and *gelded of* his patrimony."

So Cade here ſays, that the commonwealth is *bereft of* what it before poſſeſſed, namely, certain provinces in France. MALONE.

[3] *Come, march forward.*] In the firſt copy, inſtead of this ſpeech, we have only—Come, Sirs, *St. George for us, and Kent.* See p. 153, n. 3; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords *are ſlain.*

'*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Aſhford?

'*Dick.* Here, ſir.

'*Cade.* They fell before thee like ſheep and oxen, and 'thou behav'dſt thyſelf as if thou hadſt been in thine own 'ſlaughter-houſe: therefore thus will I reward thee,— 'The Lent ſhall be as long again as it is[4]; and thou 'ſhalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

'*Dick.* I deſire no more.

**Cade.* And, to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs. *This monument of the victory will I bear[5]; and the bo- *dies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe' heels, till I do come *to London, where we will have the mayor's ſword borne *before us.

**Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open *the gaols, and let out the priſoners.

**Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's *march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *reading a ſupplication; the duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and lord* SAY *with him: at a diſtance,* *Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK's *head.*

**Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief ſoftens the mind, *And makes it fearful and degenerate; *Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.

[4] —*as long* again *as it is*;] The word *again*, which was certainly omitted in the folio by accident, was reſtored from the old play, by Mr. Steevens, on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

[5] *This monument of the victory will I bear*;] Here Cade muſt be ſuppoſed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinſhed:

"Jack Cade, upon victory againſt the Staffords, apparelled himſelf in ſir Humphrey's brigandine, ſet full of gilt nails, and ſo in ſome glory returned again toward London." STEEVENS.

* But

* But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?
* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaſt:
* But where's the body that I ſhould embrace?
' *Buck.* What anſwer makes your grace to the rebels'
' ſupplication[6]?
* *K. Hen.* I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to entreat[7]:
' For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſouls
' Should periſh by the ſword! And I myſelf,
' Rather than bloody war ſhall cut them ſhort,
' Will parly with Jack Cade their general.—
' But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
* Rul'd, like a wandering planet[8], over me;
* And could it not enforce them to relent,
* That were unworthy to behold the ſame?
' *K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath ſworn to have thy head.
' *Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highneſs ſhall have his.

[6] — *to the rebels' ſupplication?*] "And to the entent that the cauſe of this glorious capitaynes comyng thither might be ſhadowed from the king and his counſayll, he ſent to him an humble *ſupplication*,—affirmyng his commyng not be againſt him, but againſt divers of his counſayl," &c. Hall, Henry VI. fol. 77. MALONE.

[7] *I'll ſend ſome* holy biſhop *to entreat:*] Here, as in ſome other places, our author has fallen into an inconſiſtency, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original. In the old play, the king ſays not a word of ſending any *biſhop* to the rebels; but ſays, he will himſelf come and parly with them, and in the mean while orders *Clifford* and *Buckingham* to gather an army and to go to them. See p. 218, n. 9. Shakſpeare, in new modelling this ſcene, found in Holinſhed's Chronicle the following words: "— to whome [Cade] were ſent from the king, the *Archbiſhop of Canterburie* and Humphrey duke of Buckingham, to common with him of his griefs and requeſts." This gave birth to the line before us; which our author afterwards forgot, having introduced in ſcene viii. only Buckingham and Clifford, *conformably to the old play.* MALONE.

[8] *Rul'd, like a wandering planet,*] Predominated irreſiſtibly over my paſſions, as the planets over the lives of thoſe that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

The old play led Shakſpeare into this ſtrange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her boſom, in the preſence of her huſband! MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love*, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldeſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.
Q. Mar. No, my love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'ſt thou ſuch haſte?
' *Meſ.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
' Jack Cade proclaims himſelf lord Mortimer,
' Deſcended from the duke of Clarence' houſe;
' And calls your grace uſurper, openly,
' And vows to crown himſelf in Weſtminſter.
' His army is a ragged multitude
' Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
' Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
' Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
' All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
' They call—falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.
* *K. Hen.* O graceleſs men! they know not what they do[9].
' *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
' Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
* Theſe Kentiſh rebels would be ſoon appeas'd.
' *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
' Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.
' *Say.* So might your grace's perſon be in danger;
' The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
' And therefore in this city will I ſtay,
' And live alone as ſecret as I may.

* *I fear, my love,*] The folio has here—I fear *me*, love, which certainly ſenſe; but as we find "*my* love" in the old play, and the lines were adopted without retouching, I ſuppoſe the tranſcriber's e deceived him. MALONE.

9 —*what they do.*] Inſtead of this line, in the old copy we have
"Go, bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
"An army up, and meet with the rebels." MALONE.

Enter

Enter another Meſſenger.

* 2. *Meſ.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens
* Fly and forſake their houſes:
* The raſcal people, thirſting after prey,
* Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear,
* To ſpoil the city, and your royal court.
* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horſe,
* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will ſuccour us.
* *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd,
* *K. Hen.* Farewel, my lord; [*to Lord* Say.] truſt not the Kentiſh rebels.
* *Buck.* Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd[1].
' *Say.* The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
' And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and Others, on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade ſlain?

1. *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be ſlain; for they have won the bridge, killing all thoſe that withſtand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubled here with them myſelf,
The rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

[1] — be *betray'd.*] *Be*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The ſame. Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, *and his followers. He ſtrikes his ſtaff on London-ſtone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, ſitting upon London-ſtone, I charge and command, that, of the city's coſt, the piſſing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this firſt year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there[2]. [*They kill him.*

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call you * Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, firſt, go and ſet London-bridge on fire[3]; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one ſide, CADE *and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by* Matthew Gough. *They fight; the citizens are routed, and* Matthew Gough[4] *is ſlain.*

Cade. So, ſirs:—Now go ſome and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick.

[2] *Knock him down there.*] So, Holinſhed, p. 634: "He alſo put to execution in Southwark diverſe perſons, ſome for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, leſt they ſhould bewraie his baſe linage, diſparaging him for his uſurped ſurname of Mortimer." STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſet* London bridge *on fire*;] At that time *London-bridge* was made of wood. "After that, (ſays Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the *draw*-bridge." The houſes on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants periſhed. MALONE.

[4] —*Matthew Gough*—] "A man of great wit and much experience

Dick. I have a ſuit unto your lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.

' *Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come out ' of your mouth [6].

' *John.* Maſs, 'twill be ſore law then; for he was ' thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aſide.*

' *Smith.* Nay, John, it will be ſtinking law; for his ' breath ſtinks with eating toaſted cheeſe. [*Aſide.*

' *Cade.* I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, ' burn all the records of the realm; my mouth ſhall be ' the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting ſtatutes, un- * leſs his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aſide.*

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things ſhall be in com- * mon.

Enter a Meſſenger.

' *Meſ.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, ' which ſold the towns in France; * he that made us pay * one and twenty fifteens [6], and one ſhilling to the pound, * the laſt ſubſidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the Lord* SAY.

' *Cade.* Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times.—

ence in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had ſpent his time in ſervice of the king and his father." Holinſhed, p. 635. STEEVENS.

5 —*that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.*] This alludes to what Holinſhed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. "It was reported indeed, that he ſhould ſaie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies *all the lawes of England ſhould come forth of his mouth.*" TYRWHITT.

6 —*one and twenty* fifteens,] "This capteine [Cade] aſſured them —if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cauſe them to be honourably uſed, and take ſuch order for the puniſhing and reforming of the miſdemeanours of their bad councellours, that neither *fifteens* ſhould hereafter be demanded, nor anie impoſitions or taxes be ſpoken of." Holinſhed, Vol. II. p. 632. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or perſonal property of each ſubject. MALONE.

' Ah,

' Ah, thou ſay, thou ſerge[7], nay, thou buckram lord! ' now art thou within point-blank of our juriſdiction regal. ' What canſt thou anſwer to my majeſty, for giving up ' of Normandy unto mounſieur Baſimecu[8], the dauphin of ' France? Be it known unto thee by theſe preſence, even ' the preſence of lord Mortimer, that I am the beſom that ' muſt ſweep the court clean of ſuch filth as thou art. ' Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the ' realm, in erecting a grammar-ſchool: and whereas, ' before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the ſcore ' and the tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be uſed[9]; ' and,

7 — *thou* ſay, *thou ſerge,*] It appears from Minſheu's DICT. 1617, that *ſay* was a kind of ſerge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a conſiderable manufactory of *ſay* at Sudbury near Colcheſter. This ſtuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet uſed by ſome mechanicks in aprons. MALONE.

8 — *mounſieur* Baſimecu,] Shakſpeare probably wrote *Baiſermycu*, or, by a deſigned corruption, *Baſemycu*, in imitation of his original, where alſo we find a word half French, half Engliſh,—" Monſier *Buſſ-minecu*." MALONE.

9 — *printing to be uſed*;] Shakſpeare is a little too early with this accuſation. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare might have been led into this miſtake by Daniel, in the fifth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

" Let there be found two fatal inſtruments,
" The one to publiſh, th' other to defend
" Impious contention, and proud diſcontents;
" Make that *inſtamped characters* may ſend
" Abroad to thouſands thouſand men's intents;
" And, in a moment, may diſpatch much more
" Than could a world of pens perform before."

Shakſpeare's abſurdities may always be countenanced by thoſe of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervaſe Markham and William Sampſon, who were both ſcholars, is the following paſſage:

" Though *cannons* roar, yet you muſt not be deaf."

Spenſer mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn'd a caſtle at the ſame period " with cloth of *Arras* and of *Toure*." Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has obſerved) Salvator Roſa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes. STEEVENS.

Mr. Meerman in his *Originis Typographicæ* hath availed himſelf of this

* and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity *, ' thou haſt built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy ' face, that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talk ' of a noun, and a verb; and ſuch abominable words, as ' no chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appoint- ' ed juſtices of peace, to call poor men before them about ' matters they were not able to anſwer [1]. Moreover, thou ' haſt put them in priſon; and, becauſe they could not ' read, thou haſt hang'd them [2]; when, indeed, only for ' that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ' ride on a foot-cloth [3], doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe wear a cloak [4], when honeſter men than thou go in their hoſe and doublets.

* *Dick.* And work in their ſhirt too; as myſelf, for * example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What ſay you of Kent?

' *Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens* [5].

' *Cade.*

this paſſage in Shakſpeare, to ſupport his hypotheſis, that printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederick Corſellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI. BLACKSTONE.

* — *contrary to the king, his crown,* &c.] "Againſt the peace of the ſaid lord the now king, his crown, and dignity," is the regular language of indictments. MALONE.

[1] — *to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to anſwer.*] The old play reads, with more humour,—"to hang honeſt men that *ſteal for their living.*" MALONE.

[2] — *becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them*;] That is, they were hanged becauſe they could not claim the benefit of clergy. JOHNSON.

[3] *Thou doſt ride on a* footcloth,] A *footcloth* was a kind of houſing, which covered the body of the horſe, and almoſt reached the ground. It was ſometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. MALONE.

[4] — *to let thy horſe wear a cloak,*] This is a reproach truly characteriſtical. Nothing gives ſo much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the ſight of ſuperfluities merely oſtentatious. JOHNSON.

[5] — *bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceeds thus:

" *Cade.*

' *Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he ſpeaks
' Latin.
* *Say.* Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will.
' Kent, in the commentaries Cæſar writ,
' Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle[6]:
' Sweet is the country, becauſe full of riches;
' The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
' Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
' I ſold not Maine, I loſt not Normandy;
* Yet, to recover them, would loſe my life.
* Juſtice with favour have I always done;
* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
* When have I aught exacted at your hands,
* Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
* Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks,
* Becauſe my book preferr'd me to the king[7]:

* And

" *Cade. Bonum terrum*, what's that?
" *Dick.* He ſpeaks French.
" *Will.* No, 'tis Dutch.
" *Nick.* No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough."
Holinſhed has likewiſe ſtigmatized the Kentiſh men, p. 677. " The *Kentiſh-men*, in this ſeaſon (whoſe minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) came," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle:*] So, in Cæſar's *Comment.* B. V. " Ex his omnibus ſunt humaniſſimi qui *Cantium* incolunt." The paſſage is thus tranſlated by Arthur Golding, 1590. " Of all the inhabitantes of this iſle, the *civileſt* are the Kentiſhfolke." STEEVENS.

So, in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580, a book which the author of the *Whole Contention*, &c. probably, and Shakſpeare certainly, had read: " Of all the inhabitants of this iſle the *Kentiſhmen* are the *civileſt*." MALONE.

[7] *When have I aught exacted at your hands,*
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks,
Becauſe my book preferr'd me to the king.] This paſſage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] ſo as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the king. This is not very clear; and beſides he gives in the following line another reaſon of his bounty, that learning raiſed him, and therefore he ſupported learning. I am inclined to think Kent ſlipped into this paſſage by chance, and would read:

When

* And—ſeeing ignorance is the curſe of God,
* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
* Unleſs you be poſſeſs'd with deviliſh ſpirits,
* You cannot but forbear to murder me.
* This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings
* For your behoof,—
* *Cade.* Tut! when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?
* *Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I ſtruck
* Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead.
* *Geo* O monſtrous coward! what, to come behind folks!
* *Say.* Theſe cheeks are pale for watching for your good[8].
* *Cade.* Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make 'em red again.
* *Say.* Long ſitting to determine poor men's cauſes
* Hath made me full of ſickneſs and diſeaſes.
* *Cade.* Ye ſhall have a hempen caudle then, and the
* help of a hatchet[9].

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But *to maintain the king, the realm, and you?* JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnſon in believing the word *Kent* to have been ſtuffed into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the paſſage ſtands [in the folio], not only declares he had preferred men of learning *to maintain Kent, the king, the realm,* but adds tautologically *you*; for it ſhould be remembered that they are Kentiſh men to whom he is now ſpeaking. I would read, *Bent* to maintain, &c. i. e. *ſtrenuouſly reſolved to the utmoſt, to,* &c. STEEVENS.

The punctuation to which Dr. Johnſon alludes, is that of the folio:

When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts, have I beſtow'd on learned clerks, &c.

I have pointed the paſſage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonſenſe. I ſuſpect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption. MALONE.

[8] —*for watching*—] That is, in conſequence of watching. So Sir John Davies.

"And ſhuns it ſtill, although *for* thirſt ſhe die."

The ſecond folio and all the modern editions read—*with* watching. MALONE.

9 — *and the help of* a *hatchet.*] I ſuppoſe, to cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article (*a* hatchet) was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

' *Dick.* Why doſt thou quiver, man[1]?
' *Say.* The palſy, and not fear, provokes me?
' *Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who ſhould ſay, I'll be
' even with you. I'll ſee if his head will ſtand ſteadier
' on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.
* *Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended moſt?
* Have I affected wealth, or honour; ſpeak?
* Are my cheſts fill'd up with extorted gold?
* Is my apparel ſumptuous to behold?
* Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my death?
* Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding[2],
* This breaſt from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
* O, let me live!
* *Cade.* I feel remorſe in myſelf with his words: but
* I'll bridle it; he ſhall die, an it be but for pleading ſo
* well for his life[3]. Away with him! he has a familiar
* under his tongue[4]; he ſpeaks not o'God's name. Go,
' take him away, I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently;
' and then break into his ſon-in-law's houſe, Sir James
' Cromer, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both
' upon two poles hither.
' *All.* It ſhall be done.

[1] *Why doſt thou quiver, man?* &c.] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preſerved*:

" *Spinoſa.* You are trembling, ſir.
" *Renault.* 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,
" Full of decay and natural infirmities." STEEVENS.

[2] *Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding,*] I formerly imagined that the word *guiltleſs* was miſplaced, and that the poet wrote—

Theſe hands are guiltleſs, free from blood-ſhedding.

But change is unneceſſary. *Guiltleſs* is not an epithet to *blood-ſhedding*, but to *blood*. Theſe hands are free from ſhedding *guiltleſs* or *innocent* blood. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

" For then my *guiltleſs blood* muſt cry againſt them." MALONE.

[3] — *he ſhall die, an it be but for pleading ſo well for his life.*] This ſentiment is not merely deſigned as an expreſſion of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to thoſe of more liberal education and ſuperior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and inſult the eminence which they deſpair to reach. STEEVENS.

[4] — *a* familiar *under his tongue*;] A *familiar* is a dæmon who was ſuppoſed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Love is a *familiar*; there is no angel but love." STEEVENS.

* *Say.*

* *Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
* God ſhould be ſo obdurate as yourſelves,
* How would it fare with your departed ſouls?
* And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

* *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt ſome, with Lord* SAY,

' The proudeſt peer in the realm ſhall not wear a head on ' his ſhoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute; there ſhall not ' a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her maiden- ' head ere they have it [5]: Men ſhall hold of me *in capite* [6]; ' and we charge and command, that their wives be as ' free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell *.

' *Dick.* My lord, when ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and ' take up commodities upon our bills [7]?

' *Cade.*

[5] —*ſhall pay to me her maidenhead*, &c.] Alluding to an ancient uſage on which B. and Fletcher have founded their play called the *Cuſtom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

See Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHIA, 8vo, 1681, in v. *Marcheta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this cuſtom as exiſting in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A.D. 1057. MALONE.

Blount's account of this cuſtom has received the ſanction of ſeveral eminent antiquaries; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual exiſtence of the cuſtom. See *Annals of Scotland*. Judge Blackſtone, in his *Commentaries*, is of opinion it never prevailed in *England*, though he ſuppoſes it certainly did in Scotland. REED.

[6] —*in* capite;] This equivoque, for which the author of the old play is anſwerable, is too learned for Cade. MALONE.

* — *or tongue can tell.*] After this, in the old play, Robin enters to inform Cade that London bridge is on fire and Dick enters with a ſerjeant; i. e. a bailiff; and there is a dialogue conſiſting of ſeventeen lines, of which Shakſpeare has made no uſe whatſoever. MALONE.

[7] —*take up commodities upon our* bills?] Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

Thus, in the original play:

" *Nick.* But when ſhall we take up thoſe commodities which " you told us of?

" *Cade.* Marry, he that will luſtily ſtand to it, ſhall take up " theſe commodities following: Item, a gown, a kirtle, a pet- " ticoat, and a ſmocke."

If the *Whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect tranſcript of Shakſpeare's Second and Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* (as it

' *Cade.* Marry, preſently.
' *All.* O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of Lord* SAY *and his ſon-in-law.*

' *Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiſs one an-
' other[g]; for they loved well, when they were alive. Now
' part them again, leſt they conſult about the giving up
' of ſome more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the ſpoil
' of the city until night: for with theſe borne before us,
' inſtead of maces, will we ride through the ſtreets; and,
' at every corner, have them kiſs.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his rabblement.*

* *Cade.* Up Fiſh-ſtreet! down ſaint Magnus' corner!
* kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—
[*A parley ſounded, then a retreat.*
* What noiſe is this I hear? Dare any be ſo bold to ſound
* retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and old* CLIFFORD, *with forces.*

' *Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will diſturb thee:
' Know, Cade, we come ambaſſadors from the king

has hitherto been ſuppoſed to be,) we have here another extraordinary proof of the *inventive* faculty of the tranſcriber.—It is obſervable that the equivoque which Dr. Percy has taken notice of, is *not* found in the old play, but *is* found in Shakſpeare's *Much ado about nothing*:

" *Ber.* We are likely to prove a goodly *commodity*, being taken
" up of theſe men's *bills*.
" *Con.* A *commodity* in queſtion, I warrant you."

See Vol. II. p. 262. MALONE.

[g] *Let them kiſs one another;*] This is from the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade*:

" With theſe two heads I made a pretty play,
" For pight on poles I bore them through the ſtrete,
" And for my ſport made *each kiſſe other* ſwete." FARMER.

It is likewiſe found in Holinſhed, p. 634: " —and as it were in a ſpite cauſed them in every ſtreet *to kiſſe* together." STEEVENS.

So alſo in Hall, Henry VI. folio 78. MALONE.

' Unto

'Unto the commons, whom thou haſt miſled;
'And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
'That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.
'*Clif.* What ſay ye, countrymen[9]? will ye relent,
'And yield to mercy, whilſt 'tis offer'd you;
'Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
'Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
'Fling up his cap, and ſay—God ſave his majeſty!
'Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
'Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
'Shake he his weapon at us, and paſs by.
'*All.* God ſave the king! God ſave the king!
'*Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye ſo
'brave?—And you, baſe peaſants, do ye believe him?
'will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about
'your necks? Hath my ſword therefore broke through
'London gates, that you ſhould leave me at the White-
'hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have
'given out theſe arms, till you had recover'd your anci-
'ent freedom: but you are all recreants, and daſtards;
'and delight to live in ſlavery to the nobility. Let them
'break your backs with burdens, take your houſes over
'your heads, raviſh your wives and daughters before
'your faces: For me,—I will make ſhift for one; and
'ſo—God's curſe 'light upon you all!

[9] *Clif. What ſay ye, countrymen?* &c.] The variation in the original play is worth noting:

"Why countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,
"What means this mutinous rebellion,
"That you in troops do muſter thus yourſelves,
"Under the conduct of this traitor, Cade?
"To riſe againſt your ſovereign lord and king,
"Who mildly hath this pardon ſent to you,
"If you forſake this monſtrous rebel here.
"If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
"Then haſte to France, that our forefathers won,
"And win again that thing which now is loſt,
"And leave to ſeek your country's overthrow.
"*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford. [*They forſake* Cade.

Here we have preciſely the ſame verſification which we find in all the tragedies and hiſtorical dramas that were written before the time of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

' *All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.
' *Clif.* Is Cade the ſon of Henry the fifth,
' That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
' Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
' And make the meaneſt of you earls and dukes?
' Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
' Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoil,
' Unleſs by robbing of your friends, and us.
' Wer't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
' The fearful French, whom you late vanquiſhed,
' Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
' Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
' I ſee them lording it in London ſtreets,
' Crying—*Villageois* * *!* unto all they meet.
' Better, ten thouſand baſe-born Cades miſcarry,
' Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
' To France, to France, and get what you have loſt;
' Spare England, for it is your native coaſt:
' Henry hath money [1], you are ſtrong and manly;
' God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.
' *All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,
' and Clifford.
' *Cade.* Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro,
' as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales
' them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave
' me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together, to
' ſurprize me: my ſword make way for me [2], for here is
' no ſtaying.—In deſpight of the devils and hell, have
' through the very midſt of you! and heavens and honour
' be witneſs, that no want of reſolution in me, but only

* —*Villageois!*] Old Copy—*Villiago.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] *Henry hath* money,] Dr. Warburton reads—Henry hath *mercy*, but he does not ſeem to have attended to the ſpeaker's drift, which is to lure them from their preſent deſign by the hope of French plunder. He bids them ſpare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *ſtrength*, and the king has *money*. JOHNSON.

[2] —*my ſword make way for me,*] In the original play Cade employs a more vulgar weapon: "My *ſtaff* ſhall make way through the midſt of you, and ſo a pox take you all!" MALONE.

' my

' my followers' baſe and ignominious treaſons, makes me
' betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*
' *Buck.* What, is he fled? go ſome, and follow him;
' And he, that brings his head unto the king,
' Shall have a thouſand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt ſome of them.*
' Follow me, ſoldiers; we'll deviſe a mean
' To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth *Caſtle.*

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the Caſtle.*

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
* And could command no more content than I?
* No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,
* But I was made a king, at nine months old[3]:
* Was never ſubject long'd to be a king,
* As I do long and wiſh to be a ſubject[4].

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and* CLIFFORD.

* *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majeſty!
* *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade ſurpriz'd?

3 —*I was made a king at nine months old:*] So all the hiſtorians agree. And yet in Part I. p. 67, king Henry is made to ſay;

" I do remember how my father ſaid,"—

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the ſame hand as this. BLACKSTONE.

4 -- *to be a ſubject.*] In the original play before the entry of Buckingham and Clifford, we have the following ſhort dialogue, of which Shakſpeare has here made no uſe:

" *King.* Lord Somerſet, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?
" *Som.* This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done to
" death, and the city is almoſt ſack'd.
" *King.* God's will be done; for as he hath decreed,
" So it muſt be; and be it as he pleaſe,
" To ſtop the pride of theſe rebellious men.
" *Queen.* Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,
" The rebel Cade had been ſuppreſs'd ere this,
" And all the reſt that do take part with him."

This ſentiment he has attributed to the queen in ſc. iv. MALONE.

* Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter, below, a great number of Cade's *followers, with halters about their necks.*

' *Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yi
' And humbly thus with halters on their necks
' Expect your highneſs' doom, of life, or death.
' *K. Hen.* Then, heaven, ſet ope thy everlaſting gat
' To entertain my vows of thanks and praiſe!—
' Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
' And ſhew'd how well you love your prince and coun
' Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind,
' And Henry, though he be infortunate,
' Aſſure yourſelves, will never be unkind:
' And ſo, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
' I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral countries.
All. God ſave the king! God ſave the king!

Enter a Meſſenger.

* *Meſ.* Pleaſe it your grace to be advertiſed,
* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
* And with a puiſſant and a mighty power,
* Of gallowglaſſes, and ſtout kerns[6],

[5] *Then, heaven,* &c.] Thus, in the original play:
" *King.* Stand up, you ſimple men, and give God prai
" For you did take in hand you know not what;
" And go in peace, obedient to your king,
" And live as ſubjects; and you ſhall not want,
" Whilſt Henry lives and wears the Engliſh crown.
" *All.* God ſave the king, God ſave the king." MA

[6] *Of* gallowglaſſes, *and ſtout* kerns,] Theſe were two orders ſoldiers among the Iriſh. See Dr. Warburton's note on the ſcene of the firſt act of *Macbeth.* STEEVENS.

" The *galloglaſſe* uſeth a kind of pollax for his weapon. Thei are grim of countenance, tall of ſtature, big of limme, luſty of wel and ſtrongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary ſouldier, for weapon his ſword and target, and ſometimes his peece, being monly good markmen. Kerne [Kigheyren] ſignifieth a ſhower c becauſe they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the blacke garde." Stanihurſt's *Deſcription of Ireland,* Ch. 8, f.

* Is marching hitherward in proud array;
* And ſtill proclaimeth, as he comes along,
* His arms are only to remove from thee
* The duke of Somerſet, whom he terms a traitor.
  * *K. Hen.* Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt Cade and York diſtreſs'd;
* Like to a ſhip, that, having 'ſcap'd a tempeſt,
* Is ſtraitway calm, and boarded with a pirate[7]:
* But now[8] is Cade driven back, his men diſpers'd;
* And now is York in arms, to ſecond him.—
* I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
* And aſk him, what's the reaſon of theſe arms.
* Tell him, I'll ſend duke Edmund to the Tower;—
* And, Somerſet, we will commit thee thither,
* Until his army be diſmiſs'd from him.
  * *Som.* My lord,
* I'll yield myſelf to priſon willingly,
* Or unto death, to do my country good.
  * *K. Hen.* In any caſe, be not too rough in terms;
* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
  * *Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not ſo to deal,
* As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

[7] *Is ſtraitway* calm, *and boarded with a pirate:*] Thus the firſt folio, where alone this paſſage is found. The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been wholly unacquainted with Shakſpeare's phraſeology, changed *calm* to *claim'd*. The editor of the third folio changed *claim'd* to *calm'd*; and the latter word has been adopted, unneceſſarily in my apprehenſion, by the modern editors. Many words were uſed in this manner in our author's time, and the import is preciſely the ſame as if he had written *calm'd*. So, in *King Henry IV.* "—what a *candy* deal of courteſy," which Mr. Pope altered improperly to—"what a deal of *candy'd* courteſy." See Vol. V. p. 142, n. 8, and 9.

By *my ſtate* Henry, I think, means, *his realm*; which had recently become quiet and peaceful by the defeat of Cade and his rabble. "*With* a pirate," agreeably to the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time, means, "*by* a pirate." MALONE.

I believe *calm'd* [not *claim'd*] is right. The commotion raiſed by Cade was over, and the mind of the king was ſubſiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raiſe freſh diſturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace. STEEVENS.

[8] But *now*—] *But* is here not adverſative.—It was only *juſt now*, ſays Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed. MALONE.

  * *K. Hen.*

* *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in[9], and learn to govern better;
* For yet may England curſe my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's *Garden*[1].

Enter CADE.

* *Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myſelf; that have a
* ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh! Theſe five days
* have I hid me in theſe woods; and durſt not peep out,
* for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I ſo
* hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life for a
* thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore, on
* a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to ſee if
* I can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while, which
* is not amiſs to cool a man's ſtomach this hot weather.
* And, I think, this word ſallet was born to do me good:
* for, many a time, but for a ſallet, my brain-pan[2] had
* been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when
* I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ſerved
* me

[9] *Come, wife, let's in,* &c.] In the old play the king concludes the ſcene thus:

"Come, let us haſte to London now with ſpeed,
"That ſolemn proceſſions may be ſung,
"In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
"And triumph of this happy victory." MALONE.

[1] *Kent. Iden's garden.*] Holinſhed, p. 635, ſays: "—a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited ſo his time, that he tooke the ſaid Cade in a garden in *Suſſex*, ſo that there he was ſlaine at Hothfield, &c."

Inſtead of the ſoliloquy with which the preſent ſcene begins, the quarto has only this ſtage-direction. *Enter Jack Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbs, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

[2] — *but for a* ſallet, *my brain-pan,* &c.] A *ſallet* is a helmet. Minſhieu conjectures that it is derived a "*ſalut*, Gal. becauſe it keepeth the head whole from breaking." He adds, "alias *ſalade* dicitur, a G. *ſalade*, idem; utrumque vero *celando*, quod caput tegit."

The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. In the Stat. 4 and 5 Ph. and Mary, ch. 2. we find—"twentie haquebuts, and twentie morians or *ſalets*." MALONE.

So

* me inſtead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the
* word ſallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants.*

'*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
'And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?
'This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,
'Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
'I ſeek not to wax great by others' waining[3];
'Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy[4];
'Sufficeth, that I have maintains my ſtate,
'And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

'*Cade.* Here's the lord of the ſoil come to ſeize me for
'a ſtray, for entering his fee-ſimple without leave. Ah,
'villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thouſand crowns
'of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make
'thee eat iron like an oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword
'like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

'*Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatſoe'er thou be,
'I know thee not; Why then ſhould I betray thee?
'Is't not enough, to break into my garden,

So, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "—One of the company ſeeing Brutus athirſt alſo, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *ſallet*." STEEVENS.

Brain-pan for *ſkull*, occurs, I think, in Wickliff's tranſlation of Judges, xix. 53. WHALLEY.

[3] — *by others'* waining;] The folio reads—*warning*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Is* in the preceding line was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *Or gather wealth, I care not with what* envy;] Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium I may incur in the acquiſition, however great that odium may be. *Envy* is often uſed in this ſenſe by our author and his contemporaries. It may, however, have here its more ordinary acceptation.

This ſpeech in the old play ſtands thus:

"Good Lord, how pleaſant is this country life!
"This little land my father left me here,
"With my contented mind, ſerves me as well,
"As all the pleaſures in the court can yield,
"Nor would I change this pleaſure for the court."

Here ſurely we have not a haſty tranſcript of our author's lines, but the diſtinct compoſition of a preceding writer. The verſification muſt at once ſtrike the ear of every perſon who has peruſed any of our old dramas. MALONE.

'And

' And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
' Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner,
' But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſaucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the beſt blood that ever wi broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I hav eat no meat theſe five days; yet, come thou and thy fiv men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail I pray God, I may never eat graſs more.

' *Iden.* Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, while England ſtand That Alexander Iden, an eſquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
' Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt-gazing eyes to mine[6],
' See if thou canſt out-face me with thy looks.
' Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer;
' Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt;
' Thy leg a ſtick, compared with this truncheon;
' My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
' And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
' Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
' As for words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,
' Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears[7].

* *Cade.* By my valour, the moſt complete champi * that ever I heard.—' Steel, if thou turn the edge, or ' not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere th

[5] —*as dead as a door-nail,*] See *K. Henry IV.* P. II. A&V. ſc. [Vol. V. p.429.] STEEVENS.

[6] *Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt-gazing eyes to mine,* &c.] This and the follo ing nine lines are an amplification by Shakſpeare on theſe three of old play:

" Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,
" And every way as big: then hand to hand
" I'll combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,
" And ſtand you all aſide." MALONE.

[7] *As for words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,*
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears.] *For more wo* whoſe pomp and tumour may anſwer words, and only words, I f forbear them, *and refer the reſt to my ſword.* JOHNSON.

So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI:*

" I will not bandy with thee, word for word,
" But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one."

More (As for *more* words) was an arbitrary and unneceſſary addi made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

' ſt

'ſleep in thy ſheath, I beſeech God[8] on my knees, thou
'may'ſt be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight.* Cade *falls.*
'O, I am ſlain! famine, and no other, hath ſlain me:
'let ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give me
'but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy them all.
'Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to
'all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the unconquer'd
'ſoul of Cade is fled.

'*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
'Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
'And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead[9]:

[8] — *I beſeech* God—] The folio reads—I beſeech *Jove.* This heathen deity, with whom Cade was not likely to be much acquainted, was undoubtedly introduced by the editor of the folio to avoid the penalty of the ſtatute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. In the old play 1600, he ſays, "I beſeech *God* thou might'ſt fall into ſome *ſmith's hand*, and be turned to hobnails." This the editor of the *ſecond* edition of the quarto play, no date, but printed in 1619, changed (from the ſame apprehenſion) to "I *would* thou might'ſt fall," &c. Theſe alterations fully confirm my note on *King Henry V.* Vol. V. p. 556, n. 2.—Contrary to the general rule which I have obſerved in printing this play, I have not adhered in the preſent inſtance to the reading of the folio; becauſe I am confident that it proceeded not from Shakſpeare, but his editor, who, for the reaſon already given, makes Falſtaff ſay to Prince Henry—"I knew ye as well as he that made ye," inſtead of—"*By the Lord*, I knew ye," &c. MALONE.

[9] — *when I am dead:*] How Iden was to hang a ſword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not eaſy to explain. The ſentiment is more correctly expreſſed in the quarto:

Oh ſword, I honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
For this great ſervice thou haſt done to me. STEEVENS.

Here again we have a ſingle thought conſiderably amplified. Shakſpeare in new moulding this ſpeech, has uſed the ſame mode of expreſſion that he has employed in the *Winter's Tale*: "If thou'lt ſee a thing to *talk on*, when *thou art dead* and rotten, come hither." i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a ſubſequent ſcene of the play before us:

"And *dead men's cries* do fill the empty air."

Which of our author's plays does not exhibit expreſſions equally bold as "I will hang thee," to expreſs "I will have thee hung?"

I muſt juſt obſerve, that moſt of our author's *additions* are ſtrongly characteriſtick of his manner. The making Iden's ſword wear the ſtains of Cade's blood on its point, and comparing thoſe ſtains to a herald's coat, declare at once the pen of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

* Ne'er

* Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point;
* But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat,
* To emblaze the honour that thy maſter got.
' *Cade.* Iden, farewel; and be proud of thy victory:
' Tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and ex-
' hort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd
' any, am vanquiſh'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*
* *Iden.* How much thou wrong'ſt me[1], heaven be my judge.
* Die, damned wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee!
* And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
* So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell[2].
' Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

[1] *How much thou wrong'ſt me,*] That is, in ſuppoſing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

An anonymous writer ſuggeſts that the meaning may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his proweſs, and declaring that he was ſubdued by famine, not by the valour of his adverſary.—I think Dr. Johnſon's is the true interpretation. MALONE.

[2] *So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedneſs of this horrid wiſh, with which Iden debaſes his character, the whole ſpeech is wild and confuſed. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is ſomewhat difficult; nor can I diſcover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. Theſe I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this ſavage wiſh, and makes him only add, after the lines I have juſt quoted:

I'll drag him hence, and with my ſword
Cut off his head, and bear it with me.

The player editors ſeem to have preferred want of humanity and common ſenſe, to fewneſs of lines, and defect of verſification. STEEVENS.

By *headlong* the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By ſaying, "the dunghill ſhall be thy grave," Iden means, the dunghill ſhall be the place where thy *dead body ſhall be laid:* the dunghill ſhall be the *only* grave which thou ſhalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. So, in *Macbeth:*

"——our monuments
"Shall be the maws of kites."

After what has been already ſtated, I fear it muſt be acknowledged, that this faulty *amplification* was owing rather to our author's deſire to expand a ſcanty thought of a preceding writer, than to any want of judgment in the player editors. MALONE.

'Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave,
'And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head;
'Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
'Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. Fields between Dartford *and* Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one ſide. On the other, enter YORK *attended, with drum and colours: his forces at ſome diſtance.*

'*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
'And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
'Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
'To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *ſancta majeſtas!* who would not buy thee dear?
'Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
'This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
'I cannot give due action to my words,
'Except a ſword, or ſcepter, balance it[3].
'A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul[4];
'On which I'll toſs the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter

[3] — *balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

[4] *A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul;*] I read:
A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſword.
York obſerves that his hand muſt be employed with a ſword or ſcepter; he then naturally obſerves, that he has a ſword, and reſolves that if he has a ſword he will have a ſcepter. JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to ſay—If I have a *ſoul*, my hand ſhall not be without a ſcepter. STEEVENS.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of theſe words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the ſake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquieſce in it. But ſome difficulty will ſtill remain; for if we read, with the old copy, *ſoul*, York threatens to "toſs the flower-de-luce of France on his *ſcepter*," which ſounds but oddly. To toſs it on his *ſword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in *H. Henry VI.* P. III:
"The ſoldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their pikes."

However,

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

' Whom have we here? Buckingham, to diſturb me?
' The king hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
' *Buck.* York, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well
' *York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
' Art thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?
' *Buck.* A meſſenger from Henry, our dread liege,
' To know the reaſon of theſe arms in peace;
' Or why, thou—being a ſubject as I am[5],—
' Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
' Should'ſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave,
' Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the court.
' *York.* Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great[6].
' O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
' I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms;
' And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
' On ſheep or oxen could I ſpend my fury!
' I am far better born than is the king;
' More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
' But I muſt make fair weather yet a while,
' Till Henry be more weak, and I more ſtrong.— } *Aſid*

However, in the licentious phraſeology of our author, York m mean, that he will *wield his ſceptre*, (that is, exerciſe his royal powe when he obtains it, ſo as to abaſe and deſtroy the French.—The fi lowing line alſo in *King Henry VIII.* adds ſupport to the old copy:
" Sir, *as I have a ſoul*, ſhe is an angel." MALONE.

5 — *being a ſubject as I am,*] Here again in the old play we ha the ſtyle and verſification of our author's immediate predeceſſors:
" Or that thou, being a ſubject as I am,
" *Should'ſt thus approach ſo near with colours ſpread,*
" *Whereas the perſon of the king doth keepe.*" MALONE.

6 *Scarce can I ſpeak*, &c.] The firſt nine lines of this ſpeech founded on the following in the old play:
" A ſubject as he is!
" O, how I hate theſe ſpiteful abject terms!
" But York diſſemble, *till thou meet thy ſonnes*,
" Who now in arms expect their father's ſight,
" And not far hence I know they cannot be." MALONE.

' O Bu

'O Buckingham[7], I pr'ythee, pardon me,
'That I have given no anſwer all this while;
'My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
'The cauſe why I have brought this army hither,
'Is—to remove proud Somerſet from the king,
'Seditious to his grace, and to the ſtate.
'*Buck.* That is too much preſumption on thy part:
'But if thy arms be to no other end,
'The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
'The duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he priſoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is priſoner.
'*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do diſmiſs my powers.—
'Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
'Meet me to-morrow in ſaint George's field,
'You ſhall have pay, and every thing you wiſh.—
'And let my ſovereign, virtuous Henry,
'Command my eldeſt ſon,—nay, all my ſons,
'As pledges of my fealty and love,
'I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
'Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
'Is his to uſe, ſo Somerſet may die.
'*Buck.* York, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion:
'We twain will go into his highneſs' tent[8].

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

'*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
'That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
'*York.* In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
'York doth preſent himſelf unto your highneſs.
'*K. Hen.* Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?

[7] O *Buckingham,*] *O,* which is not in the authentick copy, was added, to ſupply the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *We twain will go into his highneſs' tent.*] Shakſpeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety.—He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, inſtead of their going to him;—yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines ſtand thus:

Buck. Come, York, thou ſhalt go ſpeak unto the king;—
But ſee, his grace is coming to meet with us. MALONE.

' *York.* To heave the traitor Somerſet from hence[9];
' And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel, Cade,
' Who ſince I hear'd to be diſcomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* Cade's *head.*

' *Iden.* If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,
' May paſs into the preſence of a king,
' Lo, I preſent your grace a traitor's head,
' The head of Cade, whom I in combat ſlew.
' *K. Hen.* The head of Cade[*]?—Great God, how juſt art thou!—
' O, let me view his viſage being dead,
' That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
' Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
' *Iden.* I was, an't like your majeſty.
' *K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
' *Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;
' A poor eſquire of Kent, that loves his king.
' *Buck.* So pleaſe it you, my lord, 'twere not amiſs
' He were created knight for his good ſervice.
' *K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Riſe up a knight.
' We give thee for reward a thouſand marks;
' And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
' *Iden.* May Iden live to merit ſuch a bounty,

[9] York. *To heave the traitor Somerſet from hence;*] The correſponding ſpeech to this is given in the old play to Buckingham, who acquaints the king with the plea that York had before made to him for his riſing: "To heave the duke of Somerſet," &c. This variation could never have ariſen from copyiſts, ſhort-hand writers, or printers. MALONE.

[*] *The head of Cade?*] The ſpeech correſponding to this in the firſt part of the *Whole Contention*, &c. 1600, is alone ſufficient to prove that piece the work of another poet:

King. Firſt, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee, my friend,
That haſt ſubdu'd that wicked traitor thus.
O, let me ſee that head, that in his life
Did work me and my land ſuch cruel ſpight.
A viſage ſtern; coal-black his curled locks;
Deep trenched furrows in his frowning brow,
Preſageth warlike humours in his life.
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created knight:
Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what's thy name. MALONE.

'And never live but true unto his liege[1]!

'*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerſet comes with the queen;

'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET.

'*Q. Mar.* For thouſand Yorks he ſhall not hide his head,

'But boldly ſtand, and front him to his face.

'*York.* How now! is Somerſet at liberty[2]?

'Then, York, unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,

'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

'Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?—

'Falſe king! why haſt thou broken faith with me,

'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?

'King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

'Which dar'ſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.

'That head of thine doth not become a crown;

'Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,

'And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.

'That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine;

'Whoſe ſmile and frown, like to Achilles' ſpear,

'Is able with the change to kill and cure[3].

[1] *May Iden*, &c.] Iden has ſaid before:

Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy, &c.

Shakſpeare makes Iden rail at thoſe enjoyments which he ſuppoſes to be out of his reach; but no ſooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

In Iden's eulogium on the happineſs of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours beſtowed by his majeſty, Shakſpeare has merely followed the old play. MALONE.

[2] *How now!* &c.] This ſpeech is greatly amplified, and in other reſpects very different from the original, which conſiſts of but ten lines. MALONE.

[3] —— *like to Achilles' ſpear,*
Is able with the change to kill and cure.]

Myſus et Æmonia juvenis qua cuſpide vulnus
Senſerat, hac ipſa cuſpide ſenſit opem. PROPERT. Lib. II. El. 1.

Greene in his *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599, has the ſame alluſion:

'Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myſelf;
'As thoſe that with Achilles' launce were wounded,
'Fetch'd help at ſelf-ſame pointed ſpeare.' MALONE.

' Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,
' And with the ſame to act controlling laws.
' Give place; by heaven, thou ſhalt rule no more
' O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
' *Som.* O monſtrous traitor!—I arreſt thee, York,
' Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the king and crown:
* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
* *York.* Would'ſt have me kneel? firſt let me aſk of theſe[4],
* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
* Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail; [*Exit an* Attend
* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
* They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.
' *Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM
* To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of York
* Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.
* *York.* O blood-beſpotted Neapolitan,
* Out-caſt of Naples, England's bloody ſcourge!
' The ſons of York, thy betters in their birth,
' Shall be their father's bail; and bane to thoſe
' That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with forces, at one ſide; at the other, with forces alſo,* CLIFFORD *and his ſon.*

* See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make good.
* *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
' *Clif.* Health and all happineſs to my lord the king! [*Kneel*

4 —*firſt let me aſk of theſe,*] By *theſe* Mr. Tyrwhitt ſuppoſes York means his knees, "on which he lays his hands, or at leaſt points to them." I have no doubt that York means either his ſons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be ſuppoſed to point. Dr. Warburton tranſpoſed the lines, placing that which now the middle line at the beginning of the ſpeech. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unneceſſary. The folio reads —of *thee.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was ſubſtituted for *ſon* by the editor of the ſecond folio. The correction is juſtified both by the context and the old play. "*For* my enfranchiſement," inſtead of—*of* my, &c. was likewiſe his correction. MALONE.

' *Yor.*

'*York*. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
'Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
'We are thy ſovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
'For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
'*Clif*. This is my king, York, I do not miſtake;
'But thou miſtak'ſt me much, to think I do:—
'To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
'*K. Hen*. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour[5]
'Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his king.
'*Clif*. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
'And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arreſted, but will not obey;
'His ſons, he ſays, ſhall give their words for him.
'*York*. Will you not, ſons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will ſerve.
'*Rich*. And if words will not, then our weapons ſhall.
'*Clif*. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
'*York*. Look in a glaſs, and call thy image ſo;
'I am thy king, and thou a falſe-heart traitor.—
'Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears[6],
'That, with the very ſhaking of their chains,
'They may aſtoniſh theſe fell lurking curs[7];
'Bid Saliſbury, and Warwick, come to me[8].

Drums.

[5] —*a* bedlam *and ambitious humour*—] The word *bedlam* was not uſed in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hoſpital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a houſe or hoſpital for lunaticks till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpoſe. GREY.

Shakſpeare was led into this anachroniſm by the author of the elder play. MALONE.

[6] *Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears,*—
Bid Saliſbury and Warwick come—] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged ſtaff* for their cognizance. SIR J. HAWK.

[7] — fell lurking *curs:*] *Curs* who are at once a compound of *cruelty* and *treachery*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Bid Saliſbury, and Warwick, come to me.*] Here in the old play the following lines are found:

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himſelf.
York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou haſt;
Both thou and they ſhall curſe this fatal hour.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with forces.*

' *Clif.* Are theſe thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
' And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
' If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting-place.
* *Rich.* Oft have I ſeen a hot o'er-weening cur
* Run back and bite, becauſe he was withheld[9];
* Who, being ſuffer'd * with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
* And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,
* If you oppoſe yourſelves to match lord Warwick.
* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigeſted lump,
* As crooked in thy manners as thy ſhape!
* *York.* Nay, we ſhall heat you thoroughly anon.
* *Clif.* Take heed, leſt by your heat you burn yourſelves.
* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
* Old Saliſbury,—ſhame to thy ſilver hair,
* Thou mad miſ-leader of thy brain-ſick ſon!—
* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
* And ſeek for ſorrow with thy ſpectacles?—
* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
* If it be baniſh'd from the froſty head,
* Where ſhall it find a harbour in the earth?—
* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
* And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
* Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
* Or wherefore doſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
* For ſhame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

Buckingham accordingly enters immediately with his forces. Shakſpeare, we ſee, has not introduced him in the preſent ſcene, but has availed himſelf of thoſe lines below. MALONE.

9 *Oft have I ſeen*, &c.] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal ſport. See Stow's Account of Queen Elizabeth's amuſements of this kind; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenilworth Caſtle.* PERCY.

* — *being* ſuffer'd—] Being ſuffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however ſure but the poet meant, being in a ſtate of *ſufferance* or pain. MALONE.

* That

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My lord, I have conſider'd with myſelf
The title of this moſt renowned duke;
And in my conſcience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal ſeat.
K. Hen. Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
K. Hen. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heaven for ſuch an oath?
Sal. It is great ſin, to ſwear unto a ſin[1];
But greater ſin, to keep a ſinful oath.
Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right;
And have no other reaſon for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?
Q. Mar. A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.
K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himſelf.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for death, or dignity[2].
Clif. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were beſt to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempeſt of the field.
Clif. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm,
Than any thou canſt conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet[3],

[1] *It is great ſin, to ſwear unto a ſin*; &c.] We have the ſame ſentiment in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
"It is religion, to be thus forſworn."
Again, in *King John*:
"It is religion that doth make vows kept;
"But thou doſt ſwear only to be forſworn;
"And moſt forſworn to keep what thou doſt ſwear." MALONE.

[2] —*for death, or dignity.*] The folio reads—*and* dignity. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] —*burgonet,*] is a *helmet*. JOHNSON.

Might I but know thee by thy houſhold badge[4].

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar ſhews,
That keeps his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And ſo to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for ſhame! ſpeak not in ſpight
For you ſhall ſup with *Jeſu Chriſt* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul ſtigmatick[5], that's more than thou c
tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll ſurely ſup in hell.
[*Exeunt ſeveri*

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums; Excurſions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet ſounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.

[4] — *thy* houſhold *badge.*] The folio has *houſed* badge, owing bably to the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. The true reading is in the old play. MALONE.

[5] *Foul* ſtigmatick,] A *ſtigmatick* is one on whom nature has mark of deformity, a ſtigma. STEEVENS.

This certainly is the meaning here. A *ſtigmatick* originally properly ſignified a perſon who has been branded with a hot iro ſome crime. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616. MALON

I

Enter YORK.

'How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
'*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford ſlew my ſteed;
'But match to match I have encounter'd him,
'And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
'Even of the bonny beaſt he lov'd ſo well[6].

Enter CLIFFORD.

'*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, ſeek thee out ſome other chace,
For I myſelf muſt hunt this deer to death.
'*War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'ſt.—
'As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my ſoul to leave thee unaſſail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
'*Clif.* What ſeeſt thou in me, York[7]? why doſt thou pauſe?
'*York.* With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
'But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemy.
'*Clif.* Nor ſhould thy proweſs want praiſe and eſteem,
'But that 'tis ſhewn ignobly, and in treaſon.

[6] *Even of the bonny beaſt he lov'd ſo well.*] In the old play:
"The bonnieſt gray, that e'er was bred in North." MALONE.

[7] *What ſee'ſt thou in me, York?* &c.] Inſtead of this and the ten following lines, we find theſe in the old play, and the variation is worth noting:

York. Now, Clifford, ſince we are ſingled here alone,
Be this the day of doom to one of us;
For now my heart hath ſworn immortal hate
To thee and all the houſe of Lancaſter.
Clif. And here I ſtand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing ne'er to ſtir till thou or I be ſlain;
For never ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I have ſpoil'd the hateful houſe of York.
[*Alarums, and they fight, and* York *kills* Clifford.
York. Now Lancaſter, ſit ſure; thy ſinews ſhrink.
Come, fearful Henry, groveling on thy face,
Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York. [*Exit* York.
MALONE.

'*York.* So let it help me now againſt thy ſword,
'As I in juſtice and true right expreſs it!
'*Clif.* My ſoul and body on the action both!—
'*York.* A dreadful lay [8]!—addreſs thee inſtantly.
[*They fight, and* Clifford *falls.*
'Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres* [9]. [*Dies* [1].
'*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art ſtill.
'Peace with his ſoul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

'*Y. Clif.* Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout [2];
'Fear frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds

'Where

[8] *A dreadful lay!—*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous ſtake. JOHNSON.

[9] *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*] The players read:
La fin corrone les eumenes. STEEVENS.
Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] *Dies.*] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of hiſtory, a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmoſt to make his characters conſiderable. This circumſtance however ſerves to prepare the reader or ſpectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's ſon on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this hiſtorical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there repreſents Clifford's death as it really happened:

"*Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreaſt*
"*Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,*
"*Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.*" PERCY.

For this inconſiſtency the elder poet muſt anſwer; for theſe lines are in the *True tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, &c. on which, as I conceive, the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded. MALONE.

[2] *Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout*; &c.] Inſtead of this long ſpeech, we have the following lines in the old play:

Y. Clifford. Father of Cumberland!
Where may I ſeek my aged father forth?
O diſmal ſight! ſee where he breathleſs lies,
All ſmear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true houſe!
Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghoſt I ſwear
Immortal hate unto the houſe of York;
Nor never ſhall I ſleep ſecure one night,
Till I have furiouſly reveng'd thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.
[*He takes him up on his back.*

And

* Where it ſhould guard. O war, thou ſon of hell,
* Whom angry heavens do make their miniſter,
* Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
* Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no ſoldier fly:
* He, that is truly dedicate to war,
* Hath no ſelf-love; nor he, that loves himſelf,
* Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*ſeeing his dead father.*
* And the premiſed flames[3] of the laſt day
* Knit earth and heaven together!
* Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
* Particularities and petty ſounds
* To ceaſe[4]!—Waſt thou ordain'd, dear father,
* To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve[5]
* The ſilver livery of adviſed age[6];
* And, in thy reverence[7], and thy chair-days, thus
* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this ſight,
* My heart is turn'd to ſtone[8]: and, while 'tis mine,
* It ſhall be ſtony. York not our old men ſpares;
* No more will I their babes: tears virginal
* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And thus as old Anchiſes' ſon did bear
His aged father on his manly back,
And fought with him againſt the bloody Greeks,
Even ſo will I;—but ſtay, here's one of them,
To whom my ſoul hath ſworn immortal hate. MALONE.

[3] *And the* premiſed *flames*—] *Premiſed*, for ſent before their time. The ſenſe is, let the flames reſerved for the laſt day be ſent now. WARBURTON.

[4] *To* ceaſe!] is to *ſtop*, a verb active. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" ——— be not *ceas'd*
" With ſlight denial —." STEEVENS.

[5] —*to atchieve*] is, to obtain. JOHNSON.

[6] —*of* adviſed *age*;] *Adviſed* is wiſe, experienced. MALONE.

[7] *And, in thy* reverence,] In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has uſed the word in the ſame manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother ſays to the elder, (ſpeaking of their father,) "thou art indeed nearer to his *reverence*." MALONE.

[8] *My heart is turn'd to ſtone:*] So, in *Othello*: " —my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand." MALONE.

* And

* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax[8].
* Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
* Meet I an infant of the houſe of York,
* Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
* As wild Medea young Abſyrtus did *:
* In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
' Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's houſe;
[*Taking up the body*—
* As did Æneas old Anchiſes bear,
' So bear I thee upon my manly ſhoulders[9];
* But then Æneas bare a living load,
* Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine. [*Exit.* —

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.* —

Rich. So, lie thou there;—

[8] —*to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
" To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
" And melt in her own fire." STEEVENS.

* *As wild Medea*, &c.] When Medea fled with Jaſon from Colchos, ſhe murdered her brother Abſyrtus, and cut his body into ſeveral pieces, that her father might be prevented for ſome time from purſuing her. See Ovid, *Triſt.* Lib. III. El. 9.
—divellit, divulſaque membra per agros
Diſſipat, in multis invenienda locis:—
Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus
Dum legit extinctos, triſte moretur iter. MALONE.

[9] The quarto copy has theſe lines:
Even ſo will I.—But ſtay, here's one of them,
To whom my ſoul hath ſworn immortal hate.
Enter Richard, *and then* Clifford *lays down his father, fights with him, and* Richard *flies away again.*
Out, crook-back'd villain, get thee from my ſight!
But I will after thee, and once again
(When I have borne my father to his tent)
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.
[*Exit young* Clifford, *with his father.*
STEEVENS.
This is to be added to all the other circumſtances which have been urged to ſhew that the quarto play was the production of an elder writer than Shakſpeare. The former's deſcription of Æneas is different. See p. 250, n. 2. MALONE.

' For,

" For, underneath an ale-houſe' paltry ſign[1],
The Caſtle in ſaint Albans, Somerſet
Hath made the wizard famous in his death[2].—
" Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill:
" Prieſts pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

' *Q. Mar.* Away, my lord[3], you are ſlow; for ſhame, away!

" *K. Hen.* Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, ſtay.

" *Q. Mar.*

[1] *For, underneath an ale-houſe' paltry ſign,*] Dr. Johnſon juſtly obſerves that the particle *for* ſeems to be uſed here without any apparent inference. The correſponding paſſage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import:

" *Behold, the prophecy is come to paſs;*
" For, underneath—" &c.

We have had already two ſimilar omiſſions in this play. MALONE.

Thus the paſſage ſtands in the quarto:

Rich. So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!
What's here? the ſign of the Caſtle?
Then the prophecy is come to paſs;
For Somerſet was forewarned of caſtles,
The which he always did obſerve; and now,
Behold, under a paltry ale-houſe ſign,
The Caſtle in ſaint Albans, Somerſet
Hath made the wizard famous by his death. STEEVENS.

[2] —*famous in his death.*—] The death of Somerſet here accompliſhes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we meet with at the cloſe of the firſt act of this play:

Let him ſhun caſtles:
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles, mounted, *ſtand.*

i. e. the repreſentation of a *caſtle*, mounted for a *ſign*. THEOBALD.

[3] *Away, my lord,* &c.] Thus, in the old play:

Queen. Away, my lord, and fly to London ſtraight;
Make haſte, for vengeance comes along with them;
Come, ſtand not to expoſtulate: let's go.
King. Come then, fair queen, to London let us haſte,
And ſummon a parliament with ſpeed,
To ſtop the fury of theſe dire events. [*Exeunt* King *and* Queen.

Previous to the entry of the king and queen, there is the following ſtage-direction:

" *Alarums*

* *Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight,
nor fly:
* Now is it manhood, wiſdom, and defence,
* To give the enemy way; and to ſecure us
* By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off*
* If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
* Of all our fortunes[4]: but if we haply ſcape,
* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
* We ſhall to London get; where you are lov'd;
* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
* May readily be ſtopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
* I would ſpeak blaſphemy ere bid you fly;
* But fly you muſt; uncurable diſcomfit
* Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent parts[5].
* Away, for your relief! and we will live
* To ſee their day, and them our fortune give:
* Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt*

"*Alarums again, and then enter three or four bearing* the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his tent. *Alarums ſtill, and then enter the king and queen.*" See p. 133, n. 3, and p. 140, n. 8. MALONE.

4 *If you be ta'en, we then ſhould* ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes:] Of this expreſſion, which is undoubtedly Shakſpeare's, he appears to have been fond. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I
" —— for therein ſhould we read
" The very *bottom* and the ſoul of hope,
" The very lift, the very utmoſt bound
" *Of all our fortunes.*"
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" Which *ſees into the bottom* of my grief."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" To *look* into *the bottom* of my place." MALONE.

5 —*all our preſent* parts.] Should we not read?—*party*. TYRWHITT.
The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:
" Throw in the frozen boſoms of our *part*
" Hot coals of vengeance."
I think I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time. MALONE

SCEN

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum. Retreat. Flouriſh; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

'*York.* Of Saliſbury, who can report of him[6];
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contuſions and all bruſh of time[7];
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth[8],
* Repairs him with occaſion? this happy day
* Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
* If Saliſbury be loſt.
'*Rich.* My noble father,
' Three times to-day I holp him to his horſe,

[6] *Of Saliſbury*, &c.] The correſponding ſpeeches to this and the following, are theſe, in the original play:

York. How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,
I hope to us and ours, for England's good,
And our great honour, that ſo long we loſt,
Whilſt faint-heart Henry did uſurp our rights.
But did you ſee old Saliſbury, ſince we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loſs of this right hand
That aught but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My lord, I ſaw him in the thickeſt throng,
Charging his launce with his old weary arms;
And thrice I ſaw him beaten from his horſe,
And thrice this hand did ſet him up again;
And ſtill he fought with courage 'gainſt his foes;
The boldeſt-ſprited man that e'er mine eyes beheld.

MALONE.

[7] —*bruſh of time*;] The gradual detrition of time. So, in *Timon of Athens*: "—one winter's *bruſh*—." STEEVENS.

[8] —*gallant in the* brow *of* youth,] The *brow* of *youth*, is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its ſummit. So, in *Othello*:

"——— the head and *front* of my offending."

Again, in *K. John*:

"Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night." STEEVENS.

' Three

' Three times beſtrid him [9], thrice I led him off,
' Perſuaded him from any further act:
' But ſtill, where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
' And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
' So was his will in his old feeble body.
' But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

' *Sal.* Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to-day [1];
' By the maſs, ſo did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
' God knows, how long it is I have to live;
' And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
' You have defended me from imminent death.—
' Well, lords, we have not got that which we have [2];
' 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
' Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature [3].

' *York.*

9 *Three times beſtrid him,*] That is, Three times I ſaw him fallen, and, ſtriding over him, defended him till he recovered. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 245, n. 9. Of this act of friendſhip, which Shakſpeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find at the other ſide of this page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumſtances which when united form almoſt a deciſive proof that the piece before us was conſtructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. MALONE.

1 *Well haſt thou fought,* &c.] The variation between this ſpeech and that in the original play deſerves to be noticed:

Sal. Well haſt thou fought this day, thou valiant duke;
And thou brave bud of York's increaſing houſe,
The ſmall remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm
Three times this day thou haſt preſerv'd my life. MALONE.

2 *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;*] i. e. we have not ſecured, we are not ſure of retaining, that which we have acquired. In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem very nearly contemporary with the preſent piece, we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion:

"That oft they have not that which they poſſeſs." MALONE.

3 *Being* oppoſites *of ſuch* repairing *nature.*] Being enemies that are likely ſo ſoon to rally and recover themſelves from this defeat. See Vol. IV, p. 57, n. 5.

To-

York. I know, our ſafety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a preſent court of parliament[4].
Let us purſue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What ſays lord Warwick, ſhall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith[5], lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

To *repair* in our author's language is, *to renovate.* So, in *Cymbeline*:

"O, diſloyal thing!
"That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth,—"

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"——It much *repairs* me,
"To talk of your good father." MALONE.

4 *To call a preſent court of parliament.*] The king and queen left the ſtage only juſt as York entered, and have not ſaid a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this?—The fact is, as we have ſeen, that in the old play the king does ſay, "he will call a parliament," but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here as in ſome other places, fallen into an impropriety, by ſometimes following and at others deſerting his original. MALONE.

5 *Now by my* faith,] The firſt folio reads—Now by my *hand.* This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. See p. 237, n. 8. The true reading I have reſtored from the old play. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *his ſon.*
Lewis XI. *King of* France.
Duke of Somerſet,
Duke of Exeter,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Weſtmoreland,
Lord Clifford,
} *Lords on King* Henry's *ſide.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York.
Edward, *Earl of* March, *afterwards King* Edward IV.
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland,
George, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence,
Richard, *afterwards Duke of* Gloceſter,
} *his ſons.*
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquis of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haſtings,
Lord Stafford,
} *of the Duke of* York's *party.*
Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} *uncles to the Duke of* York.
Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *a Youth.*
Lord Rivers, *brother to lady* Grey. *Sir* William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery. *Sir* John Somerville.
Tutor to Rutland. *Mayor of* York. *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntſman.
A ſon that has killed his father.
A father that has killed his ſon.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, *afterwards queen to* Edward IV.
Bona, *ſiſter to the* French *queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry *and* King Edward, *Meſſengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France; *during all the reſt of the play, in* England.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament-Houſe.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Others, with white roſes in their hats.*

War. I wonder, how the king eſcap'd our hands.

York. While we purſu'd the horſemen of the north,

He

[1] The action of this play (which was at firſt printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaſter*) opens juſt after the firſt battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day; and cloſes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this hiſtory takes in the ſpace of full ſixteen years. Theobald.

I have never ſeen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of The Whole Contention, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me, and it is not preciſely the ſame with that deſcribed by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619) correſpond with their deſcription. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole contention between the two houſes Lancaſter and Yorke: as it was ſundry times acted by the Right Honourable* the Earle of Pembrooke his Servants. *Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall,* 1600." On this piece Shakſpeare, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. See p. 115, n. 1, and the Eſſay at the end of this play. Malone.

The preſent hiſtorical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the ſtage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miſeries of Civil War.*

He ſlily ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe warlike ears could never brook retreat,
' Chear'd up the drooping army; and himſelf,
' Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breaſt,
' Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
' Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain[2].
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
' Is either ſlain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
' That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*ſhewing his bloody ſword.*
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltſhire's blood, [*to* York, *ſhewing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*throwing down the duke of* Somerſet's *head.*
* *York.* Richard hath beſt deſerv'd of all my ſons.—
What, is your grace[3] dead, my lord of Somerſet?
Norf.

Surely the works of Shakſpeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own compoſition:

" For by his feeble ſkill 'tis built alone;
" The divine Shakſpeare *did not lay one ſtone.*"

whereas the very firſt ſcene is that of Jack Cade copied almoſt verbatim from the ſecond part of *K. Henry VI.* and ſeveral others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the ſeries of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two ſcenes of any play more cloſely connected than the firſt ſcene of this play with the laſt of the former. JOHNSON.

[2] *Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.*] Dr. Percy in a note on the preceding play, (p. 250, n. 1.) has pointed out the inconſiſtency between this account, and the repreſentation there, Clifford being killed on the ſtage by the duke of York, the preſent ſpeaker. Shakſpeare was led into this inconſiſtency by the author of the original plays: if indeed there was but one author, for this circumſtance might lead us to ſuſpect that the *firſt* and *ſecond* part of *The Contention*, &c. were not written by the ſame hand.—However, this is not deciſive; for the author, whoever he was, might have been inadvertent, as we find Shakſpeare undoubtedly was. MALONE.

[3] What, *is your grace*—] The folio reads—*But* is your grace, &c.

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake king Henry's head.
War. And ſo do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that throne
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter uſurps,
I vow by heaven, theſe eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
' And this the regal ſeat: poſſeſs it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet Warwick, and I will;
' For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all aſſiſt you; he, that flies, ſhall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—
' And, ſoldiers, ſtay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
' Unleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out by force. [*They retire.*
• *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;
• But little thinks, we ſhall be of her council:
• By words, or blows, here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And baſhful Henry depos'd, whoſe cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
' *York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be reſolute;
I mean to take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him beſt,
' The proudeſt he that holds up Lancaſter,
Dares ſtir a wing, if Warwick ſhake his bells [4].
' I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—

It was evidently a miſtake of the tranſcriber, the word in the old play being *What*, which ſuits ſufficiently with York's exultation; whereas *But* affords no ſenſe whatſoever. MALONE.

[4] —*if Warwick ſhake his bells.*] The alluſion is to falconry. The hawks had ſometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from riſing. JOHNSON.

Reſolve thee, Richard; claim the Engliſh crown.

[Warwick *leads* York *to the throne, who ſeats himſelf.*

Flouriſh. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and Others, with red roſes in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the ſturdy rebel ſits,
Even in the chair of ſtate! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that falſe peer,)
To aſpire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he ſlew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his ſons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in teel.

Weſt. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Weſtmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, ſuch as he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us aſſail the family of York.

North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, couſin; be it ſo.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of ſoldiers at their beck?

Exe. But, when[5] the duke is ſlain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a ſhambles of the parliament-houſe!
Couſin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to uſe.—
[*They advance to the duke.*
Thou factious duke of York, deſcend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy ſovereign.

5 Exe. *But when*, &c.] This line is by the miſtake of the compoſitor given to Weſtmoreland. The king's anſwer ſhews that it belongs to Exeter, to whom it is aſſigned in the old play. MALONE.

York.

York. Thou art deceiv'd [6], I am thine.

Exe. For ſhame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was [7].

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this uſurping Henry.

Clif. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard [8], duke of York.

' *K. Hen.* And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my throne?

' *York.* It muſt and ſhall be ſo. Content thyſelf.

War. Be duke of Lancaſter, let him be king.

Weſt. He is both king and duke of Lancaſter;
And that the lord of Weſtmoreland ſhall maintain.

War. And Warwick ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe, which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your fathers, and with colours ſpread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

' *North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his ſoul, thou and thy houſe ſhall rue it.

' *Weſt.* Plantagenet, of thee, and theſe thy ſons,
Thy kinſmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

' *Clif.* Urge it no more; leſt that, inſtead of words,

[6] *Thou art deceiv'd,*] Theſe words, which are not in the folio, were reſtored from the old play. The defect of the metre in the folio, makes it probable that they were accidentally omitted. The meaſure is, however, ſtill faulty. MALONE.

[7] *'Twas my inheritance, as the* earldom *was.*] York means, I ſuppoſe, that the dukedom of York was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother, Anne Mortimer, the wife of the earl of Cambridge; and by naming the earldom, he covertly aſſerts his right to the crown; for his title to the crown was not as duke of York, but earl of March.

In the original play the line ſtands thus:

" 'Twas my inheritance, as *the kingdom is*,"—

and why Shakſpeare altered it, it is not eaſy to ſay; for the new line only exhibits the ſame meaning more obſcurely. MALONE.

[8] —and *that's Richard,*] The word *and,* which was accidentally omitted in the firſt folio, is found in the old play. MALONE.

I ſend

I ſend thee, Warwick, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death, before I ſtir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats!
York. Will you, we ſhew our title to the crown?
If not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title haſt thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York[9];
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the ſon of Henry the fifth[1],
Who made the Dauphin and the French to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector loſt it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you loſe:—
Father, tear the crown from the uſurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [*to* York.] as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to ſpeak.
War. Plantagenet ſhall ſpeak firſt:—hear him, lords;
And be you ſilent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, ſhall not live.

[9] *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York*;] This is a miſtake, into which Shakſpeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard duke of York was earl of Cambridge, and was never duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother Edward duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The folio, by an evident error of the preſs, reads—*My* father. The true reading was furniſhed by the old play. MALONE.

[1] *I am the ſon of Henry the fifth*,] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the ſole ſupport of his ſon. The name of Henry the Fifth diſperſed the followers of Cade. JOHNSON.

* *K. Hen.* Think'ſt thou, that I will leave my kingly throne[2],
Wherein my grandſire, and my father, ſat?
No: firſt ſhall war unpeople this my realm;
' Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great ſorrow,—
Shall be my winding-ſheet.—Why faint you, lords?
' My title's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou ſhalt be king[3].
K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conqueſt got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion againſt his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to ſay; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
' *K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king:
' For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Reſign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whoſe heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He roſe againſt him, being his ſovereign,
And made him to reſign his crown perforce.
War. Suppoſe, my lords, he did it unconſtrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown[4]?
Exe. No; for he could not ſo reſign his crown,
But that the next heir ſhould ſucceed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou againſt us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

[2] *Think'ſt thou*, &c.] The old play here exhibits four lines that are not in the folio. They could not have proceeded from the *imagination* of the tranſcriber, and therefore they muſt be added to the many other circumſtances that have been already urged, to ſhew that theſe plays were not *originally* the production of Shakſpeare:

" Ah Plantagenet, why ſeek'ſt thou to depoſe me?
" Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
" And from two brothers lineally deſcent?
" Suppoſe by right and equity thou be king,
" Think'ſt thou," &c. MALONE.

[3] *Prove it*, Henry, *&c.*] *Henry* is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries as a word of three ſyllables. MALONE.

[4] —*prejudicial to his crown?*] Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty. JOHNSON.

* *York.*

* *York.* Why whiſper you, my lords, and anſwer not?
Exe. My conſcience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'ſt,
Think not, that Henry ſhall be ſo depos'd.
' *War.* Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy ſouthern power,
' Of Eſſex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,—
Can ſet the duke up, in deſpight of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me alive[5],
' Where I ſhall kneel to him that ſlew my father!
' *K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaſter, reſign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conſpire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of ſtate, where now he ſits,
Write up his title with uſurping blood.
[*He ſtamps, and the ſoldiers ſhew themſelves.*
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear but one word[6];—
' Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou ſhalt reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my deceaſe[7].

Clif.

[5] *May that* ground gape, *and ſwallow me alive,*] So, in Phaer's Tranſlation of the fourth Æneid:

" But rather would I wiſh the ground to gape for me below."

STEEVENS.

[6] —hear *but one word*;] *Hear* is in this line, as in ſome other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. See Vol. V. p. 249, n. *. The editor of the third folio, and all the ſubſequent editors, read—hear *me* but one word. MALONE.

[7] *I am* content: *&c.*] Inſtead of this ſpeech the old play has the following lines:

" *King.* Convey the ſoldiers hence, and then I will.
" *War.* Captaine, conduct them into Tuthilfields."

See

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your ſon?
War. What good is this to England, and himſelf?
Weſt. Baſe, fearful, and deſpairing Henry!
' *Clif.* How haſt thou injur'd both thyſelf and us?
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, couſin, let us tell the queen theſe news.
* *Weſt.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
* In whoſe cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the houſe of York,
' And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'ſt thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and deſpis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They ſeek revenge [8], and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myſelf, lord Warwick, but my ſon,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
' The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceaſe this civil war, and, whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy king and ſovereign;
* And neither [9] by treaſon, nor hoſtility,

See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] *They ſeek revenge.*] They go away, not becauſe they doubt the juſtice of this determination, but becauſe they have been conquered, and ſeek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but paſſion. JOHNSON.

[9] *And* neither—] *Neither, either, whether, brother, rather,* and many ſimilar words, were uſed by Shakſpeare as monoſyllables. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" *Either* death or you I'll find immediately."

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been entirely ignorant of our author's metre and phraſeology, not knowing this, omitted the word *And.* MALONE.

* To

Exe. Accurs'd

' *York.* Farew
War. And I'll
Norf. And I to
Mont. And I ur
[*Exeunt* Y
FOLK,
• *K. Hen.* And

Enter Queen M
Exe. Here come
anger:
I'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter,
' *Q. Mar.* Nay,
K. Hen. Be patie
' *Q. Mar.* Who c
• Ah, wretched ma
• And never seen the
• Seeing thou hast p
• Hath he deserv'd t
• Hadst thou but lov
• Or felt that pain w
• Or nourish'd him,
• Thou wouldst have l
• Rather than have m

' And disinherited thine only son.
" *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:
' If you be king, why should not I succeed?
" *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—
' The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
" *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
' And given unto the house of York such head,
' As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
" To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
" What is it, but to make thy sepulchre[3],
' And creep into it far before thy time?
" Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
' And yet shalt thou be safe? " such safety finds
' The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
' Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
' The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
' Before I would have granted to that act.
' But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
' And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
' Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
' Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
' Whereby my son is disinherited[4].
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
' And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
' And utter ruin of the house of York.
' Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;

[3] *What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,*] The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by loss of life. JOHNSON.

[4] *Whereby my son is disinherited.*] The corresponding line in the old play is this. The variation is remarkable.

" Wherein thou yieldest to the house of York." MALONE.

' Our

' Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me ſpeak.
Q. Mar. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. Hen. Gentle ſon Edward, thou wilt ſtay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field[5], I'll ſee your grace: till then, I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, ſon, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET, *and the* Prince
' *K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her ſon,
' Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
' Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful duke;
' Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire,
' Will coſt my crown[6], and, like an empty eagle,
' Tire on the fleſh of me[7], and of my ſon!
' The loſs of thoſe three lords[8] torments my heart:
' I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
' Come, couſin, you ſhall be the meſſenger[9].
' *Exe.* And I, I hope, ſhall reconcile them all.
[*Exeunt.*

5 — from *the field,*] Folio—*to* the field. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

6 *Will coſt my crown,*] i. e. will coſt *me* my crown; will induce on me the expence or loſs of my crown. MALONE.

7 Tire *on the fleſh of me,*] To *tire* is to faſten, to fix the talons from the French *tirer*. JOHNSON.

To *tire* is to *peck*. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631;

" —— the vulture *tires*
" Upon the eagle's heart." STEEVENS.

8 — *thoſe three lords*—] That is, of Northumberland, Weſtmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in diſguſt. JOHNSON.

9 — *you ſhall be the meſſenger.*] Inſtead of the ſix laſt lines of this ſpeech, the firſt copy preſents theſe:

' Come, couſin of Exeter, ſtay thou here,
' For Clifford and thoſe northern lords be gone,
' I fear towards Wakefield, to diſturb the duke.'

See p. 268, n. 7, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal *Caſtle, near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkſhire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

'*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

'*York.* Why, how now, ſons, and brother[1], at a ſtrife?
'What is your quarrel? how began it firſt?
'*Edw.* No quarrel, but a ſlight contention.
York. About what?
'*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;
'The crown of England, father, which is yours.
'*York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
'*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.
'*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
'By giving the houſe of Lancaſter leave to breathe,
'It will outrun you, father, in the end.

[1] —*ſons, and brother,*] I believe we ſhould read—*couſin* inſtead of *brother*, unleſs *brother* be uſed by Shakſpeare as a term expreſſive of endearment, or becauſe they embarked, like brothers, in one cauſe. Montague was only couſin to York, and in the quarto he is ſo called. Shakſpeare uſes the expreſſion, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

It ſhould be, ſons and *brothers*; my *ſons*, and *brothers* to each other. JOHNSON.

The third folio reads as Dr. Johnſon adviſes. But as York again in this ſcene addreſſes Montague by the title of *brother*, and Montague uſes the ſame to York, Dr. Johnſon's conjecture cannot be right. Shakſpeare certainly ſuppoſed them to be brothers-in-law. MALONE.

Brother is right. In the two ſucceeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be in reſpect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, or of the ſame council as in *King Henry VIII.* who ſays to Cranmer, "You are a *brother* of us." Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a ſon of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare made a miſtake about the time of the marriage. TOLLET.

' *York.* I took an oath, that he ſhould quietly reign.
' *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
' I'd break a thouſand oaths, to reign one year.
' *Rich.* No; God forbid [2], your grace ſhould be for-
ſworn.
' *York.* I ſhall be, if I claim by open war.
' *Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak
' *York.* Thou canſt not, ſon; it is impoſſible.
' *Rich.* An oath is of no moment [3], being not took
' Before a true and lawful magiſtrate,
' That hath authority over him that ſwears:
' Henry had none, but did uſurp the place;
' Then, ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
' Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
' Therefore, to arms. ' And, father, do but think,
' How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
' Within whoſe circuit is Elyſium,
' And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
' Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
' Until the white roſe, that I wear, be dy'd
' Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
' *York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—

[2] *Rich. No; God forbid,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the three following ſpeeches, the old play has theſe lines:

Rich. An if it pleaſe your grace to give me leave,
I'll ſhew your grace the way to ſave your oath,
And diſpoſſeſs King Henry from the crown.
York. I pr'ythee, Dick, let me hear thy deviſe.

See p. 268, n. 7, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

[3] *An oath is of no moment,*] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very deſpicable ſophiſtry. A lawful magiſtrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magiſtrate. The plea againſt the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain an uſurper, taken from the unlawfulneſs of the oath itſelf in the foregoing play, was rational and juſt. JOHNSON.

This ſpeech is formed on the following one in the old play:

Rich. Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,
Being not ſworn before a lawful magiſtrate;
Henry is none, but doth uſurp your right;
And yet your grace ſtands bound to him by oath:
Then, noble father,
Reſolve yourſelf, and once more claim the crown. MALONE

'Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently[4],
'And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
'Thou, Richard, ſhalt to the duke of Norfolk,
'And tell him privily of our intent.—
'You, Edward, ſhall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe:
'In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
'Witty, courteous[5], liberal, full of ſpirit.—
'While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more,
'But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe;
'And yet the king not privy to my drift,
'Nor any of the houſe of Lancaſter?

Enter a Meſſenger[6].

'But, ſtay; What news? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?
'*Meſ.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords[7],
'Intend here to beſiege you in your caſtle:

'She

[4] *Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,*] Thus the original play:

Edward, thou ſhalt to Edmond Brooke, lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
Thou, couſin Montague, ſhalt to Norfolk ſtraight,
And bid the duke to muſter up his ſoldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield preſently.
And Richard, thou to London ſtraight ſhall poſt,
And bid Richard Nevill Earl of Warwick
To leave the city, and with his men of war
To meet me at St. Albans ten days hence.
My ſelf here in Sandall caſtle will provide
Both men and money, to further our attempts. MALONE.

[5] Witty, *courteous,*] *Witty* anciently ſignified, of ſound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham "the deep-revolving *witty* Buckingham." STEEVENS.

[6] *Enter a* Meſſenger.] In the folio, we have here by inadvertence, "Enter *Gabriel.*" Gabriel was the actor who played this inconſiderable part. He is mentioned by Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. The correction has been made from the old play. MALONE.

[7] *The queen, with all,* &c.] I know not whether the author intended any moral inſtruction, but he that reads this has a ſtriking admonition againſt that precipitancy by which men often uſe unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honeſtly in their power. Had York ſtaid but a few moments, he had ſaved his cauſe from the ſtain of perjury. JOHNSON.

' She is hard by with twenty thouſand men;
' And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
* *York.* Ay, with my ſword. What! think'ſt thou, that we fear them?—
' Edward and Richard, you ſhall ſtay with me;—
' My brother Montague ſhall poſt to London:
* Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the reſt,
* Whom we have left protectors of the king,
* With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
* And truſt not ſimple Henry, nor his oaths.
* *Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
* And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Hugh MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
' You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to beſiege us.
Sir John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
' *York.* What, with five thouſand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What ſhould we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
' *Edw.* I hear their drums; Let's ſet our men in order;
' And iſſue forth, and bid them battle ſtraight.

In October 1460, when it was eſtabliſhed in parliament that the duke of York ſhould ſucceed to the throne after Henry's death, the duke and his two ſons, the earl of March and the earl of Rutland, took an oath to do no act whatſoever that might "found to the abridgment of the natural life of King Henry the Sixth, or diminiſhing of his reign or dignity royal." Having perſuaded the king to ſend for the queen and the prince of Wales, (who were then in York) and finding that ſhe would not obey his requiſition, he on the ſecond of December ſet out for his caſtle in Yorkſhire, with ſuch military power as he had, a meſſenger having been previouſly diſpatched to the earl of March, to deſire him to follow his father with all the forces he could procure. The duke arrived at Sandal caſtle on the 24th of December, and in a ſhort time his army amounted to five thouſand men. An anonymous Remarker, however, very confidently aſſerts, that "this ſcene, ſo far as reſpects York's *oath* and *his reſolution to break it*, proceeds entirely from the author's imagination." His oath is on record; and what his *reſolution* was when he marched from London at the head of a large body of men, and ſent the meſſage above ſtated to his ſon, it is not very difficult to conjecture.

MALONE.

' *York.*

[e] *York.* Five men to twenty[9]!—though the odds be great,
[f] I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
[e] Many a battle have I won in France,
[e] When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
[f] Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Caſtle.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter RUTLAND, *and his* Tutor.

[e] *Rut.* Ah, whither[1] ſhall I fly, to 'ſcape their hands! Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy prieſthood ſaves thy life. As for the brat of this accurſed duke,— Whoſe father[2] ſlew my father,—he ſhall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

[e] *Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
[f] Leſt thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by ſoldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear, That makes him cloſe his eyes[3]?—I'll open them.

[e] *Rut.*

[9] *Five men to twenty!* &c.] Thus, in the old play:

York. Indeed many brave battles have I won
In Normandy, whereas the enemy
Hath been ten to one, and why ſhould I now
Doubt of the like ſucceſs. I am reſolv'd.
Come, let us go.
Edw. Let us march away. I hear their drums. MALONE.

[1] *Ah, whither,* &c.] This ſcene in the old play opens with theſe lines:

Tutor. Oh, fly my lord, let's leave the caſtle,
And fly to Wakefield ſtraight. MALONE.

[2] *Whoſe father—*] i. e. the father of which brat, namely the duke of York. MALONE.

[3] —— *is he dead already? Or is it fear,*
That makes him cloſe his eyes?] This circumſtance is taken from Hall: "Whilſt this battail was in fighting, a prieſte called Sir

'*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch[4]
'That trembles under his devouring paws:
And ſo he walks, inſulting o'er his prey;
'And ſo he comes, to rend his limbs aſunder.—
'Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me ſpeak before I die;—
I am too mean a ſubject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath ſtopp'd the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of York
Is as a fury to torment my ſoul;
'And till I root out their accurſed line,
'And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

'*Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou ſlay me?

Robbert Aſpall, chappelaine and ſchole-maſter to the yong erle of Rutlande, ii ſonne to the above named duke of Yorke, ſcarce of the age of xii yeres, a faire gentleman and a maydenlike perſon, perceyving that flight was more ſafe-gard than tarrying, bothe for hym and his maſter, ſecretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne; but or he could entre into a houſe, he was by the ſayd Lord Clifford eſpied, folowed, and taken, and by reſon of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentleman diſmayed, had not a word to ſpeake, but kneled on his knees, imploring mercy, and deſiryng grace, both with holding up his handes, and making dolorous countenance, *for his ſpeache was gone for feare.*" MALONE.

4 *So looks the pent-up lion*—] That is, The lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned. JOHNSON.

Clif.

Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born[5].
Thou haſt one ſon, for his ſake pity me;
Leſt, in revenge thereof,—ſith God is juſt,—
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in priſon all my days;
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe?
Thy father ſlew my father; therefore, die. [Clif. *ſtabs him.*
Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ*[9]! [Dies.
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy ſon's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall ruſt upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

'*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
'My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me[1];
'And all my followers to the eager foe
'Turn back, and fly, like ſhips before the wind,
'Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
'My ſons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
'Three times did Richard make a lane to me;

[5] *But 'twas ere I was born.*] The author of the original play appears to have been as incorrect in his chronology as Shakſpeare. Rutland was born, I believe, in 1443; according to Hall in 1448; and Clifford's father was killed at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Conſequently Rutland was then at leaſt ſeven years old; more probably twelve. The ſame obſervation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

[9] This line is in Ovid's *Epiſtle from Phillis to Demophoon.* I find the ſame quotation in *Have with you to Saffron Walden or Gabriel Harvey's hunt is up*, 1596. STEEVENS.

[1] *My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me;*] Theſe were two baſtard uncles by the mother's ſide, ſir John and ſir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 649. PERCY.

And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
' And full as oft came Edward to my ſide,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
' In blood of thoſe that had encounter'd him:
' And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
' Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
' And cry'd—*A crown, or elſe a glorious tomb!*
' *A ſcepter, or an earthly ſepulchre!*
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
' We bodg'd again[2]; as I have ſeen a ſwan
' With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,
' And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
[*A ſhort alarum with*
' Ah, hark! the fatal followers do purſue;
' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
' And, were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury:
' The ſands are number'd, that make up my life;
' Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

' Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
' I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage;
' I am your butt, and I abide your ſhot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſs arm,
With downright payment, ſhew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick[3].

[2] *We* bodg'd *again*;] I find *bodgery* uſed by Naſhe in his *Apology of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593, for *botchery*. "Do you know your own trade begotten *bodgery*?" To *bodge* might therefore mean, (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and aukwardly; and thence to *fail*, *miſcarry* in an attempt. Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders "To botch or bungle, *opus corrumpere, diſperdere.*"

I ſuſpect, however, with Dr. Johnſon, that we ſhould read—*budg'd* again. "To *budge*" Cole renders, *pedem referre*, to retire: the preciſe ſenſe required here. So Coriolanus, ſpeaking of his army who had *fled* from their adverſaries:

"The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*
"From raſcals worſe than they." MALONE.

[3] —*noon-tide prick.*] Or, noon-tide point on the dial. JOHN

Y

York. My aſhes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons;
So deſperate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with cowardice,
Whoſe frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: ſpeak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize[4] to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*They lay hands on* York, *who ſtruggles.*
Clif. Ay, ay, ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney ſtruggle in the net.
[York *is taken priſoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield[5], with robbers ſo o'er-match'd.

[4] *It is war's prize*—] All 'vantages are in war lawful prize; that is, may be lawfully taken and uſed. JOHNSON.
—dolus, an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat? VIRG. MALONE.

[5] *So* true *men yield,*] A true man has been already explained to be an honeſt man, as oppoſed to a thief. See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6. MALONE.
North.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him ſtand upon this mole-hill here;
' That raught[6] at mountains with out-ſtretched arms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.—
* What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſs of ſons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the luſty George?
' And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the reſt, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I ſtain'd this napkin[7] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made iſſue from the boſom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
' Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance[8].
What, hath thy firy heart ſo parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
* Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhouldſt be mad;
* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport;
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

[6] *That raught*—] i. e. That *reach'd*. The ancient preterite and participle paſſive of *reach*. So, Shakſpeare in another place:
"The hand of death has *raught* him." STEEVENS.

[7] —*this napkin*—] A napkin is a handkerchief. JOHNSON.

[8] *Stamp, rave, and fret*, &c.] I have placed this line as it ſtands in the old play. In the folio it is introduced, I believe, by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber, ſome lines lower, after the words—"do mock thee thus;" where it appears to me out of its place. MALONE.

Hold

Hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.—

[*Putting a paper crown on his head*[9].

Ay, marry, ſir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke his ſolemn oath?
As I bethink me, you ſhould not be king,
Till our king Henry had ſhook hands with death[1].
And will you pale[2] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilſt we breathe, take time to do him dead[*].

9 *Putting a paper crown on his head.*] Shakſpeare has on this occaſion deviated from hiſtory, if ſuch of our *Engliſh* chronicles as I have been able to procure, may be believed. According to them the paper crown was not placed on the duke of York's head till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewiſe was not killed by Clifford till after his father's death. STEEVENS.

According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead; but Holinſhed after giving Hall's narration of this buſineſs almoſt *verbatim*, adds,—"Some write, that the duke was taken alive, and in deriſion cauſed to ſtand upon a *mole-hill*, on whoſe heade they put a garland inſtead of a crowne, which they had faſhioned and made of ſegges or bulruſhes, and having ſo crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did to Chriſte in ſcorne, ſaying to him, hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or poſſeſſions. And at length having thus ſcorned him with theſe and dyverſe other the like deſpiteſull woordes, they ſtroke off his heade, which (as yee have heard) they preſented to the queen."

Both the chroniclers ſay, that the earl of Rutland was killed by Clifford *during* the battle of Wakefield; but it may be preſumed that his father had firſt fallen. The earl's tutor probably attempted to ſave him as ſoon as the rout began. MALONE.

1 *Till our king Henry had ſhook hands with death.*] On York's return from Ireland, at a meeting of parliament it was ſettled, that Henry ſhould enjoy the throne during his life, and that York ſhould ſucceed him. See Hall, Henry VI. fol. 98. MALONE.

2 *And will you* pale—] i. e. impale, encircle with a crown. MALONE.

* — *to do him dead.*] To kill him. See Vol. II. p. 299, n. 2. MALONE.

Clif.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's ſake.

Q. Mar. Nay, ſtay; let's hear the oriſons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worſe than wolves of France,
Whoſe tongue more poiſons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy ſex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud queen, to make thee bluſh:
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, wert thou not ſhameleſs.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jeruſalem;
Yet not ſo wealthy as an Engliſh yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unleſs the adage muſt be verify'd,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horſe to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them moſt admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government, that makes them ſeem divine[3];
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the ſouth to the ſeptentrion.
O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide[4]!
How could'ſt thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to bear a woman's face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

[3] *'Tis* government *that makes them ſeem divine*;] *Government*, in the language of that time, ſignified evenneſs of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON.

[4] *O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*] We find almoſt the ſame line in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

"*O* woolviſh *heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*" MALONE.

Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
Bid'ſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy wiſh:
Would'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will:
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins[5].
Theſe tears are my ſweet Rutland's obſequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainſt thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, falſe French-woman.

North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthleſs queen, a hapleſs father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dſt in blood of my ſweet boy,
And I with tears do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boaſt of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my ſoul, the hearers will ſhed tears;
Yea, even my foes will ſhed faſt-falling tears,
And ſay,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—

[5] *Would'ſt have me* weep? *why, now thou haſt thy will:*
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.] We meet with the ſame thought in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:
"This *windy tempeſt, till it blows up rain,*
"Held back his ſorrow's tide, to make it more;
"*At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er.*
"Then ſon and father *weep* with equal ſtrife,
"Who ſhould weep moſt for daughter or for wife.
Again, in *Macbeth*:
"——— that *tears* ſhall *drown* the *wind*."
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"Where are my *tears*? *Rain, rain*, to *lay* this *wind*."
Again, in *King John*:
"This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,—."MALONE.
—*inceſſant ſhowers,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:
"For raging winds blow up a *ſtorm of tears*." STEEVENS.

There

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curſe;
And, in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My ſoul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my kin,
I ſhould not for my life but weep with him,
To ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his ſoul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*ſtabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*ſtabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My ſoul flies through theſe wounds to ſeek out thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and ſet it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York[6]. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *So York may overlook*, &c.] This gallant nobleman fell by his own imprudence, in conſequence of leading an army of only five thouſand men to engage with twenty thouſand, and not waiting for the arrival of his ſon the earl of March, with a large body of Welchmen. He and Cicely his wife, with his ſon Edmond earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Foderingay church; and (as Peacham informs us in his *Complete Gentleman*, 4to, 1627,) "when the chancel in that furie of knocking churches and ſacred monuments in the head, was alſo felled to the ground," they were removed into the churchyard; and afterwards "lapped in lead they were buried in the church by the commandment of Queen Elizabeth; and a mean monument of plaiſter wrought with the trowel erected over them, very homely, and far unfitting ſo noble princes."

"I remember, (adds the ſame writer,) Maſter Creuſe, a gentleman and my worthy friend, who dwelt in the college at the ſame time, told me, that their coffins being opened, their bodies appeared very plainly to be diſcerned, and withall that the dutcheſs Cicely had about her necke, hanging in a ſilke ribband, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as faire and freſh to be read, as if had been written yeſterday." This *pardon* was probably a diſpenſation which the duke procured, from the oath of allegiance that he had ſworn to Henry in St. Paul's church on the 10th of March, 1452.

MALONE

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's *croſs in* Herefordſhire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *with their forces, marching.*

[6] *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'ſcap'd;
[6] Or whether he be 'ſcap'd away, or no,
[6] From Clifford's and Northumberland's purſuit;
[6] Had he been ta'en, we ſhould have heard the news;
[6] Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news;
[6] Or, had he 'ſcap'd, methinks, we ſhould have heard
[6] The happy tidings of his good eſcape.—
[6] How fares my brother [7]? why is he ſo ſad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
[6] I ſaw him in the battle range about;
[6] And watch'd him, how he ſingled Clifford forth.
[6] Methought, he bore him [8] in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
[6] Or as a bear, encompaſs'd round with dogs;
[6] Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
[6] The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him.
[6] So far'd our father with his enemies;
[6] So fled his enemies my warlike father;

[7] *How fares our brother?*] This ſcene, in the old quartos, begins thus:

"After this dangerous fight and hapleſs war,
"How doth my noble brother Richard fare?"

Had the author taken the trouble to reviſe his play, he hardly would have begun the firſt act and the ſecond with almoſt the ſame exclamation, expreſs'd in almoſt the ſame words. Warwick opens the ſcene with—

I wonder, how the king eſcap'd our hands. STEEVENS.

[8] *Methought, he* bore him—] i. e. he demeaned himſelf. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"How I may formally in perſon *bear* me—." MALONE.

Methinks,

' Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his ſon [9].
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun [1]!
' How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
' Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love?
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I ſee three ſuns [2]?
Rich. Three glorious ſuns, each one a perfect ſun;
Not ſeparated with the racking clouds [3],
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining ſky.
See, ſee! they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs,
As if they vow'd ſome league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one ſun.
In this the heaven figures ſome event.
' *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous ſtrange, the like yet never he of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the ſons of brave Plantagenet,
' Each one already blazing by our meeds [4],

' Sho

9 *Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his ſon.*] The old quarto rea *pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any h glory than this. WARBURTON.

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard's ſenſe is, thoug have miſſed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honou that may content us. JOHNSON.

Prize, if it be the true reading, I believe, here means *priz* So, in the former act:

" It is war's *prize* to take all 'vantages?" MALONE.

1 *And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun!*] Aurora takes time her farewel of the ſun, when ſhe diſmiſſes him to his di courſe. JOHNSON.

2 — *do I ſee* three ſuns?] This circumſtance is mentioned bo Hall and Holinſhed: " — at which tyme the *ſon* (as ſome write peared to the earle of March like *three ſunnes*, and ſodainely j altogither in one, uppon whiche fight hee tooke ſuche courage, he fiercely ſetting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this menne ymagined that he gave the ſun in his full bryghtneſſe fc badge or corgniſance." Theſe are the words of Holinſhed. MAL

3 — *the* racking *clouds*,] i. e. the clouds which fleet with a motion. So, in our author's 32d Sonnet:

" Anon permit the baſeſt *clouds* to ride
" With ugly *rack* on his celeſtial face." MALONE.

4 — *blazing by our* meeds,] *Meed* is *merit*. JOHNSON.

Should, notwithſtanding, join our lights together,
" And over-ſhine the earth, as this the world.
" Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining ſuns.
" *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I ſpeak it,
" You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Meſſenger.

" But what art thou, whoſe heavy looks foretel
" Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?
Meſ. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was ſlain,
" Your princely father, and my loving lord.
" *Edw.* O, ſpeak no more[5]! for I have heard too much.
" *Rich.* Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.
" *Meſ.* Environed he was with many foes[6];

So, in the fourth act the king ſays,
" My *meed* hath got me fame."
And in *Timon of Athens* the word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe:
" —— No *meed* but he repays
" Seven-fold above itſelf." MASON.

[5] *O, ſpeak no more!*] The generous tenderneſs of Edward, and ſavage fortitude of Richard, are well diſtinguiſhed by their different reception of their father's death. JOHNSON.

[6] *Environed he was with many foes*;] Thus, in the old play:
Oh, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was ſlain.—
When as the noble duke was put to flight,
And then purſude by Clifford and the queene,
And many ſoldiers moe, who all at once
Let drive at him, and forſt the duke to yield;
And then they ſet him on a moul-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious duke in high deſpight;
Who then with tears began to wail his fall.
The ruthleſſe queene perceiving he did weepe,
Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of ſweete young Rutland, by
Rough Clifford ſlaine; who weeping tooke it up:
Then through his breſt they thruſt their bloudie ſwords,
Who like a lambe fell at the butcher's feate.
Then on the gates of Yorke they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld. MALONE.

* And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy *
* Againſt the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
* But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;
* And many ſtrokes, though with a little axe,
* Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
' By many hands your father was ſubdu'd;
' But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm
' Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
' Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high deſpight;
' Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
' The ruthleſs queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
' A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
' Of ſweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford ſlain:
' And, after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
' They took his head, and on the gates of York
' They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain,
' The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
' Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay!—
* O Clifford, boiſt'rous Clifford, thou haſt ſlain
* The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
* And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him,
* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee!—
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
' Ah, would ſhe break from hence! that this my body
' Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt:
' For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
' Never, O never, ſhall I ſee more joy.
' *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
* For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breaſt,
* And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
* To weep [7], is to make leſs the depth of grief:

* —*the hope of Troy*—] Hector. MALONE.

[7] *To weep*, &c.] Here, in the original play, inſtead of theſe two lines, we have—

" I cannot joy, till this white roſe be dy'd
" Even in the heart-bloud of the houſe of Lancaſter." MALONE.

* Tears,

Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
hew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the ſun[8]:
or chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom ſay;
ither that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

larch. Enter WARWICK, *and* MONTAGUE, *with forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we ſhould recount
lur baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
tab poniards in our fleſh, till all were told,
'he words would add more anguiſh than the wounds.
) valiant lord, the duke of York is ſlain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Vhich held thee dearly, as his ſoul's redemption,
s by the ſtern lord Clifford done to death[9].

War. Ten days ago I drown'd theſe news in tears:
And now, to add more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſince then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his lateſt gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the poſts could run,
Were brought me of your loſs, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought[1],
March'd towards ſaint Alban's to intercept the queen,

[8] *Shew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the ſun:*] So, in Spenſer's *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty*:

"——like the native brood of eagle's kind,
"On that bright ſun of glory fix thine eyes." STEEVENS.

[9] *—done to death.*] *Done to death* for *killed*, was a common expreſſion long before Shakſpeare's time. GREY.

See Vol. II. p. 299, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] *And very well*, &c.] This line I have reſtored from the old quartos. STEEVENS.

Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertiſed,
That ſhe was coming with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
' Touching king Henry's oath, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make,—we at ſaint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldneſs of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my ſoldiers of their hated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
' Who thunders to his captives [2]—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our ſoldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight [3],
' Or like a lazy threſher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.
' *Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

[2] — *to his* captives—] So the folio. The old play reads—*captain*. MALONE.

[3] — *like the night-owl's lazy flight,*] This image is not very congruous to the ſubject, nor was it neceſſary to the compariſon, which is happily enough completed by the threſher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon objects to this compariſon as incongruous, but I think unjuſtly. Warwick compares the languid blows of his ſoldiers to the lazy ſtrokes which the wings of the owl give to the air in its flight, which is remarkably ſlow. MASON.

In the ſubſequent line the old play more elegantly reads—Or like an *idle* threſher, &c. MALONE.

War. Some ſix miles off the duke is with the ſoldiers:
nd for your brother,—he was lately ſent
rom your kind aunt, dutcheſs of Burgundy[4],
With aid of ſoldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
't have I heard his praiſes in purſuit,
t ne'er, till now, his ſcandal of retire.
War. Nor now my ſcandal, Richard, doſt thou hear:
r thou ſhalt know, this ſtrong right hand of mine
n pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
id wring the awful ſcepter from his fiſt;
ere he as famous and as bold in war,
he is fam'd for mildneſs, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
is love, I bear thy glories, makes me ſpeak.
t, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
all we go throw away our coats of ſteel,
id wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
mb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
r ſhall we on the helmets of our foes
ll our devotion with revengeful arms?
for the laſt, ſay—Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out;
nd therefore comes my brother Montague.
ttend me, lords. The proud inſulting queen,
Vith Clifford, and the haught Northumberland[5],

[4] —— *he was* lately ſent
From your kind aunt, dutcheſs of Burgundy, &c.] This circumſtance is not warranted by hiſtory. Clarence and Gloceſter (as they were afterwards created) were ſent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till their brother Edward got poſſeſſion of the crown. Beſides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old.
Iſabel dutcheſs of Burgundy, whom Shakſpeare calls the duke's aunt, was daughter of John I. king of Portugal by Philippa of Lancaſter, eldeſt daughter of John of Gaunt. They were therefore no more than third couſins. ANONYMOUS.

[5] — haught *Northumberland*,] So, Grafton in his *Chronicle* ſays, 1417: "— the lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called ſir Henry Hotſpurre." PERCY.
The word is common to many writers; *Marlow*, *Kyd*, &c. STEEVENS.

And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſy-melting king, like wax[6].
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
'Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong[7]:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongſt the loving Welſhmen canſt procure,
'Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
'And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine day,
'That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him ſtay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy ſhoulder will I lean;
'And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
'The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we paſs along;
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
'Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
'But ſound the trumpets, and about our taſk.

[6] —*the eaſy-melting king, like* wax.] So, again in this play, of the *Lady Grey*:

"As red as fire; nay, then her *wax* muſt melt." JOHNSON.

[7] —*is* thirty *thouſand ſtrong*:] Thus the folio. The old play reads—

"Their power, I gueſs them *fiftie* thouſand ſtrong."

A little lower the ſame piece has—*eight and forty thouſand*. MALONE.

* *Rich.*

ich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy deeds,)
me to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.
ſw. Then ſtrike up, drums; — God, and ſaint George, for us!

Enter a Meſſenger.

. How now? what news?
; The duke of Norfolk ſends you word by me,
ueen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt;
:aves your company for ſpeedy counſel.
ar. Why then it ſorts[8], brave warriors: Let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before York.

King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *the Prince of* es, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with* y.

ſar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
r's the head of that arch-enemy,
ought to be encompaſs'd with your crown:
not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
this ſight, it irks my very ſoul.—
old revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
ittingly have I infring'd my vow.
. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
armful pity, muſt be laid aſide.
om do lions caſt their gentle looks?
the beaſt that would uſurp their den.
hand is that, the foreſt bear doth lick?

[8] *y then it* ſorts,] Why then things are as they ſhould be. JOHNSON.

[9] Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—thy love ſhall *ſort* to py ſucceſs as thou thyſelf doſt ſeek for." STEEVENS.

Not his, that ſpoils her young before her face,
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he, that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in ſafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his ſon a king,
And raiſe his iſſue, like a loving ſire;
Thou, being a king, bleſt with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him,
Which argued thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings
Which ſometime they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandfire got,
My careleſs father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a ſhame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didſt thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon,
Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell[9]?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!

[9] *Whoſe father*, &c.] Alluding to a common proverb: *Happy the child whoſe father went to the devil.* JOHNSON.

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For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
'As brings a thouſand fold more care to keep,
'Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.—
Ah, couſin York! 'would thy beſt friends did know,
'How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
'*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your ſpirits; our foes are nigh,
'And this ſoft courage makes your followers faint.
'You promis'd knighthood to our forward ſon;
'Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.—
Edward, kneel down.
K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a knight;
And learn this leſſon,—Draw thy ſword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs:
'For, with a band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
'Darraign[1] your battle, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would, your highneſs would depart the field;
The queen hath beſt ſucceſs when you are abſent[2].
'*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.
North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer theſe noble lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

[1] *Darraign*—] That is, *Range* your hoſt, put your hoſt in order. JOHNSON.

Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenſer, uſe this word. The quartos read —*Prepare your battles*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] — *when you are abſent.*] So, Hall: "Happy was the queene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in al his enterpriſes; for where his perſon was preſent, the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte." Henry VI. fol. C. MALONE.

March.

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

' *Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
' And ſet thy diadem upon my head;
' Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud inſulting boy!
' Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
' Before thy ſovereign, and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he ſhould bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his conſent[3]:
Since when[4], his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
' To blot out me, and put his own ſon in.
' *Clif.* And reaſon too;
Who ſhould ſucceed the father, but the ſon?
' *Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot ſpeak!
' *Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I ſtand, to anſwer thee,
' Or any he the proudeſt of thy ſort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not ſatisfy'd.
Rich. For God's ſake, lords, give ſignal to the fight.

3 *I am his king, and he ſhould bow his knee;*
I was adopted heir by his conſent:
Since when, his oath is broke;] Edward's argument is founded on the following article in the compact entered into by Henry and the duke of York, which the author found in Hall's Chronicle, but which I believe made no part of that agreement: "Provided alwaye, that if the king did cloſely or apertly ſtudye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compaſſ or imagine the death or diſtruction of the ſayde duke or his bloud, then he *to forfet the crowne*, and the duke of Yorke to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldeſt ſon would have now a title to the crown. MALONE.

4 *Since when*, &c.] The quartos give the remainder of this ſpeech to Clarence, and read:

To blot our brother *out*, &c.. STEEVENS.

Here is another variation of the ſame kind with thoſe which have been noticed in the preceding play, which could not have ariſen from a tranſcriber or printer.—Though Shakſpeare gave the whole of this ſpeech to Edward by ſubſtituting *me* for *brother*, the ſame diviſion which is found in the quarto, is inadvertently retained in the folio. MALONE.

War. What ſay'ſt thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

' *Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you ſpeak?

When you and I met at ſaint Alban's laſt,
Your legs did better ſervice than your hands[5].

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

' *North.* No, nor your manhood, that durſt make you ſtay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for ſcarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-ſwoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I ſlew thy father; Call'ſt thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a daſtard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere ſun-ſet, I'll make thee curſe the deed.

' *K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me ſpeak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to ſpeak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be ſtill.

Rich. Then, executioner, unſheath thy ſword:
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd[6],
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

' *Edw.* Say, Henry, ſhall I have my right, or no?
A thouſand men have broke their faſts to-day,
That ne'er ſhall dine, unleſs thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in juſtice puts his armour on.

' *Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick ſays is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

[5] *Your legs did better ſervice than your hands.*] An alluſion to the proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." STEEVENS.

[6] — *I am reſolv'd,*] It is my firm perſuaſion; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNSON.

Rich.

Rich. Whoever got thee [6], there thy mother ſtands;
For, well I wot, thou haſt thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy ſire, nor dam;
But like a foul miſ-ſhapen ſtigmatick [7],
Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful ſtings [8].

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt [9],
Whoſe father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea [1],)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart [2]?

Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw [3] were worth a thouſand crowns,
To

[6] Rich. *Whoever got thee*, &c.] In the folio this ſpeech is erroneouſly aſſigned to Warwick. The anſwer ſhews that it belongs to Richard, to whom it is attributed in the old play. MALONE.

[7] — *miſhapen* ſtigmatick,] See p. 248, n. 5. MALONE.

[8] — *lizards' dreadful ſtings.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have this variation:—*or lizards'* fainting looks.

This is the ſecond time that Shakſpeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no ſuch defence) with a ſting; but great powers ſeem to have been imputed to its looks. So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

"The *lizard* ſhuts up his *ſharp-ſighted eyes*,
"Amongſt the ſerpents, and there ſadly lies." STEEVENS.

[9] — gilt,] *Gilt* is a ſuperficial covering of gold. STEEVENS.

[1] (*As if a* channel *ſhould be called the ſea,*)] A *channel* in our author's time ſignified what we now call a *kennel*. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, quarto, 1605, p. 1148: "— ſuch a ſtorme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; whereby through, the *channels* of the citie ſuddenly riſing," &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "— quoit him into the *channel*." MALONE.

[2] *To let thy tongue*, &c.] To ſhew thy meanneſs of birth by the indecency of language with which thou raileſt at my deformity. JOHNSON.

Inſtead of this line, the old play has—

To parly thus with England's lawful heirs. MALONE.

[3] *A wiſp of ſtraw*—] It appears from the following paſſage in Thomas Drant's tranſlation of the ſeventh ſatire of *Horace*, 1567, that a *wiſpe* was the puniſhment of a ſcold:

"So perſyte and exacte a ſcoulde, that women mighte geve place
"Whoſe tatling tongues had won a *wiſpe*," &c. STEEVENS.

See alſo Naſhe's *Apology of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "Why, thou errant butter-whore, thou cotquean and ſcrattop of *ſcolds*, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcaſſe? continually read the rhetorick lecture of Ramme-Alley? a *wiſpe*, a *wiſpe*, you kitchin-ſtuffe wrangler." Again, in *A Dialogue between John and Jone ſtriving who ſhall wear the Breeches*,—PLEASURES OF POETRY, bl. l. no date:

"Goo

To make this ſhameleſs callet know herſelf[4].—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy huſband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that falſe woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin ſtoop;
And, had he match'd according to his ſtate,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor ſire with his bridal day;
Even then that ſun-ſhine brew'd a ſhower for him,
That waſh'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadſt thou been meek, our title ſtill had ſlept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had ſlipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we ſaw our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpring,
And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe[5],
We ſet the axe to thy uſurping root:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
Yet, know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,

" Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,
" This once let me entreat thee,
" And make me promiſe, never more
" That thou ſhalt mind to beat me;
" For feare *thou weare the wiſpe*, good wife,
" And make our neighbours ride—". MALONE.

4 *To make this ſhameleſs* callet *know herſelf.*] *Callet*, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps ſo called from the French *colote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs worn by country girls. See *Gloſſ.* to *Urry's Chaucer.* GREY.

5 —*we ſaw our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpring,*
And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,] When we ſaw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flouriſhing by our favour, we then reſolved to deſtroy thee, and determine to try ſome other means, though our firſt efforts have failed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:

But when we ſaw our ſummer brought thee gain,
And that the harveſt brought us no increaſe. STEEVENS.

Or

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this reſolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'ſt the gentle king to ſpeak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or elſe a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer ſtay:
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives to day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A field of battle between Towton *and* Saxton *in* York-ſhire.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter WARWICK.

[6] *War.* Forſpent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength,
[6] And, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or ſtrike, ungentle death!
[6] For this world frowns, and Edward's ſun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

[6] *Geo.* Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair[7];
[6] Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
[6] What

[6] *Smile, gentle heaven!* &c.] Thus the folio. Inſtead of theſe lines, the quartos give the following:

Smile, gentle heavens, or ſtrike, ungentle death,
That we may die unleſs we gain the day!
What fatal ſtar malignant frowns from heaven
Upon the harmleſs line of York's true houſe? STEEVENS.

[7] *Our hap is loſs,* our hope but ſad deſpair;] Milton ſeems to have copied this line:

" —— Thus repuls'd, *our final hope*
" *Is flat deſpair.*" MALONE.

Our hap is loſs, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Come

'What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?
'*Edw.* Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;
'And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter RICHARD.

'*Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why haſt thou withdrawn thy-
ſelf?
'Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk[8],
'Broach'd

Come, brother, come, let's to the field again,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
Leſt they retire now we have left the field.
War. How now, my lords? what hap? what hope of good?

STEEVENS.

[8] *Thy* brother's *blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,*] The old play (as Theobald has obſerved) applies this deſcription to the death of Saliſbury, contrary to the truth of hiſtory, for that nobleman was taken priſoner at the battle of Wakefield, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. But both Hall and Holinſhed, in nearly the ſame words, relate the circumſtance on which this ſpeech as exhibited in the *folio*, is founded; and from the latter our author undoubtedly took it. "The Lord Fitzwalter [who had been ſtationed to keep the paſs of Ferrybridge] hearing the noiſe, [made by Lord Clifford and a body of light-horſemen, who attacked by ſurprize the party ſtationed at the bridge,] ſodainely roſe out of his bedde, and unarmed, with a pollax in his hande, thinking that it had bin a fraye amongſt his men, came downe to appeaſe the ſame, but ere he knew what the matter ment, he was ſlaine, and with him the *baſtard* of Saliſbury, *brother to the erle of Warwick*, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacitie." Holinſhed, p. 664. In this action at Ferrybridge, which happened on the 28th of March 1461, the day before the great battle of Towton, Lord Clifford was killed. The author of this play has blended the two actions together. MALONE.

Thy brother's blood, &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, which is printed, like almoſt all the reſt of the play, from the folio, the quartos give the following:

Thy noble *father* in the thickeſt throngs
Cry'd ſtill for Warwick, his thrice valiant ſon;
Until with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And many wounds made in his aged breaſt.
And, as he tottering ſat upon his ſteed,
He waſt his hand to me, and cried aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſon:
And ſtill he cried, Warwick, revenge my death!
And with theſe words he tumbled off his horſe;
And ſo the noble Saliſbury gave up the ghoſt. STEEVENS.

It

' Broach'd with the ſteely point of Clifford's lance:
' And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
' Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far,—
' *Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
' So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
' That ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoking blood,
' The noble gentleman gave up the ghoſt.
' *War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly[9].
' Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
' Wailing our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
' And look upon *, as if the tragedy
' Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeiting actors?
' Here on my knee I vow to God above,
' I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
' 'Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
' Or fortune given me meaſure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
' And, in this vow, do chain my ſoul to thine[1].—
' And, ere my knee riſe from the earth's cold face,
' I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter up and plucker down of kings!

It is here only neceſſary to refer to former notes on ſimilar variatio
See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; p. 2
n. 6. MALONE.

[9] *I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly.*] From Hall, Henry
p. 102: "When the Earle of Warwicke was enformed of this fe
he, lyke a man deſperate, mounted on his hackeney, and came bl
ing to king Edward, ſaying, Sȳr, I pray God have mercie of th
ſoules, which in the beginning of your enterprize hath loſt their liv
and becauſe I ſee no ſuccours of the world, I remit the vengeance
puniſhment to God, our creator and redemer; and with that ligh
doune, and *ſlew his horſe with his ſwourde*, ſaying, let him flee th
wyl, for ſurely I wil tarye with him that will tarye with me; a
kiſſed the croſſe of his ſwourde." MALONE.

* *And* look upon,] And are mere ſpectators. So, in *the Winte
Tale*, Vol. IV. p. 200, where I idly ſuſpected ſome corruption in t
text:

"And *look on* alike." MALONE.

[1] *And in this vow do chain my ſoul to thine.*—] Thus the fol
The quarto as follows:

"And in *that* vow *now join* my ſoul to *thee*." STEEVENS

' Beſeechi

ſeeching thee[2],—if with thy will it ſtands,
hat to my foes this body muſt be prey,—
et that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
nd give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul!—
ow, lords, take leave until we meet again,
ere-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
et me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
hat winter ſhould cut off our ſpring-time ſo.

War. Away, away! Once more, ſweet lords, farewel.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops:
And give them leave to fly that will not ſtay;
nd call them pillars, that will ſtand to us;
And, if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Fore-ſlow no longer[3], make we hence amain[4].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[2] *Beſeeching* thee,—] That is, beſeeching the divine power. Shakſpeare in new-forming this ſpeech may ſeem, at the firſt view of it, to have made it obſcure, by placing this line immediately after,—"Thou ſetter up," &c.

What I have now obſerved is founded on a ſuppoſition that the words "*Thou ſetter up,*" &c. are applied to Warwick, as they appear to be in the old play. However, our author certainly intended to deviate from it, and to apply this deſcription to the deity; and this is another ſtrong confirmation of the obſervation already made relative to the variations between theſe pieces and the elder dramas on which they were formed. In the old play the ſpeech runs thus:

Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now join my ſoul to thee,
Thou ſetter-up and puller-down of kings:—
Vouchſafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we looſe the day!

The laſt two lines are certainly here addreſſed to the deity; but the preceding line, notwithſtanding the anachroniſm, ſeems to be addreſſed to Warwick. MALONE.

[3] Fore-ſlow *no longer,*] To *fore-ſlow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another part of the field.

Excurſions. Enter RICHARD, *and* CLIFFORD.

' *Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have ſingled thee alone[5]:
' Suppoſe, this arm is for the duke of York,
' And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
' Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that ſtabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that ſlew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers theſe hands, that ſlew thy ſire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyſelf;
And ſo, have at thee.

[*They fight.* Warwick *enters*; Clifford *flies.*

" Why, king Sebaſtian, wilt thou now *foreſlow?*"
Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:
" *Foreſlow* no time; ſweet Lancaſter, let's march."
STEEVENS.

4 — *make we hence amain.*] Inſtead of this and the two proceeding ſpeeches, we have in the old play the following:

Geo. Then let us haſte to cheare the ſouldiers' hearts,
And call them pillers that will ſtand to us,
And highly promiſe to remuncrate
Their truſtie ſervice in theſe dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come away, and ſtand not to debate.
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, give me your handes, and let us part,
And take our leaves untill we meete againe;
Where ere it be, in heaven or in earth.
Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps continue ſo.
Warwick, farewell.
War. Away, away; once more, ſweet lords, farewell.
MALONE.

5 *Now, Clifford, I have ſingled thee alone:* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,
This thirſty ſword, that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and ſlice thy curſed heart,
For to revenge the murders thou haſt made. STEEVENS.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, ſingle out ſome other chace;
I myſelf will hunt this wolf to death [6]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war [7],
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails [8],
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;

[6] *Nay, Warwick,* &c.] We have had two very ſimilar lines in the preceding play, p. 249:

"Hold, Warwick, ſeek thee out ſome other chace;
"For I myſelf muſt hunt this deer to death."

See p. 301, n. 9. MALONE.

This battle fares like to the morning's war, &c.] Inſtead of this reſting ſpeech, the quartos exhibit only the following:

Oh gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
And ſet ſome ends to theſe inceſſant griefs!
How like a maſtleſs ſhip upon the ſeas,
This woeful battle doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driven;
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might ſtay theſe *civil* jars [9]!
Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king!
Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſs when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, ſo all were well;
Or, would my crown ſuffice, I were content
To yield it them, and live a private life!

The leading thought in both theſe ſoliloquies is borrowed from Holinſhed, p. 665:—"This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtfull ſtate of victorie, uncertaintie heaving and ſetting on both ſides," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *—the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"When icicles hang by the wall,
"And Dick the *ſhepherd blows his nail,*—." MALONE.

[9] The quarto 1600, printed by W. W. reads—*cruel* jars.

‘ Now, one the better; then, another beſt;
‘ Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,
‘ Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
‘ So is the equal poiſe of this fell war.
* Here on this mole-hill will I ſit me down.
* To whom God will, there be the victory!
‘ For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
‘ Have chid me from the battle; ſwearing both,
‘ They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
‘ 'Would I were dead! if God's good will were ſo!
‘ For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
* O God! methinks, it were a happy life[9],
‘ To be no better than a homely ſwain;
* To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
* Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
* How many make the hour full complete[1],
* How many hours bring about the day,
* How many days will finiſh up the year,
* How many years a mortal man may live.
* When this is known, then to divide the times:
* So many hours muſt I tend my flock;
* So many hours muſt I take my reſt;
* So many hours muſt I cóntemplate;
* So many hours muſt I ſport myſelf;
* So many days my ewes have been with young;
* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean[2];

9 — *methinks, it were a happy life,*] This ſpeech is mournfu
ſoft, exquiſitely ſuited to the character of the king, and ma
pleaſing interchange, by affording, amidſt the tumult and horror
battle, an unexpected glimpſe of rural innocence and paſtoral
quillity. JOHNSON.

This ſpeech ſtrongly confirms the remark made by Sir Joſh
holds on a paſſage in *Macbeth*, Vol. IV. p. 300, n. 5. MAL

1 *Thereby to ſee the* minutes *how they run*;
How many make the hour full-cómplete,] So, in our auth
of Lucrece:
“ Stuff up his luſt, *as minutes fill up hours*.” MALO

2 — *ere the* poor fools *will yean*;] *Poor fool*, it has alread
ſerved, is an expreſſion of tenderneſs, often uſed by our au
Vol. IV. p. 112, n. 7; and Vol. II. p. 233, n. *. MAL

So many years ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece[3]:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Paſt over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how ſweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds, looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt, and treaſon wait on him.

Alarum. *Enter a* Son *that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body*[4].

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—
This man, whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.

[3] *So many* years *ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece:*] i. e. the years which muſt elapſe between the time of the yeaning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to ſuch a ſtate as to admit of being ſhorn. Mr. Rowe changed *years* to *months*; which was followed by the ſubſequent editors; and in the next line inſerted the word *weeks*, not obſerving that *hours* is uſed there, and throughout this ſpeech, as a diſſyllable. *Years* is in that line likewiſe uſed as a word of two ſyllables. MALONE.

[4] *Enter a* Son, *&c.*] Theſe two horrible incidents are ſelected to ſhew the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNSON.

In the battle of Conſtantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the ſecond of theſe incidents is introduced on a ſimilar occaſion. STEEVENS.

'O heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
'From London by the king was I preſs'd forth;
'My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
'Came on the part of York, preſs'd by his maſter;
'And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
'Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
'Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
'My tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks;
'And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

'*K. Hen.* O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody times![5]
Whilſt lions war, and battle for their dens,
'Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity.—
'Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
'And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
'Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.[6]

Enter a Father, *who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

'*Fath.* Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
'Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold;
'For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
'But let me ſee:—is this our foeman's face?
'Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only ſon!—

5 *O piteous ſpectacle!* &c.] In the old play the king does not ſpeak till both the ſon and the father have appeared, and ſpoken, and then the following words are attributed to him, out of which Shakſpeare has formed two diſtinct ſpeeches:

Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
Whilſt lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor lambs do feel the rigour of their wraths.
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes.
Wither one roſe, and let the other periſh,
For, if you ſtrive, ten thouſand lives muſt periſh. MALONE.

6 *And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,*
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief. The meaning is here inaccurately expreſſed. The king intends to ſay that the ſtate of their *hearts and eyes* ſhall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all ſhall be deſtroyed by power formed within themſelves. JOHNSON.

'Ah,

h, boy, if any life be left in thee,
hrow up thine eye; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe[7],
lown with the windy tempeſt of my heart,
'pon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
, pity, God, this miſerable age!—
'hat ſtratagems, how fell, how butcherly[8],
rroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
his deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
boy, thy father gave thee life too ſoon[9],
nd hath bereft thee of thy life too late[1]!
K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
, that my death would ſtay theſe ruthful deeds!—
) pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
e red roſe and the white are on his face,

— *what ſhowers ariſe,*
Blown with the windy tempeſt of my heart,] Th's image had oc-ed in the preceding act:
" *For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers.*" STEEVENS.
What ſtratagems, *how fell, how butcherly,*] " *Stratageme.* A ie or ſubtle device in *warre*, whereby the enemie is often van-ed." Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, octavo, 1616. Florio in his an *Dict.* 1598, defines *Stratagema*, " a policie, a wile, or wittie in *warre*." This was undoubtedly its ordinary ſenſe in our au-'s time, though then and afterwards it was occaſionally uſed for ſubtle device or policy. Here it has unqueſtionably its ordinary fication. MALONE.
O boy! thy father gave thee life too ſoon,] Becauſe had he been later, he would not now have been of years to engage in this rel. WARBURTON.
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!] Too *late*, without doubt, ns *too recently*. The memory of thy virtues and thy hapleſs end is *recent*, to be thought of without the deepeſt anguiſh. The ſame nt expreſſion is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:
" O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
" Which ſhe too early and *too late* hath ſpill'd."
ere *late* clearly means *lately*. Again, in this third part of *King rd VI.*
" Where fame, *late* entering at his heedful ears."
gain, as Mr. Tollet has obſerved, in *King Richard III:*
" Too *late* he died, that might have kept that title."
i the old play this and the preceding line ſtand thus:
" *Poor* boy, thy father gave thee life too *late*,
" And hath bereft thee of thy life too *ſoon*." MALONE.

The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes:
* The one, his purple blood right well reſembles;
* The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, preſent:
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
' If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither [1].
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me *, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?
Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
' Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?
' *K. Hen.* How will the country [2], for theſe woeful chances,
' Miſ-think the king, and not be ſatisfy'd?
' *Son.* Was ever ſon, ſo ru'd a father's death?
' *Fath.* Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon [3]?
' *K. Hen.* Was ever king, ſo griev'd for ſubjects' woe?
' Much is your ſorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.
' *Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill [4].
[*Exit, with the body.*
* *Fath.* Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet;

[1] — *muſt* wither.] The old play has—muſt *periſh*, and I think the word *wither* is more likely to have been inadvertently repeated by the tranſcriber, than ſubſtituted by Shakſpeare for the former word. MALONE.

[2] *How will the country*, &c.] So, the folio. The quartos thus:
How will the country now miſdeem their king!
Oh, would my death their minds could ſatisfy!
To *miſ-think* is to think ill, unfavourably. STEEVENS.
This word, which Shakſpeare ſubſtituted for *miſdeem*, he has again uſed in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" Be it known, that we the greateſt are *miſ-thought*,
" For things that others do." MALONE.

* Take on *with me*,] Be enraged at me. So, in a pamphlet by T. Naſhe, 1592: " Some will *take on*, like a madman," &c. See Vol. III. p. 75, n. 8. MALONE.

[3] *Was ever ſon, ſo* ru'd *a father's death?*
Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon?] The variation is here worth remarking, for in the old play the correſponding lines are:
Was ever ſon ſo *rude*, his father's blood to ſpill?
Was ever father ſo unnatural, his ſon to kill? MALONE.

[4] *I'll bear thee hence*, &c.] Thus the folio. The old play thus:
I'll bear thee hence from this accurſed place,
For woe is to me, to ſee my father's face. MALONE.

* My

" My heart, ſweet boy, ſhall be thy ſepulchre;
" For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go.
" My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral bell;
" And ſo obſequious will thy father be[5],
" Sad for the loſs of thee[5], having no more,
" As Priam was for all[6] his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I ſhould not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

' *K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
' Here ſits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* Wales, *and* EXETER.

' *Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
' And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
' Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit.
' *Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick poſt amain:
' Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
' Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
' With fiery eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
' And bloody ſteel graſp'd in their ireful hands,
' Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
' Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed;
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.
' *K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter;
' Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
' Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

[5] *And ſo* obſequious *will thy father be,*] Obſequious is here careful of obſequies, or of funeral rites. JOHNSON.
In the ſame ſenſe it is uſed in *Hamlet:*
" ——— to do *obſequious* ſorrow." STEEVENS.

[5] Sad *for the loſs of thee,*] The old copy reads—*Men* for the loſs, &c. Mr. Rowe made the alteration. STEEVENS.

[6] *As Priam was for all*—] I having but one ſon, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded*[7].

' *Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it laſted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaſter! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
' And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt[8].
Impairing Henry, ſtrength'ning miſ-proud York,
The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies[9]:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the ſun?
And who ſhines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadſt thou never given conſent[1]
That Phaeton ſhould check thy firy ſteeds,
Thy burning car never had ſcorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadſt thou ſway'd as kings ſhould do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the houſe of York,
' They never then had ſprung like ſummer flies;

[7] *Enter Clifford, wounded.*] The quarto adds, *with an arrow in his neck.* In ridicule of this B. and Fletcher have introduced *Ralph* the grocer's prentice, in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, with a *forked arrow through his head.* It appears, however, from Holinſhed, p. 664, that this circumſtance has ſome relation to the truth: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget ſuddenly with an *arrow* (as ſome ſaie) without a head, was ſtriken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his ſpirit." STEEVENS.

[8] — *thy tough commixtures melt.*] Perhaps better, *the tough commixture.* JOHNSON.

The quartos read—"*that* tough commixture *melts.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies:*] This line, which is not in the folio, was recovered from the old play by Mr. Theobald. The context ſhews, that like a line in the ſecond part of *K. Henry V.* it was omitted by the negligence of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. MALONE.

[1] *O Phœbus! hadſt thou never given conſent*—] The duke of York had been entruſted by Henry with the reins of government both in Ireland and France; and hence perhaps was taught to aſpire to the throne. MALONE.

' I, and

'I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſs realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadſt kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds, but gentle air?
'And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are plaints, and cureleſs are my wounds;
'No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight[2]:
The foe is mercileſs, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deſerv'd no pity.
'The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the reſt;
'I ſtabb'd your fathers' boſoms, ſplit my breaſt.

[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords[3]; good fortune bids us pauſe,
'And ſmooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
'Some troops purſue the bloody-minded queen;—
'That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
'As doth a ſail, fill'd with a fretting guſt,
'Command an argoſy to ſtem the waves.

[2] *No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:*] i. e. No way to fly, nor with ſtrength ſufficient left to ſuſtain myſelf in flight, if there were. STEEVENS.

[3] *Now breathe we, lords*; &c.] This battle, in which the houſe of York was victorious, was fought on a plain between Towton and Saxton, on the 29th of March, (Palm Sunday) 1461. The royal army conſiſted, according to Hall, of about forty thouſand men; and the young duke of York's forces were 48,760. In this combat, which laſted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, thirty-ſix thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy-ſix perſons are ſaid to have been killed, the greater part of whom were undoubtedly Lancaſtrians. MALONE.

Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quartos have the following:

Thus far our fortunes keep an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troops purſue the bloody-minded queen,
That now towards Berwick doth poſt amain:—
But think you that Clifford is fled away with them? STEEVENS.

'But

' But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For, though before his face I ſpeak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
' And, whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead.
[Clifford *groans, and dies.*
Edw. Whoſe ſoul [4] is that which takes her heavy leave.
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing [5]
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.
' *Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
' Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
' In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth [6],
' But ſet his murdering knife unto the root
' From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
' I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:

[4] Edw. *Whoſe ſoul*, &c.] I have diſtinguiſhed this and the two following ſpeeches according to the authority of the quarto. The folio gave all to Richard, except the laſt line and half. STEEVENS.

I have alſo followed the original regulation, becauſe it ſeems abſurd that Richard ſhould firſt ſay to his brother, or to one of the ſoldiers, "See who it is;"—and then, himſelf declare that it is Clifford; and therefore I ſuppoſe the variation in the folio aroſe, not from Shakſpeare, but from ſome negligence or inaccuracy of a compoſitor or tranſcriber. MALONE.

[5] — *like life and death's* departing.] Departing for *ſeparation*. MALONE.

"Till death us *depart*" was the expreſſion in the old *Marriage Service*. FARMER.

[6] *In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,*] It is manifeſt from this and many other paſſages, that the author of the old play, where the correſponding line ſtands thus—

"Who killed our *tender* brother Rutland—"

imagined that Rutland was younger than George and Richard; whereas he was in fact older than them both, being the duke of York's ſecond ſon; in conſequence of which he bore a title by courteſy: and a particular ſtipulation was made in the compact entered into between Henry and the duke of York, that Rutland, as well as his elder brother Edward earl of March, ſhould ſwear to the due obſervance of the agreement. Shakſpeare has, we ſee, fallen into the ſame error; as have Habington in his nervous and elegant *Hiſtory of Edward IV.* and ſeveral other hiſtorians. MALONE.

Inſtead

" Inſtead whereof, let this ſupply the room;
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal ſcritch-owl to our houſe,
" That nothing ſung but death to us and ours:
" Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threatening ſound,
" And his ill-boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*
War. I think his underſtanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'erſhades his beams of life,
And he nor ſees, nor hears us what we ſay.
Rich. O, 'would he did! and ſo, perhaps, he doth;
" 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
" Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts
" Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If ſo thou think'ſt, vex him with eager words[a].
Rich. Clifford, aſk mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſs penitence.
War. Clifford, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.
Geo. While we deviſe fell tortures for thy faults.
" *Rich.* Thou didſt love York, and I am ſon to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'ſt Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford! ſwear as thou waſt wont.
" *Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
" When Clifford cannot ſpare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my ſoul,
" If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all deſpight might rail at him,
" This hand ſhould chop it off; and with the iſſuing blood
Stifle the villain, whoſe unſtanched thirſt
York and young Rutland could not ſatisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's ſtands.—

[a] — eager *words.*] Sour words; words of aſperity. JOHNSON.
So, in *Hamlet*: "It is a nipping and an *eager* air." STEEVENS.

And

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
' From whence ſhall Warwick cut the ſea to France,
And aſk the lady Bona for thy queen:
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe lands together;
' And, having France thy friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcatter'd foe, that hopes to riſe again;
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
Firſt, will I ſee the coronation;
' And then to Britany I'll croſs the ſea [9],
To effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, ſweet Warwick, let it be:
* For on thy ſhoulder do I build my ſeat;
* And never will I undertake the thing,
* Wherein thy counſel and conſent is wanting.—
' Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloſter;—
' And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourſelf,
' Shall do, and undo, as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloſter;
For Gloſter's dukedom is too ominous [1].
War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation;
Richard, be duke of Gloſter: Now to London,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *And then to Britany I'll croſs the ſea,*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

And afterward I'll croſs the ſeas to France. STEEVENS.

[1] *For Gloſter's dukedom is too ominous.*] The author of the original play, in which this line is found, probably had here a paſſage in Hall's *Chronicle* in his thoughts: "It ſeemeth to many men that the name and title of Glouceſter hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverſe, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that ſtile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodſtocke, ſon to kynge Edwarde the third, and this duke Humphrey, [who was killed at Bury;] whiche three perſons by miſerable death finiſhed their daies; and after them king Richard the iii. alſo duke of Glouceſter, in civil warre was ſlaine and confounded; ſo that this name of Glouceſter is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate ſtile, as the proverbe ſpeaketh of Sejanes horſe, whoſe ryder was ever unhorſed, and whoſe poſſeſſer was ever brought to miſerie." MALONE.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chace in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers[2], *with croſs-bows in their hands.*

1. *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll ſhroud ourſelves;
For through this laund[3] anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our ſtand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.
2. *Keep.* I'll ſtay above the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.
1. *Keep.* That cannot be; the noiſe of thy croſs-bow[4]
Will ſcare the herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt.
Here ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt:
And, for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this ſelf-place where now we mean to ſtand.
2. *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt.

Enter King HENRY, *diſguiſed, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I ſtol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight[5].
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy ſcepter wrung from thee,

[2] — *two Keepers*—] In the folio, inſtead of *two keepers*, we have, through negligence, the names of the perſons who repreſented theſe characters; *Sinklo*, and *Humphrey*. See Vol. III. p. 249, n. 8. MALONE.

[3] — *this* laund—] *Laund* means the ſame as *lawn*; a plain extended between woods. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:
"And that they trace the ſhady *lawnds*," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] — *the noiſe of thy croſs-bow*—] The poet appears not to have forgot the ſecrets of his former profeſſion. So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626: "—Did I not hear a *bow* go off, and the buck bray?" STEEVENS.

[5] *To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight.*] So, the folio. The quartos perhaps better thus:
And thus diſguis'd to greet my native land. STEEVENS.

Thy

" Thy balm waſh'd off, wherewith thou waſt anointed[6]:
No bending knee will call thee Cæſar now,
" No humble ſuitors preſs to ſpeak for right,
" No, not a man comes for redreſs of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myſelf?
" 1. *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whoſe ſkin's a keeper's fee:
" This is the *quondam* king; let's ſeize upon him.
" *K. Hen.* Let me embrace theſe ſour adverſities[7];
" For wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
" 2. *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
" 1. *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
" *K. Hen.* My queen, and ſon, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
" Is thither gone, to crave the French king's ſiſter
" To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
" Poor queen, and ſon, your labour is but loſt;
" For Warwick is a ſubtle orator,
" And Lewis a prince ſoon won with moving words.
" By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
" For ſhe's a woman to be pity'd much:
" Her ſighs will make a battery in his breaſt;
" Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
" The tyger will be mild, while ſhe doth mourn;
" And Nero will be tainted with remorſe[8],
" To hear, and ſee, her plaints, her briniſh tears.

[6] *Thy balm waſh'd off,*] This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakſpeare. So again, in this ſcene:

I was anointed king.

It is common in theſe plays to find the ſame images, whether jocula or ſerious, frequently recurring. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II:*

" Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
" Can waſh the balm from an anointed king."

It is obſervable that this line is one of thoſe additions to the original play, which are found in the folio, and not in the quarto. MALONE.

[7] — theſe *four* adverſities;] The old copy reads—*the foure adverſaries.* STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] And *Nero will*—] Perhaps we might better read—*A Nero will*—. STEEVENS.

" Ay,

' Ay, but ſhe's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left ſide, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, aſking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and ſays—her Henry is depos'd;
He ſmiles, and ſays—his Edward is inſtall'd;
' That ſhe, poor wretch, for grief can ſpeak no more:
' Whiles Warwick tells his title, ſmooths the wrong,
' Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength [9];
' And, in concluſion, wins the king from her,
' With promiſe of his ſiſter, and what elſe,
' To ſtrengthen and ſupport king Edward's place.
' O Margaret [1], thus 'twill be; and thou, poor ſoul,
' Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.

2. *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'ſt of kings and queens?

' *K. Hen.* More than I ſeem, and leſs than I was born to:
' A man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be [2];
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

' 2. *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a king.

' *K. Hen.* Why, ſo I am, in mind [3]; and that's enough.

2. *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
' Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian ſtones,
' Nor to be ſeen: ' my crown is call'd, content;
' A crown it is, that ſeldom kings enjoy.

[9] *Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength;*] In the former act was the ſame line:

Inferring arguments of mighty force. JOHNSON.

This repetition, like many others in theſe two plays, ſeems to have ariſen from Shakſpeare's firſt copying his original as it lay before him, and afterwards in ſubſequent paſſages (added to the old matter) introducing expreſſions which had ſtruck him in preceding ſcenes. In the old play the line occurs but once. MALONE.

[1] *O Margaret,* &c.] The piety of Henry ſcarce intereſts us more for his misfortunes, than this his conſtant ſolicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. STEEVENS.

[2] *More than I ſeem,* &c.] Thus, in the old play:

More than I ſeem, for leſs I ſhould not be;
A man at leaſt, and more I cannot be. MALONE.

[3] *— but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a* king.

Why, ſo I am, in mind;] There ſeems to be an alluſion to a line in an old ſong, quoted in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

" My *mind* to me a *kingdom* is." MALONE.

' 2. *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, muſt be contented
' To go along with us: for, as we think,
' You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
' And we his ſubjects[3], ſworn in all allegiance,
' Will apprehend you as his enemy.
* *K. Hen.* But did you never ſwear, and break an oath?
* 2. *Keep.* No, never ſuch an oath; nor will not now.
* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?
* 2. *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.
* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;
* My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
* And you were ſworn true ſubjects unto me:
* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
* 1. *Keep.* No; for we were ſubjects, but while you were king.
* *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
* Ah, ſimple men, you know not what you ſwear.
* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
* And as the air blows it to me again*,
* Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
* And yielding to another when it blows,
* Commanded always by the greater guſt;
* Such is the lightneſs of you common men.
* But do not break your oaths; for, of that ſin
* My mild entreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
* Go where you will, the king ſhall be commanded;
* And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
* 1. *Keep.* We are true ſubjects to the king, king Edward.
* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
* If he were ſeated as king Edward is.
1. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,

[3] *And we his ſubjects*, &c.] So, the folio. The quarto thus: And therefore we charge you in God's name, and the king's, To go along with us unto the officers. STEEVENS.

* *Look, as I blow this feather from my face,*
And as the air blows it to me again, &c.] So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "I am a feather for each wind that blows." MALONE.

To

go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
nd what God will, that let your king perform;
nd what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloſter, at ſaint Albans' field
his lady's huſband, ſir John Grey[4], was ſlain,
lands then ſeiz'd on by the conqueror:
ſuit is now, to repoſſeſs thoſe lands;
hich we in juſtice cannot well deny,
auſe in quarrel of the houſe of York
ne worthy gentleman did loſe his life[5].

Glo.

— *Sir John Grey,*] Vid. Hall, 3d Year of Edward IV. folio 5. It hitherto falſly printed *Richard.* POPE.

r John Grey was ſlain at the ſecond battle of St. Albans, fighting ne ſide of King Henry. MALONE.

His lands then ſeiz'd on by the conqueror *:*
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſs thoſe lands;
Which we in juſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in quarrel of the houſe of York
The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.] This is in every particular ſification of hiſtory. Sir John Grey, as has been already obſerved, n the ſecond battle of Saint Albans, which was fought on Shrove-ſday, Feb. 17, 1460-1, fighting on the ſide of king *Henry*; and ſo s it from being true that his lands were ſeized by the conqueror, een Margaret,) that they were in fact ſeized by the very perſon who ſpeaks, after his great victory at Towton, on the 29th of March, t. The preſent ſcene is laid in 1464.

hakſpeare in new moulding this play followed implicitly his author, theſe five lines, with only a ſlight variation in the third, and fifth, found in the old play,) without giving himſelf the trouble to ex-ne the hiſtory; but a few years afterwards, when he had occaſion rite his *Richard III.* and was not warped by a preceding miſre-ntation of another writer, he ſtated from the chronicles this er truly as it was; and this is one of the numerous circumſtances

Glo. Your highneſs ſhall do well, to grant her ſuit;
* It were diſhonour, to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.
' *Glo.* Yea! is it ſo[6]? [*Aſide to Clar.*
I ſee the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble ſuit.
Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind! [*Aſide.*
Glo. Silence! [*Aſide.*
' *K. Edw.* Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit[7];
' And come ſome other time, to know our mind.
' *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
' May it pleaſe your highneſs to reſolve me now;
' And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfy me.
' *Glo.* [*Aſide.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
' An if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you.
' Fight cloſer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
* *Clar.* I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall. [*Aſide.*
* *Glo.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aſide.*
' *K. Edw.* How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aſide.*

that prove inconteſtably, in my apprehenſion, that he was not the original author of this and the preceding play.

In *King Richard III.* Act I. ſc. iii. Richard addreſſing himſelf to Queen Elizabeth, (the lady Grey of the preſent ſcene,) ſays,

" In all which time you, and your huſband *Grey*,
" Were factious *for the houſe of Lancaſter*;—
" (And Rivers ſo were you:)—was not your huſband
" In *Margaret's battle* at Saint Albans ſlain?"

He calls it *Margaret's battle*, becauſe ſhe was there victorious.

MALONE.

[6] Glo. *Yea, is it ſo?* &c.] So the folio. The quartos read with the following variations:

Glo. I, Is the wind in that door?
Clarence. I ſee the lady, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Widow, we will conſider*—] This is a very lively and ſprightly dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakſpeare.

JOHNSON.

Glo.

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two. [*Aſide.*

L. Grey. Three, my moſt gracious lord.

Glo. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [*Aſide.*

* *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they ſhould loſe their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

* Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Gloſter *and* Clarence *retire to the other ſide.*

* *K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

* *L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myſelf.

* *K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

* *L. Grey.* To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.

* *K. Edw.* Then get your huſband's lands, to do them good.

* *L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majeſty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how theſe lands are to be got.

* *L. Grey.* So ſhall you bind me to your highneſs' ſervice.

* *K. Edw.* What ſervice wilt thou do me, if I give them?

* *L. Grey.* What you command, that reſts in me to do.

* *K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to aſk.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aſide.*

* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax muſt melt. [*Aſide.*

L. Grey. Why ſtops my lord? ſhall I not hear my taſk?

K. Edw. An eaſy taſk; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a ſubject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy huſband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thouſand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; ſhe ſeals it with a curt'ſy.

' *K. Edw.* But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another ſenſe.

What love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?

' *L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

' That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants[8].

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

* Your highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in priſon.

K. Edw. Why, then thou ſhalt not have thy huſband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honeſty ſhall be my dower;

For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.

' *K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'ſt thy children mightily

L. Grey. Herein your highneſs wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

' Accords not with the ſadneſs of my ſuit;

Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt ſay ay, to my requeſt:

No; if thou doſt ſay no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My ſuit is at an end.

' *Glo.* The widow likes him not, ſhe knits her brows.

[*Aſide.*

Clar. He is the bluntſt wooer in Chriſtendom. [*Aſide.*

[8] *My love till death*, &c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the old play we here find—

My humble ſervice, ſuch as ſubjects owe,
And the laws command. MALONE.

K. Edw.

[c] *K. Edw.* [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty[9];
[d] Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable;
[e] All her perfections challenge ſovereignty:
One way, or other, ſhe is for a king;
And ſhe ſhall be my love, or elſe my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious lord:
I am a ſubject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a ſovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my ſtate I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more than what my ſoul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
[f] I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine[1].

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my ſons ſhould call you—father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow[2], and thou haſt ſome children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

[9] *Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty:*] So, the folio. The quartos read;

Her looks *are all* replete with *majeſty*. STEEVENS.

[1] *I know, I am too mean to be your queen;*
And yet too good to be your concubine.] Theſe words, which are found in the old play, (except that we there have *bad*, inſtead of *mean*,) were taken by the author of that piece from Hall's *Chronicle*: "—whiche demaund ſhe ſo wyſely and with ſo covert ſpeeche anſwered and repugned, affyrmyng that as ſhe was for his honour far unable to be his ſpouſe and bedfellowe, ſo for her awne poor honeſtie ſhe was to good to be either his concubine, or ſovereigne lady; that where he was a littell before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was nowe," &c. MALONE.

[2] *Thou art a widow*, &c.] This is part of the king's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle*: "That ſhe is a widow, and hath already children; by God's bleſſed lady I am a batchelor, and have ſome too, and ſo each of us hath a proofe that neither of us is like to be barrain;" &c. STEEVENS.

Have other ſome: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many ſons.
' Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
[*Aſide.*
Clar. When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift.
[*Aſide.*
K. Edw. Brothers, you muſe what chat we two have had.
' *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks very ſad.
K. Edw. You'd think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myſelf.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the leaſt.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder laſts.
' *Glo.* By ſo much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jeſt on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her huſband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
' And brought your priſoner to your palace gate.
' *K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
' And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
' To queſtion of his apprehenſion.—
' Widow, go you along;—Lords, uſe her honourable.
[*Exeunt* K. Edw. *Lady* Grey, Clar. *and Lord.*
Glo. Ay, Edward will uſe women honourably.
'Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
' That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
' To croſs me from the golden time I look for!
' And yet, between my ſoul's deſire, and me,
' (The luſtful Edward's title buried)
' Is Clarence, Henry, and his ſon young Edward,
' And all the unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
' To take their rooms, ere I can place myſelf:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe!
' Why, then I do but dream on ſovereignty;
' Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,

' And

And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wiſh the crown, being ſo far off;
And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
And ſo I ſay—I'll cut the cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
Well, ſay there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleaſure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap[3],
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
nd witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty golden crowns!
hy, love forſwore me in my mother's womb[4]:
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with ſome bribe
To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
here ſits deformity to mock my body;
To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize;
To diſproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp[5],
That carries no impreſſion like the dam.

[3] *I'll make my heaven*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos alter and unſpoſe the two lines, as follows:

I will *go clad* my body *in* gay ornaments,
And lull myſelf within a lady's lap. STEEVENS.

[4] — *love forſwore me in my mother's womb:*] This line is found alſo a play entitled *Wily Beguiled.* The earlieſt edition that I have ſeen that piece, was printed in 1606; but it had been exhibited on the ge ſoon after the year 1590. MALONE.

[5] — *unlick'd bear-whelp,*] It was an opinion which, in ſpite of its ſurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only ſhapeleſs mps of animated fleſh, which ſhe licks into the form of bears. It is w well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the ſame te with thoſe of other creatures. JOHNSON.

* And

And am I then a man to be belov'd?
' O, monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
* Then, ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
* But to command, to check, to o'erbear ſuch
* As are of better perſon than myſelf[6],
* I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
* Until my miſ-ſhap'd trunk that bears this head,
* Be round impaled[7] with a glorious crown.
* And yet I know not how to get the crown,
* For many lives ſtand between me and home:
* And I,—like one loſt in a thorny wood,
* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
* Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way;
* Not knowing how to find the open air,
* But toiling deſperately to find it out,—
* Torment myſelf to catch the Engliſh crown:
* And from that torment I will free myſelf,
* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
' And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

[6] — *to o'erbear ſuch*
As are of better perſon than myſelf,] Richard ſpeaks here the language of nature. Whoever is ſtigmatized with deformity has a conſtant ſource of envy in his mind, and would counter-balance by ſome other ſuperiority thoſe advantages which he feels himſelf to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almoſt proverbially obſerved that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are diſpleaſed with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNSON.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
[7] *Until my miſ-ſhap'd trunk that bears this head,*
Be round impaled, &c.] *Impaled* is encircled.—A tranſpoſition ſeems to be neceſſary:
1 2 8 5 7 3 4 6
Until my head, that this miſ-ſhap'd trunk bears,—
Otherwiſe the *trunk that bears the head* is to be encircled with the crown, and not the *head* itſelf. STEEVENS.

Sir. T. Hanmer reads as Mr. Steevens recommends. I believe our author is anſwerable for this inaccuracy. MALONE.

And

And frame my face to all occaſions.
I'll drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall;
I'll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk;
I'll play the orator as well as Neſtor,
Deceive more ſlily than Ulyſſes could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
can add colours to the cameleon;
Change ſhapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And ſet the murd'rous Machiavel to ſchool [8].
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

France. *A Room in a Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter LEWIS *the* French *King, and Lady* BONA, *attended; the King takes his ſtate. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD *her Son, and the Earl of* OXFORD.

'*K. Lew.* Fair queen of England [9], worthy Margaret, [*riſing.*
'Sit down with us; it ill befits thy ſtate,

[8] *And ſet the murd'rous Machiavel to ſchool.*] As this is an anachroniſm, and the old quarto reads:

And ſet the aſpiring Cataline *to ſchool.*

I don't know why it ſhould not be preferred. WARBURTON.

Cataline firſt occurred to the author of the old play, who was probably a ſcholar; and *Machiavel*, who is mentioned in various books of our author's age, as the great exemplar of profound politicians, naturally was ſubſtituted by Shakſpeare in his room. See p. 104, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] *Fair queen of England*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos give the following:

Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France.
It fits not Lewis to ſit, while thou doſt ſtand.
Sit by my ſide; and here I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt have aid to re-poſſeſs thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his uſurped ſeat,
And place king Henry in his former rule. STEEVENS.

See the notes referred to in p. 268, n. 7. MALONE.

'And

* And birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while Lewis doth ſit.
* *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France[1]; now Margaret
* Muſt ſtrike her ſail, and learn a while to ſerve,
* Where kings command. I was, I muſt confeſs,
* Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
* But now miſchance hath trod my title down,
* And with diſhonour laid me on the ground;
* Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my fortune,
* And to my humble ſeat conform myſelf.
* *K. Lew.* Why, ſay, fair queen, whence ſprings this deep deſpair?
* *Q. Mar.* From ſuch a cauſe as fills mine eyes with tears,
* And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
* *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou ſtill like thyſelf,
* And ſit thee by our ſide: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntleſs mind
* Still ride in triumph over all miſchance.
* Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
* It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.
* *Q. Mar.* Thoſe gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
* And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
* That Henry, ſole poſſeſſor of my love,
* Is, of a king, become a baniſh'd man,
* And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
* While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
* Uſurps the regal title, and the ſeat
* Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
* This is the cauſe, that I, poor Margaret,—
* With this my ſon, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
* Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid;

[1] *No, mighty king of France*; &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech the quartos only ſupply the following:

Queen. I humbly thank your royal majeſty,
And pray the God of heaven to bleſs thy ſtate,
Great king of France, that thus regard'ſt our wrongs.

STEEVENS.

* And

* And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
* Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
* Our people and our peers are both miſ-led,
* Our treaſure ſeiz'd, our ſoldiers put to flight;
* And, as thou ſee'ſt, ourſelves in heavy plight.
* *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the ſtorm,
* While we bethink a means to break it off.
* *Q. Mar.* The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.
* *K. Lew.* The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.
* *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow:
* And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

' *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our preſence?
Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greateſt friend.
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?
[*deſcending from his ſtate.* *Queen* Mar. *riſes.*
* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.
' *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and ſovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindneſs, and unfeigned love,—
Firſt, to do greetings to thy royal perſon;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair ſiſter,
To England's king in lawful marriage.
' *Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done[2].

War.

[2] —*Henry's hope is done.*] So, the folio. The quartos read—*all our* hope is done. STEEVENS.

We have had nearly the ſame line in Margaret's former ſpeech at the top of this page. The line having made an impreſſion on Shakſpeare, he introduced it in that ſpeech, which appears (except in this inſtance)

War. And, gracious madam, [*to* Bona.] in our king's behalf,
' I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the paſſion of my ſovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.
Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me ſpeak,
' Before you anſwer Warwick. His demand [3]
' Springs not from Edward's well-meant honeſt love,
' But from deceit, bred by neceſſity:
' For how can tyrants ſafely govern home,
' Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great alliance?
' To prove him tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,—
' That Henry liveth ſtill: but were he dead,
' Yet here prince Edward ſtands, king Henry's ſon.
' Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
' Thou draw not on thy danger and diſhonour:
' For though uſurpers ſway the rule a while,
' Yet heavens are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Becauſe thy father Henry did uſurp;
And thou no more art prince, than ſhe is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick diſannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
' Whoſe wiſdom was a mirror to the wiſeſt;
And, after that wiſe prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his proweſs conquered all France:

inſtance) to have been entirely his own production; and afterwards inadvertently ſuffered it with a ſlight variation to remain here, where on it is found in the old play. MALONE.

3 *His demand*, &c.] Inſtead of the remainder of this ſpeech the old play has the following lines:

——— ——— ——— hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer Warwick, *or his words,*
For he it is hath done us all theſe wrongs. MALONE.

From

From theſe our Henry lineally deſcends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how Henry the ſixth hath loſt
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, theſe peers of France ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt,—You tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years; a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdom's worth.
' *Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy liege,
' Whom thou obeyd'ſt thirty and ſix years[4],
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.
' *Oxf.* Call him my king, by whoſe injurious doom
' My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
' When nature brought him to the door of death[5]?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the houſe of Lancaſter.
War. And I the houſe of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
' Vouchſafe, at our requeſt, to ſtand aſide,
' While I uſe further conference with Warwick.
' *Q. Mar.* Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
[*retiring with the* Prince *and* Oxf.
' *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conſcience,

[4] — *thirty and ſix years,*] So, the folio. The quartos, *thirty and eight* years. STEEVENS.
The number in the old play is right. The alteration, however, is of little conſequence. MALONE.

[5] *When nature brought him to the door of death?*] Thus the folio. The quartos: When *age did call him* to the door of death. STEEVENS.
This paſſage unavoidably brings before the mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's *Induction:*
"His withered fiſt ſtill *knocking at deathe's dore,*" &c. FARMER.

' Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
' To link with him that were not lawful choſen[6].
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate[7].
' *K. Lew.* Then further,—all diſſembling ſet aſide;
' Tell me for truth the meaſure of his love
' Unto our ſiſter Bona.
War. Such it ſeems,
As may beſeem a monarch like himſelf.
Myſelf have often heard him ſay, and ſwear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant[8];
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's ſun;
Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain[9];
Unleſs the lady Bona quit his pain.

[6] —*that were not lawful choſen.*] Thus the folio. The quartos —that *is* not lawful *heir*. STEEVENS.

Here we have another inſtance of an impropriety into which Shakſpeare has fallen by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original. After Lewis has aſked in the old play whether Henry was *lawful heir* to the crown of England, and has been anſwered in the affirmative; he next inquires whether he is *gracious*, that is, a favourite with the people. Shakſpeare has preſerved this latter queſtion, though he made a variation in the former; not adverting that after a man has been *choſen* by the voices of the people to be their king, it is quite ſuperfluous to aſk whether he is popular or no.—Edward was in fact *choſen* king, both by the parliament and by a large body of the people aſſembled in St. John's fields. See Fabian, who wrote about fifty years after the time, p. 472, and Stowe, p. 638, edit. 1605. MALONE.

[7] —*that Henry was unfortunate.*] He means, that Henry was unſucceſsful in war, having loſt his dominions in France, &c. MALONE.

[8] —*was an* eternal *plant*;] The folio reads—an *external* plant; but as that word ſeems to afford no meaning, and as Shakſpeare has adopted every other part of this ſpeech as he found it in the old play, without alteration, I ſuppoſe *external* was a miſtake of the tranſcriber or printer, and have therefore followed the reading of the quarto. The poet, ſays Dr Warburton, alludes to the plants of paradiſe. MALONE.

[9] *Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain,*] I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His ſituation places him above theſe, though it cannot ſecure him from female diſdain. STEEVENS.

K. Lew.

K. *Lew.* Now, ſiſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, ſhall be mine:—
t I confeſs, [*to* War.] that often ere this day,
hen I have heard your king's deſert recounted,
ine ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.
• *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus,—Our ſiſter ſhall be Edward's;
And now forthwith ſhall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king muſt make,
Which with her dowry ſhall be counterpois'd:—
raw near, queen Margaret; and be a witneſs,
hat Bona ſhall be wife to the Engliſh king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the Engliſh king.
• *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my ſuit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.
• *K. Lew.* And ſtill is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good ſucceſs,—
Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
That your eſtate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his eaſe;
Where having nothing, nothing he can loſe.
And as for you yourſelf, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you[1];
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.
• *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs Warwick;
• Proud ſetter-up and puller-down of kings*!
• I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
• Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
• Thy ſly conveyance[2], and thy lord's falſe love;

[1] *You have a father able,* &c.] This ſeems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topick of reproach. JOHNSON.

* *Proud ſetter-up and puller-down of kings!*] This line with a ſlight variation has occurred before. See p. 285, n. 2. The repetition has been already accounted for, in p. 301, n. 9, and p. 313, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] *Thy ſly conveyance,*] Conveyance is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. JOHNSON.

• For both of you are birds of ſelf-ſame feather.

[*A horn ſounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is ſome poſt to us, or thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord ambaſſador, theſe letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—
Theſe from our king unto your majeſty.—
And, madam, theſe for you; from whom, I know not.

[*To* Margaret. *They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and miſtreſs
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis ſtamps as he were nettled:
• I hope, all's for the beſt.

' *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

' *Q. Mar.* Mine, ſuch as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of ſorrow and heart's diſcontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?
' And now, to ſooth your forgery and his[5],
' Sends me a paper to perſuade me patience?
' Is this the alliance that he ſeeks with France?
' Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?

• *Q. Mar.* I told your majeſty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honeſty.

War. King Lewis, I here proteſt,—in ſight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliſs,—
That I am clear from this miſdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he diſhonours me;
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.—
Did I forget, that by the houſe of York
My father came untimely to his death[*]?
Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece[6]?

Did

[5] —*to* ſooth *your forgery and his,*] To ſoften it, to make it more endurable: or perhaps, to ſooth us, and to prevent our being exaſperated by your forgery and his. MALONE.

[*] *My father came untimely,* &c.] See p. 283, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] *Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece?*] Thus Holinſhed, p. 668: "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles houſe, which

impale him with the regal crown?
put Henry from his native right;
am I guerdon'd at the laſt with ſhame?
ne on himſelf! for my deſert is honour.
, to repair my honour loſt for him,
e renounce him, and return to Henry:
noble queen, let former grudges paſs,
enceforth I am thy true ſervitor;
revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
eplant Henry in his former ſtate.

Mar. Warwick, theſe words have turn'd my hate to love;
I forgive and quite forget old faults,
joy that thou becom'ſt king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
if king Lewis vouchſafe to furniſh us
ome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
dertake to land them on our coaſt,
nce the tyrant from his ſeat by war.
ot his new-made bride ſhall ſuccour him:
as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
very likely now to fall from him;
matching more for wanton luſt than honour,
han for ſtrength and ſafety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how ſhall Bona be reveng'd,
by thy help to this diſtreſſed queen?

Mar. Renowned prince, how ſhall poor Henry live,
eſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this Engliſh queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
fore, at laſt, I firmly am reſolv'd,
hall have aid.

ch againſt the earles honeſtie, (whether he would have defloured ghter or his *niece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours l) for ſurely ſuch a thing was attempted by king Edward."
STEEVENS.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then England's meſſenger, return in poſt;
And tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed king,—
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
* Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy king withal [7].
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on [8].
War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward [9]; be gone. [*Exit Meſ.*
K. Lew. But, Warwick;
Thou, and Oxford, with five thouſand men,
Shall croſs the ſeas, and bid falſe Edward battle [1];
* And, as occaſion ſerves, this noble queen
* And prince ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply.
' Yet, ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt;—
' What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldeſt daughter [2], and my joy,

To

[7] —*go* fear *thy king*—] That is, *fright* thy king. JOHNSON.

[8] —*to put armour on.*] It was once no unuſual thing for queens themſelves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The ſuit which Elizabeth wore when ſhe rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be ſtill ſeen in the Tower. STEEVENS.

[9] —*thy reward*;] Here we are to ſuppoſe that, according to ancient cuſtom, Warwick makes a preſent to the herald or meſſenger, whom the original copies call—a *Poſt*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*and* bid *falſe Edward battle*:] This phraſe is common to many of our ancient writers. So, in the *Miſfortunes of Arthur*, a dramatick performance, 1587:

" ——— my fleſh abhors
" To *bid the battle* to my proper blood." STEEVENS.

[2] *I'll join mine* eldeſt *daughter*,] This is a departure from the truth of hiſtory, for Edward prince of Wales (as Mr. Theobald has obſerved) was married to Anne, the *ſecond* daughter of the earl of Warwick. But notwithſtanding this, his reading [*youngeſt* daughter] has, I think, been improperly adopted by the ſubſequent editors; for though in

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

" *Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree [3], and thank you for your motion:—

" Son Edward, ſhe is fair and virtuous,
" Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
" And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
" That only Warwick's daughter ſhall be thine.

" *Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerves it;
" And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.

" *K. Lew.* Why ſtay we now? Theſe ſoldiers ſhall be levy'd,
" And thou, lord Bourbon [4], our high admiral,
" Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
" I long, till Edward fall by war's miſchance,
" For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but* Warwick.

in fact the duke of Clarence married Iſabella, the *eldeſt* daughter of Warwick, in 1468, and Edward prince of Wales married Anne, his *ſecond* daughter, in 1470; *neither* of his daughters was married at the time when Warwick was in France negotiating a marriage between Lady Bona and his king: ſo that there is no inconſiſtency in the preſent propoſal. Suppoſing, however, that the original author of this play made a miſtake, and imagined that the *youngeſt* daughter of Warwick was married to Clarence, I apprehend, he, and not his editor, ought to anſwer for it.

This is one of the numerous circumſtances which prove that Shakſpeare was not the *original* author of this play; for though here, as in a former paſſage, (p. 303, n. 5.) he has followed the old drama, when he afterwards wrote his *K. Richard III.* and found it neceſſary to conſult the ancient hiſtorians, he repreſented Lady Anne, as ſhe in fact was, the widow of Edward, prince of Wales, and the *youngeſt* daughter of the earl of Warwick. MALONE.

[3] *Yes, I agree,* &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quarto has only the following:

With all my heart; I like this match full well.
Love her, ſon Edward; ſhe is fair and young;
And give thy hand to Warwick, for his love. STEEVENS.

[4] *And thou, lord Bourbon,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the three following lines, we have theſe in the old play:

And *you,* lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them *ſafely to the Engliſh coaſts*;
And chaſe proud Edward *from his ſlumb'ring trance,*
For mocking marriage with *the name* of France. MALONE.

War. I came from Edward as embaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale, but me?
Then none but I ſhall turn his jeſt to ſorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's miſery,
But ſeek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and Others.*

[a] *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence[s], what think you
[a] Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
[a] Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
[a] *Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
[a] How could he ſtay till Warwick made return?
[a] *Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

[s] *Now tell me, brother Clarence,*] In the old play the king enters here along with his brothers, not after them, and opens the ſcene thus:

Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Glocester,
What think you of our marriage with the lady Grey?
Glo. My lord, we think as Warwick and Lewis,
That are ſo ſlack in judgment that they'll take
No offence at this ſudden marriage.
Edw. Suppoſe they do, they are but Lewis and Warwick;
And I am your king and Warwick's; and will be
Obey'd.
Glo. And ſhall, becauſe you are our king;
But yet ſuch ſudden marriages ſeldom proveth well.
Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you againſt us too?

MALONE.

Flouriſh.

riſh. Enter King Edward, *attended*; *Lady* Grey, *as queen*; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others*[6].

Glo. And his well-choſen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you ſtand penſive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are ſo weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuſe.

K. Edw. Suppoſe, they take offence without a cauſe,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and muſt have my will.

Glo. And ſhall have your will, becauſe our king:
Yet haſty marriage ſeldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:
No; God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To ſunder them that yoke ſo well together.

K. Edw. Setting your ſcorns, and your miſlike, aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerſet[7], and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion[8],—that king Lewis

[6] The ſtage-direction in the folio, [*Four ſtand on one ſide, and four on the other.*] is ſufficient proof that the play, as exhibited there, was noted from a ſtage copy. I ſuppoſe theſe *eight* important perſonages were attendants. STEEVENS.

[7] *And you too*, Somerſet, &c.] In the old play Somerſet does not appear in this ſcene. MALONE.

[8] Clar. *Then this is my opinion*,—&c.] Inſtead of this and the following ſpeech, the quartos read thus:

Clar. My lord, then this is my opinion;
That Warwick, being diſhonour'd in his embaſſage,
Doth ſeek revenge, to quit his injuries.
Glo. And Lewis in regard of his ſiſter's wrongs,
Doth join with Warwick to ſupplant your ſtate. STEEVENS.

' Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
' About the marriage of the lady Bona.
' *Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in char
' Is now diſhonoured by this new marriage.
' *K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be peas'd,
' By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in ſuch alliar
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our commonwealt
'Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriag
' *Haſt.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itſelf
' England is ſafe, if true within itſelf[9]?
* *Mont.* But the ſafer, when it is back'd with Franc
* *Haſt.* 'Tis better uſing France, than truſting Fran
* Let us be back'd with God, and with the ſeas[1],
* Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
* And with their helps only defend ourſelves;
* In them, and in ourſelves, our ſafety lies.
Clar. For this one ſpeech, lord Haſtings well déſerv
' To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
' *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and gra
* And, for this once, my will ſhall ſtand for law.
' *Glo.* And yet, methinks[2], your grace hath not do well,
' To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales

[9] *Why, knows not Montague, that of itſelf*
England is ſafe, if true within itſelf?] In the old play theſe li ſtand thus:

Let England be true within itſelf,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.

It is obſervable that the firſt of theſe lines occurs in the old pla *King John*, 1591, from which our author borrowed it, and inſerte with a ſlight change in his own play with the ſame title. MALON

[1] —*with the ſeas,*] This has been the advice of every man whc any age underſtood and favoured the intereſt of England. JOHNSO

[2] *And yet, methinks,* &c.] The quartos vary from the folio, follows:

Clar. Ay, and for ſuch a thing too, the lord Scales
Did well deſerve at your hands, to have the
Daughter of the lord Bonfield; and left your
Brothers to go ſeek elſewhere; but in your madneſs
You bury brotherhood. STEEVENS.

' Ur

' Unto the brother of your loving bride;
' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
' *Clar.* Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the heir[3]
' Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's ſon,
' And leave your brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
' That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
' *Clar.* In chooſing for yourſelf, you ſhew'd your judgment:
' Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave
' To play the broker in mine own behalf;
' And, to that end, I ſhortly mind to leave you.
' *K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
' And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
' *Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majeſty
' To raiſe my ſtate to title of a queen,
' Do me but right, and you muſt all confeſs
' That I was not ignoble of deſcent*,
' And meaner than myſelf have had like fortune.
' But as this title honours me and mine,
' So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
' Do cloud my joys with danger and with ſorrow.
' *K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns[4]:
' What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,

[3] — *you would not have beſtow'd the heir*—] It muſt be remembered, that till the Reſtoration, the heireſſes of great eſtates were in the wardſhip of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNSON.

* — *I was not ignoble of deſcent,*] Her father was Sir Richard Widville, knight, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Dutcheſs dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, earl of Saint Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. MALONE.

[4] *My love, forbear,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the following ſpeech, the old play has only theſe lines:

Edw. Forbear, my love, to fawne upon their frowns,
For thee they muſt obey, nay, ſhall obey,
And if they look for favour at my hands.
Mont. My lord, here is the meſſenger return'd from Fraunce.
MALONE.

' So

' So long as Edward is thy conſtant friend,
' And their true ſovereign, whom they muſt obey?
' Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
' Unleſs they ſeek for hatred at my hands:
' Which if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe,
' And they ſhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
' *Glo.* I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more.
[*Aſide.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

' *K. Edw.* Now, meſſenger, what letters, or what news
From France?
' *Meſ.* My ſovereign liege, no letters; and few words;
' But ſuch as I, without your ſpecial pardon,
Dare not relate.
' *K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief
' Tell me their words as near as thou canſt gueſs them.
' What anſwer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Meſ. At my depart, theſe were his very words;
Go tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed king,—
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis ſo brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
' But what ſaid lady Bona to my marriage?
Meſ. Theſe were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain.
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.
' *K. Edw.* I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs;
' She had the wrong. But what ſaid Henry's queen?
' For I have heard, that ſhe was there in place[5].
Meſ. Tell him, quoth ſhe, *my mourning weeds are done*
And I am ready to put armour on.
' *K. Ed.* Belike, ſhe minds to play the Amazon.

[5] — *ſhe was there* in place.] This expreſſion, ſignifying, ſhe was there *preſent*, occurs frequently in old Engliſh writers. MALONE.

[6] — *are* done,] i. e. are conſumed, thrown off. The word is often uſed in this ſenſe by the writers of our author's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

" And if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and *done*
" As is the morning's ſilver-melting dew." MALONE.

Bu

But what ſaid Warwick to theſe injuries?
' *Meſ.* He, more incens'd againſt your majeſty
' Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
' *K. Edw.* Ha! durſt the traitor breathe out ſo proud words?
' Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
' They ſhall have wars, and pay for their preſumption.
' But ſay, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
' *Meſ.* Ay, gracious ſovereign; they are ſo link'd in friendſhip,
' That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger[7].
' Now, brother king, farewel, and ſit you faſt,
' For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
' That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
' I may not prove inferior to yourſelf.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me[8].
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*
' *Glo.*

[7] *Belike the elder, Clarence will have the younger.*] Clarence having in fact married Iſabella, the *elder* daughter of Warwick, Mr. Theobald made *elder* and *younger* change places in this line; in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the ſubſequent editors: The author of the old play, where this line is found, might from ignorance or intentionally have deviated from hiſtory, in his account of the perſon whom Clarence married. See a former note, p. 320, n. 2. MALONE.

[8] *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.*] That Clarence ſhould make this ſpeech in the king's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not ſee how it can be palliated. The king never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he anſwers immediately to that which the Poſt ſays to the king. JOHNSON.

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.] When the earl of Eſſex attempted to raiſe a rebellion in the city, with a deſign, as was ſuppoſed, to ſtorm the queen's palace, he ran about the ſtreets with his ſword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me." STEEVENS.

Clarence certainly ſpeaks in the hearing of the king, who immediately after his brother has retired, exclaims, that he is gone to join with Warwick.

This

* *Glo.* Not I[9]:
* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
* Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerſet both gone to Warwick!
* Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen;
* And haſte is needful in this deſperate caſe.—
* Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf[1]
* Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
* They are already, or quickly will be landed:
* Myſelf in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Stafford.
* But, ere I go, Haſtings,—and Montague,—
* Reſolve my doubt. You twain, of all the reſt,
* Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:

This line is in the old quarto play. One nearly reſembling it is likewiſe found in *the Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"Myſelf will lead the way,
"And make a paſſage with my conquering ſword,
"Knee-deep in blood of theſe accurſed Moors;
"*And they that love my honour, follow me.*"

So alſo, in our author's *King Richard III:*

"The reſt that love me, riſe, and follow me." MALONE.

[9] *Glo. Not I:*] After Clarence goes out, we have in the old play the following dialogue; part of which Shakſpeare rejected, and tranſpoſed the reſt:

Edw. Clarence and Somerſet fled to Warwick!
What ſay you, brother Richard, will you ſtand to us?
Glo. Ay, my lord, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you;
For why hath nature made me halt downright,
But that I ſhould be valiant and ſtand to it?
For if I would, I cannot run away. MALONE.

[1] *Pembroke, and Stafford,* &c.] The quartos give the paſſage thus:

Pembroke, go raiſe an army preſently;
Pitch up my tent; for in the field this night
I mean to reſt; and, on the morrow morn,
I'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land
Thoſe ſtraggling troops which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, Montague and Haſtings, you
Of all the reſt are neareſt ally'd in blood
To Warwick; therefore tell me if you favour
Him more than me, or not; ſpeak truly, for
I had rather have you open enemies
Than hollow friends. STEEVENS.

* Tel

'Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
'If it be ſo, then both depart to him;
'I rather wiſh you foes, than hollow friends:
'But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
'Give me aſſurance with ſome friendly vow,
'That I may never have you in ſuſpect.
Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Haſt. And Haſtings, as he favours Edward's cauſe!
'*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you ſtand by us?
Glo. Ay, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
'*K. Edw.* Why ſo; then am I ſure of victory.
'Now therefore let us hence; and loſe no hour,
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickſhire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with* French *and other forces.*

War. Truſt me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers ſwarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET.

But, ſee, where Somerſet and Clarence come;—
Speak ſuddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerſet:—I hold it cowardice,
To reſt miſtruſtful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in ſign of love;
Elſe might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, ſweet Clarence; my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being careleſly encamp'd,
His ſoldiers lurking in the towns about[2],

And

[2] —towns *about,*] Old Copies—*town.* Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. See the next ſcene:

" —— but

And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure?
Our ſcouts have found the adventure very eaſy[3]:
* That as Ulyſſes, and ſtout Diomede,
* With ſleight and manhood ſtole to Rheſus' tents,
* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal ſteeds
* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
* And ſeize himſelf; I ſay not—ſlaughter him,
* For I intend but only to ſurprize him.—
' You, that will follow me to this attempt,
' Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry*, Henry.
Why, then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and ſaint George[4]!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Edward's *Camp, near* Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the king's tent.*

* 1. *Watch.* Come on, my maſters, each man take his ſtand;
* The king, by this, is ſet him down to ſleep.
* 2. *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

" ——— but why commands the king,
" That his chief followers lodge in *towns* about him?"
MALONE.

[3] — *very eaſy*:] Here the quartos conclude this ſpeech, adding only the following lines:

Then cry king Henry with reſolved minds,
And break we preſently into his tent. STEEVENS.

[4] — *and ſaint George!*] After the two concluding lines of this ſcene, which in the old play are given not to Warwick but to Clarence, we there find the following ſpeeches, which Shakſpeare has introduced in a ſubſequent place:

War. This is his tent; and ſee where his guard doth ſtand.
Courage, my ſoldiers; now or never.
But follow me now, and Edward ſhall be ours.
All. A Warwick, a Warwick! MALONE.

* 1. *Watch*

* 1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemn vow,
* Never to lie and take his natural reſt,
* Till Warwick, or himſelf, be quite ſuppreſt.
* 2. *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, ſhall be the day,
* If Warwick be ſo near as men report.
* 3. *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what nobleleman is that,
* That with the king here reſteth in his tent?
* 1. *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Haſtings, the king's chiefeſt friend.
* 3. *Watch.* O, is it ſo? But why commands the king,
* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
* While he himſelf keeps in the cold field?
* 2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe more dangerous.
* 3. *Watch.* Ay; but give me worſhip, and quietneſs,
* I like it better than a dangerous honour.
* If Warwick knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
* 1. *Watch.* Unleſs our halberds did ſhut up his paſſage.
* 2. *Watch.* Ay; wherefore elſe guard we his royal tent,
* But to defend his perſon from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and forces.*

' *War.* This is his tent; and ſee, where ſtand his guard.
' Courage, my maſters: honour now, or never!
' But follow me, and Edward ſhall be ours.
1. *Watch.* Who goes there?
* 2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou dieſt.

[Warwick, *and the reſt, cry all*—Warwick! Warwick! *and ſet upon the guard; who fly, crying*—*Arm! Arm!* Warwick, *and the reſt, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets ſounding, Re-enter WARWICK, *and the reſt, bringing the king out in a gown, ſitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

' *Som.* What are they that fly there?
' *War.* Richard, and Haſtings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when, we parted laſt[5],
Thou call'dſt me king?

War. Ay, but the caſe is alter'd:
' When you diſgrac'd me in my embaſſade,
' Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how ſhould you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to uſe ambaſſadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to uſe your brothers brotherly;
* Nor how to ſtudy for the people's welfare;
Nor how to ſhrowd yourſelf from enemies?

* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother[6] of Clarence, art thou here too?

* Nay, then I ſee, that Edward needs muſt down.—
' Yet, Warwick, in deſpight of all miſchance,
' Of thee thyſelf, and all thy complices,
' Edward will always bear himſelf as king:
* Though fortune's malice overthrow my ſtate,
* My mind exceeds the compaſs of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now ſhall wear the Engliſh crown,
* And be true king indeed; thou but the ſhadow.—
' My lord of Somerſet, at my requeſt,
' See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
' Unto my brother, archbiſhop of York.
' When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
' I'll follow you, and tell what anſwer
' Lewis, and the lady Bona, ſend to him:—
Now, for a while, farewel, good duke of York.

5 —*when we parted* laſt,] The word *laſt*, which is found in the old play, was inadvertently omitted in the folio. MALONE.

6 *Yea, brother*, &c.] In the old play this ſpeech conſiſts of only theſe two lines:

Well, Warwick, let fortune do her worſt,
Edward in mind will bear himſelf a king.

Henry has made the ſame declaration in a former ſcene. MALONE.

* *K. Edw.*

* *K. Edw.* What fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide;
* It boots not to reſiſt both wind and tide.
[*Exit King* Edward, *led out*; Somerſet *with him.*
* *Oxf.* What now remains [7], my lords, for us to do,
* But march to London with our ſoldiers?
War Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do;
' To free king Henry from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS [8].

' *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?
' *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
' What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

[7] *What now remains*, &c.] Inſtead of this and the following ſpeech, the quartos have:

Clar. What follows now? all hitherto goes well;
But we muſt diſpatch ſome letters into France,
To tell the queen of our happy fortune;
And bid her come with ſpeed to join with us.
War. Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do,
And free king Henry from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated on the regal throne.
Come, let's away; and, having paſt theſe cares,
I'll poſt to York, and ſee how Edward fares. STEEVENS.

[8] *Enter Rivers*, &c.] Throughout this ſcene the quartos vary in almoſt every ſpeech from the folio. The variations however are hardly ſuch as to deſerve notice. STEEVENS.

They are, however, ſo marked, as to prove deciſively, I think, that either Shakſpeare wrote two diſtinct pieces on this ſubject at different periods, or that the play as exhibited in the folio was his, and that in quarto the production of a preceding writer. Let the ſecond ſpeech of Rivers be read with this view:

What loſſe? of ſome pitcht battaile againſt Warwicke?
Tuſh, feare not, faire queene, but caſt theſe cares aſide.
King Edward's noble mind his honour doth diſplay,
And Warwick may loſe, though then he got the day.

See alſo the ſpeech of Clarence quoted in the laſt note. MALONE.

Riv. What, loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt Warwick?

' *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.

' *Riv.* Then is my ſovereign ſlain?

' *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;

' Either betray'd by falſhood of his guard,

' Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:

' And, as I further have to underſtand,

' Is now committed to the biſhop of York,

' Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

' *Riv.* Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:

' Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;

' Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.

* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.

* And I the rather wean me from deſpair,

* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

* This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,

* And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs;

* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear;

* And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,

* Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown

* King Edward's fruit, true heir to the Engliſh crown.

* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

' *Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,

* To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head:

* Gueſs thou the reſt; king Edward's friends muſt down.

' But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,

' (For truſt not him that hath once broken faith,)

' I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,

' To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right;

' There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force, and fraud.

' Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;

' If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt*

SCENE

SCENE V[9].

A Park near Middleham *Caſtle in* Yorkſhire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* William Stanley, *and Others.*

'*Glo.* Now, my lord Haſtings[1]; and ſir William Stanley,
'Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
'Into this chiefeſt thicket of the park.
'Thus ſtands the caſe: You know, our king, my brother,
'Is priſoner to the biſhop here, at whoſe hands
'He hath good uſage and great liberty;
'And often, but attended with weak guard,
'Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
'I have advertis'd him by ſecret means,
'That if, about this hour, he make this way,
'Under the colour of his uſual game,
'He ſhall here find his friends, with horſe and men,
'To ſet him free from his captivity.

[9] *Scene V.*] In new forming theſe pieces Shakſpeare tranſpoſed not only many lines and ſpeeches, but ſome of the ſcenes. This ſcene in the original play precedes that which he has made the fourth ſcene of this act. MALONE.

[1] *Now, my lord Haſtings,* &c.] I ſhall inſert the ſpeech correſponding to this in the old play, as the compariſon will ſhew the reader in what manner Shakſpeare proceeded, where he merely retouched and expanded what he found in the elder drama, without the addition of any new matter:

Glo. Lord Haſtings and Sir William Stanley,
Know that the cauſe I ſent for you is this.
I look my brother with a ſlender train
Should come a hunting in this foreſt here.
The biſhop of York befriends him much;
And lets him uſe his pleaſure in the chaſe.
Now I have privily ſent him word
How I am come with you to reſcue him;
And ſee where the huntſman and he doth come. MALONE.

Enter King EDWARD, *and a* Huntſman.

' *Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
' *K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; ſee, where the huntſmen ſtand.—
' Now, brother of Gloſter, lord Haſtings, and the reſt,
' Stand you thus cloſe to ſteal the biſhop's deer?
' *Glo.* Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte;
' Your horſe ſtands ready at the park-corner.
' *K. Edw.* But whither ſhall we then?
' *Haſt.* To Lynn, my lord; and ſhip[2] from thence to Flanders.
' *Glo.* Well gueſs'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
' *K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſs.
' *Glo.* But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.
' *K. Edw.* Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?
' *Hunt.* Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.
' *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.
' *K. Edw.* Biſhop, farewel: ſhield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repoſſeſs the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant *of the Tower, and* Attendants.

' *K. Hen.* Maſter lieutenant, now that God and friends
' Have ſhaken Edward from the regal ſeat;
' And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
' My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys;
' At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

[2] —*and* ſhip—] The firſt folio has *ſhipt*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their ſove-
reigns;
* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
* I then crave pardon of your majeſty.
* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well uſing me?
* Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs,
* For that it made my impriſonment a pleaſure:
* Ay, ſuch a pleaſure as incaged birds
* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
* At laſt, by notes of houſhold harmony,
* They quite forget their loſs of liberty.—
* But, Warwick, after God, thou ſet'ſt me free,
* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
* He was the author, thou the inſtrument.
* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's ſpight,
* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
* And that the people of this bleſſed land
* May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars;
* Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the crown,
* I here reſign my government to thee,
* For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
* *War.* Your grace hath ſtill been fam'd for virtuous;
* And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,
* By ſpying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
* For few men rightly temper with the ſtars[3]:
* Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
* For chooſing me, when Clarence is in place.
* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the ſway,
* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
* As likely to be bleſt in peace, and war;
* And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.
* *War.* And I chooſe Clarence only for protector.

[3] — *few men rightly* temper *with the ſtars:*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their deſtiny, which king Henry did, when finding himſelf unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more proſperous hands. JOHNSON.

* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
* Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
* That no diſſention hinder government:
* I make you both protectors of this land;
* While I myſelf will lead a private life,
* And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke, and my Creator's praiſe.
War. What anſwers Clarence to his ſovereign's will?
* *Clar.* That he conſents, if Warwick yield conſent;
* For on thy fortune I repoſe myſelf.
* *War.* Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content;
* We'll yoke together, like a double ſhadow
* To Henry's body, and ſupply his place;
* I mean, in bearing weight of government,
* While he enjoys the honour, and his eaſe.
* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
* Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
* And all his lands and goods be confiſcate[4].
Clar. What elſe? and that ſucceſſion be determin'd.
* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence ſhall not want his part.
* *K. Hen.* But, with the firſt of all your chief affairs,
* Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
* That Margaret your queen, and my ſon Edward,
* Be ſent for, to return from France with ſpeed:
* For, till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear
* My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
* *Clar.* It ſhall be done, my ſovereign, with all ſpeed.
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerſet, what youth is that,
' Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?
' *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
' *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If ſecret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*

[4] *And all his lands and goods* be *confiſcate.*] For the inſertion of the word *be*, which the defect of the metre proves to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, I am anſwerable. MALONE.

' Suggeſt

Suggeſt but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad[5] will prove our country's bliſs.
His looks are full of peaceful majeſty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſcepter; and himſelf
Likely, in time, to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Muſt help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. What news, my friend?
Meſ. That Edward is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to Burgundy.
War. Unſavoury news: But how made he eſcape?
Meſ. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloſter,
And the lord Haſtings, who attended him

[5] *This pretty lad*—] He was afterwards Henry VII, a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houſes, but not otherwiſe remarkable for virtue. Shakſpeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare only copied this particular, together with many others, from Holinſhed: "—whom when the king had a good while beheld, he ſaid to ſuch princes as were with him: Lo, ſuerlie this is he, to whom both we and our adverſaries leaving the poſſeſſion of all things, ſhall hereafter give roome and place." p. 678. STEEVENS.

Holinſhed tranſcribed this paſſage almoſt *verbatim* from Hall, whom the author of the old play, as I conceive, copied. This ſpeech originally ſtood thus:

Come hither, pretty lad. If heavenly powers
Do aim aright, to my divining ſoul,
Thou, pretty boy, ſhalt prove this country's bliſs;
Thy head is made to wear a princely crown;
Thy looks are all replete with majeſty:
Make much of him, my lords, &c.

Henry earl of Richmond was the ſon of Edmond earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the firſt duke of Somerſet. Edmond earl of Richmond was half-brother to king Henry the Sixth, being the ſon of that king's mother queen Catharine, by her ſecond huſband Owen Teuther or Tudor, who was taken priſoner at the battle of Mortimer's Croſs, and ſoon afterwards beheaded at Hereford. MALONE.

* In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt ſide,
* And from the biſhop's huntſmen reſcued him;
* For hunting was his daily exerciſe.
* *War.* My brother was too careleſs of his charge.—
* But let us hence, my ſovereign, to provide
* A ſalve for any ſore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WAR. CLA. Lieu. *and Att.*

* *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
* For, doubtleſs, Burgundy will yield him help;
* And we ſhall have more wars, before't be long.
* As Henry's late preſaging prophecy
* Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
* So doth my heart miſgive me, in theſe conflicts
* What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
* Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worſt,
* Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to Britany,
* Till ſtorms be paſt of civil enmity.
* *Oxf.* Ay; for, if Edward re-poſſeſs the crown,
* Tis like, that Richmond with the reſt ſhall down.
* *Som.* It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to Britany.
* Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII[6].

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

[c] *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard[7], lord Haſtings, and the reſt[8];

[6] *SCENE VII.*] This ſcene in the old play precedes that which Shakſpeare has made the ſixth of the preſent act. MALONE.

[7] *Now, brother Richard,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the three following ſpeeches, the quartos read only:

Enter Edward *and* Richard, *with a troop of* Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from Belgia have we paſt the ſeas,
And march'd from Raunſpur-haven unto York:
But ſoft! the gates are ſhut; I like not this.
Rich. Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.

STEEVENS.

[c] Yet

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And ſays—that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained ſtate for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the ſeas,
And brought deſired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenſpurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
' *Glo.* The gates made faſt!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that ſtumble at the threſhold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
' *K. Edw.* Tuſh, man! abodements muſt not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
' *Haſt.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to ſummon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor *of* York, *and his Brethren.*

' *May.* My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And ſhut the gates for ſafety of ourſelves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
' *K. Edw.* But, maſter mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the leaſt, is duke of York.
' *May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no leſs.
' *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.
' *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his noſe,
He'll ſoon find means to make the body follow. [*Aſide.*

[8] — lord *Haſtings, and the reſt*;] "Leave out the word *lord*," ſays one of our author's commentators. If we do not cloſely attend to is phraſeology and metre, and ſhould think ourſelves at liberty to ubſtitute modern phraſeology and modern metre, almoſt every line in is plays might be altered.—*Brother*, like many ſimilar words, (*rather*, *whether*, *either*, &c.) is here uſed by Shakſpeare, as a monoſyllable, nd the metre was to his ear perfect. MALONE.

' *Haſt.*

' *Haſt.* Why, maſter mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.
' *May.* Ay, ſay you ſo? the gates ſhall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt, from above.*
' *Glo.* A wiſe ſtout captain, and ſoon perſuaded!
' *Haſt.* The good old man would fain that all were well[9],
' So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
' I doubt not, I, but we ſhall ſoon perſuade
' Both him, and all his brothers, unto reaſon.

Re-enter the Mayor *and two* Aldermen, *below.*

' *K. Edw.* So, maſter mayor: theſe gates muſt not be ſhut,
' But in the night, or in the time of war.
' What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*takes his keys.*
' For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
' And all thoſe friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is ſir John Montgomery,
Our truſty friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd.
' *K. Edw.* Welcome, ſir John! But why come you in arms?
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of ſtorm,
As every loyal ſubject ought to do.
' *Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
' Our title to the crown; and only claim
' Our dukedom, till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
' *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to ſerve a king, and not a duke.—
' Drummer, ſtrike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*
' *K. Edw.* Nay, ſtay, ſir John, a while; and we'll debate,

[9] *The good old man would fain that all were well,*] The mayor willing we ſhould enter, ſo he may not be blamed. JOHNSON.

' By what ſafe means the crown may be recover'd.
' *Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,
' If you'll not here proclaim yourſelf our king,
' I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you:
Why ſhould we fight, if you pretend no title?
' *Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
' *K. Edw.* When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make our claim:
' Till then, 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning.
' *Haſt.* Away with ſcrupulous wit! now arms muſt rule.
' *Glo.* And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto crowns.
' Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
' The bruit thereof[1] will bring you many friends.
' *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
' And Henry but uſurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my ſovereign ſpeaketh like himſelf;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Haſt. Sound, trumpet; Edward ſhall be here proclaim'd:—
' Come, fellow-ſoldier, make thou proclamation.
[*gives him a paper. Flouriſh.*
Sold. [*reads.*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,* &c.
Mont. And whoſoe'er gainſays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.
[*throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the fourth!

[1] *The* bruit *whereof*—] The word *bruit* is found in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, and is defined "A reporte ſpread abroad." MALONE.

So, in Preſton's *Cambyſes*:
" —— Whoſe many acts do fly
" By *bruit* of fame." STEEVENS.

The French word *bruit* was very early made a denizon of our language: "Behold the noiſe of the *bruit* is come." Jeremiah X. 22. WHALLEY.

' *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery [2];—and thanks unto you all.
' If fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
' Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
' And, when the morning ſun ſhall raiſe his car
' Above the border of this horizon,
' We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
' For, well I wot, that Henry is no ſoldier.—
' Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beſeems thee,
' To flatter Henry, and forſake thy brother!
' Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
' Come on, brave ſoldiers; doubt not of the day;
' And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII [3].

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counſel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With haſty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
' And many giddy people flock to him.
' *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again [4].
Clar.

[2] *Thanks, brave Montgomery*; &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quartos have only the following:

Edw. We thank you all: lord mayor, lead on the way.
For this night we will harbour here in York;
And then as early as the morning ſun
Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
We'll march to London to meet with Warwick,
And pull falſe Henry from the regal throne. STEEVENS.

[3] *SCENE VIII.*] This ſcene in the original play follows immediately after Henry's obſervation on young Richmond, which is in the ſixth ſcene of the preſent play. MALONE.

[4] *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*] This line is given in the folio to the king, to whom it is ſo unſuitable, that I have no doubt it

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being ſuffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickſhire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Thoſe will I muſter up:—and thou, ſon Clarence,
Shalt ſtir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leiceſterſhire, ſhalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordſhire ſhalt muſter up thy friends.—
My ſovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his iſland, girt in with the ocean,
Or modeſt Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall reſt in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and ſtand not to reply.—
Farewel, my ſovereign.

K. Hen. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope[5].

Clar.

it was merely a printer's error. I have not however aſſigned it to Warwick, and the preceding ſpeech to Henry, as Dr. Johnſon propoſes in the ſubſequent note, becauſe it appears to me ſafer to take the old play as a guide; in which, as in Shakſpeare's piece, the firſt ſpeech is attributed to Warwick. The ſecond ſpeech is given to *Oxford*, and ſtands thus:

Oxf. 'Tis beſt to look to this betimes;
For if this fire do kindle any further
It will be hard for us to quench it out.

Shakſpeare, in new-modelling this ſcene, probably divided this ſpeech between Oxford and Clarence, ſubſtituting the line before us in the room of the words—"'Tis beſt to look to this betimes." I have therefore given this line to Oxford. It might with equal, or perhaps with more propriety, be aſſigned to Warwick's brother, Montague. MALONE.

This line expreſſes a ſpirit of war ſo unſuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the firſt cold ſpeech to the king, and the briſk anſwer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto; and when Henry ſaid nothing, the firſt ſpeech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other. JOHNSON.

Every judicious reader muſt concur in this opinion. STEEVENS.

[5] —*my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.*] This line having probably made an impreſſion on our author, when he read over the old play, he has

* *Clar.* In ſign of truth, I kiſs your highneſs' hand.
* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and ſo I take my leave.
* *Oxf.* And thus [*kiſſing* Henry's *hand.*] I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.
* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
* And all at once, once more a happy farewel.
War. Farewel, ſweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt* WAR. CLAR. OXF. *and* MONT.
* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I reſt a while.
* Couſin of Exeter, what thinks your lordſhip?
* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
* Should not be able to encounter mine.
* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.
* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame[6].
* I have not ſtopp'd mine ears to their demands,
* Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
* My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
* I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
* Nor much oppreſs'd them with great ſubſidies,
* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
* Then why ſhould they love Edward more than me?
* No, Exeter, theſe graces challenge grace:
* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

has applied the very ſame expreſſion to the duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is deſcribed, and yet ſuffered the line to ſtand here as he found it:

Environed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, *as the hope of Troy*
Againſt the Greeks.

The two latter lines, as the reader may find in p. 270, were new; no trace of them being *there* found in the old play. Many ſimilar repetitions may be obſerved in this third part of *King Henry VI.* from the ſame cauſe. MALONE.

[6] — *my* meed *hath got me fame.*] *Meed* means *merit.* So before [p. 268, n. 4]:

"Each one already blazing by our *meeds.*" MASON.

* The

[a] The lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.

[*Shout within.* *A* Lancaſter! *A* Lancaſter[7]!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what ſhouts are theſe?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and ſoldiers.*

[c] *K. Edw.* Seize on the ſhame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,

[c] And once again proclaim us king of England.—

[a] You are the fount, that makes ſmall brooks to flow;

[a] Now ſtops thy ſpring; my ſea ſhall ſuck them dry,

[a] And ſwell ſo much the higher by their ebb.—

[c] Hence with him to the Tower; let him not ſpeak.

[*Exeunt ſome with king* Henry.

[c] And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our courſe,

[c] Where peremptory Warwick now remains[8]:

[c] The ſun ſhines hot, and, if we uſe delay,

[c] Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay[9].

[7] *Shout within. A Lancaſter!*] Surely the ſhouts that uſhered king Edward ſhould be, A York! A York! I ſuppoſe the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. JOHNSON.

We may ſuppoſe the ſhouts to have come from ſome of Henry's guard, on the appearance of Edward. MALONE.

[8] *And lords, towards Coventry bend we our courſe,*
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:] Warwick, as Mr. Maſon has obſerved, has but juſt left the ſtage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Our author was led into this impropriety by the old play, where alſo Edward ſays,

And now towards Coventry let's bend our courſe,
To meet with Warwick and his confederates.

Some of our old writers ſeem to have thought, that all the perſons of the drama muſt know whatever was known to the writers themſelves, or to the audience. MALONE.

[9] *The ſun ſhines hot,* &c.] Theſe lines are formed on two others which are found in the old play in a ſubſequent ſcene in the next act, being ſpoken by Edward, after the battle of Barnet, and juſt before he ſets out for Tewkſbury.

—— Come, let us go;
For if we ſlack this fair bright ſummers day,
Sharp winters ſhowers will mar our *hope, for* haie.

I ſuſpect, *haie* was inadvertently written in the manuſcript inſtead of *eye*, and that Shakſpeare was thus led to introduce an idea different from that intended to be conveyed by the original author. MALONE.

[a] *Glo.*

* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *two* Meſſengers, *and Others.*

War. Where is the poſt, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honeſt fellow?
' 1. *Meſ.* By this at Dunſmore[1], marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the poſt that came from Montague?
' 2. *Meſ.* By this at Daintry[2], with a puiſſant troop.

Enter Sir John SOMERVILLE.

' *War.* Say, Somerville, what ſays my loving ſon?
' And, by thy gueſs, how nigh is Clarence now?
' *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
' And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
' *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
* *Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.
* *War.* Who ſhould that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
* *Som.* They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, GLOSTER, *and forces, marching.*

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and ſound a parle.
' *Glo.* See, how the ſurly Warwick mans the wall.

[1] — *at Dunſmore,*] The quartos read—at Daintry. STEEVENS.
[2] — *at Daintry,*] The quartos read—at Dunſmore. STEEVENS.

War.

War. O, unbid ſpight! is ſportful Edward come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
* Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
* Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
* And he ſhall pardon thee theſe outrages.

* *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at leaſt he would have ſaid—the king;
Or did he make the jeſt againſt his will?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, ſir, a goodly gift?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
* I'll do the ſervice for ſo good a gift.

* *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

* *War.* Thou art no Atlas for ſo great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his ſubject.

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's priſoner:
* And, gallant Warwick, do but anſwer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

* *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-caſt,
But, whiles he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,
* The king was ſlily finger'd from the deck[3]!
You left poor Henry at the biſhop's palace[4],
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

3 — ſlily *from the* deck!] The quartos read—*finely* finger'd—. *Finely* is ſubtily. So, in Holinſhed's reign of K. Henry VI. p. 640. "— in his way he took by *fine* force a tower."

A pack of cards was anciently term'd a *deck* of cards or a *pair* of cards. It is ſtill, as I am informed, ſo called in Ireland. So, in *K. Edward I.* 1593: "— as it were, turned, as with duces and trays, out of the *deck*." STEEVENS.

4 — *the biſhop's palace,*] The palace of the biſhop of London. MALONE.

K. Edw. 'Tis even ſo; yet you are Warwick ſtill[5].

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.

* Nay, when? ſtrike now, or elſe the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

* And with the other fling it at thy face,

* Than bear ſo low a ſail, to ſtrike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canſt, have wind and tide thy friend;

* This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,

* Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,

* Write in the duſt this ſentence with thy blood,—

‘ *Wind-changing* Warwick *now can change no more.*

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

* *War.* O cheerful colours! ſee, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaſter!

[OXF. *and his forces enter the city.*

‘ *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too[6].

‘ *K. Edw.* So other foes may ſet upon our backs.

* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

* Will iſſue out again, and bid us battle:

‘ If not, the city being but of ſmall defence,

‘ We'll quickly rouze the traitors in the ſame.

* *War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaſter!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

‘ *Glo.* Thou and thy brother both ſhall buy this treaſon

‘ Even with the deareſt blood your bodies bear.

[5] — *yet you are Warwick ſtill.*] Thus the folio. The old play reads —"*and* yet you are *ould* Warwick ſtill." MALONE.

[6] *The gates are open*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

Edw. The gates are open; ſee, they enter in;
Let's follow them, and bid them battle in the ſtreets.
Glo. No: ſo ſome other might ſet upon our backs,
We'll ſtay till all be enter'd, and then follow them. STEEVENS.

* *K. Edw.*

* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
* My mind preſageth happy gain, and conqueſt.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for Lancaſter!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerſet,
Have ſold their lives unto the houſe of York[7];
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this ſword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence ſweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle[8];
* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
* More than the nature of a brother's love:—
* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*taking his red roſe out of his hat.*
' Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's houſe,
Who gave his blood to lime the ſtones[9] together,
' And ſet up Lancaſter. Why, trow'ſt thou, Warwick,
' That Clarence is ſo harſh, ſo blunt[1], unnatural,

7 *Two of thy names, both dukes of Somerſet,*
Have ſold their lives unto the houſe of York;] Edmond Beaufort, duke of Somerſet, who married Eleanor the daughter of Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick, was ſlain at the firſt battle of Saint Alban's. See p. 252.

His eldeſt ſon, Henry, was taken priſoner at the battle of Hexam, in 1463, and ſoon afterwards beheaded. MALONE.

8 — *to bid his brother battle;*] Here the quartos conclude this ſpeech, and add the following:

Clar. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaſter!
Edw. *Et tu Brute!* wilt thou ſtab Cæſar too?
A parly, firra, to George of Clarence. STEEVENS.

This line of the old play, *Et tu Brute*, &c. is found alſo in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, a poem by S. Nicholſon, 1600; and the Latin words, though not retained here, were afterwards tranſplanted by Shakſpeare into his *Julius Cæſar*, Act III. MALONE.

9 — *to lime the ſtones*—] That is, To *cement* the ſtones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNSON.

1 — *ſo blunt,*] Stupid, inſenſible of paternal fondneſs. JOHNSON.

' To bend the fatal inſtruments of war
' Againſt his brother, and his lawful king[2]?
* Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
* To keep that oath, were more impiety
* Than Jepthah's, when he ſacrific'd his daughter.
* I am ſo ſorry for my treſpaſs made,
* That, to deſerve well at my brother's hands,
* I here proclaim myſelf thy mortal foe;
* With reſolution, whereſoe'er I meet thee,
* (As I will meet thee, if thou ſtir abroad,)
* To plague thee for thy foul miſ-leading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my bluſhing cheeks.—
' Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
' And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
' For I will henceforth be no more unconſtant.
' *K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadſt deſerv'd our hate.
' *Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O paſſing traitor[3], perjur'd, and unjuſt!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the ſtones about thine ears?
' *War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'ſt.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field; ſaint George, and victory!
[*March. Exeunt.*

[2] *To bend the fatal inſtruments of war*
Againſt his brother and his lawful king?] Thus the folio. The old play thus:
To lift his ſword againſt his brother's life? MALONE.

[3] *O* paſſing *traitor,*] Eminent, egregious; traiterous beyond the common track of treaſon. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excurſions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all[4].—
Now, Montague, ſit faſt; I ſeek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why aſk I that? my mangled body ſhows,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhows,
That I muſt yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept[5];
Whoſe top branch over-peer'd Jove's ſpreading tree,
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's powerful wind.
Theſe eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

4 — *a bug that fear'd us all.*—] *Bug* is a bugbear, a terrifick being. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— are become
" The mortal *bugs* of the field."

Again, in Stephen Goſſon's *Schoole of Abuſe*, 1579: " Theſe *bugs* are fitter to *fear* babes than to move men." STEEVENS.

To *fear* in old language frequently ſignifies, to *terrify*. See Vol. III. p. 23, n. 3; and Vol. V. p. 398, n. 5. MALONE.

5 *Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,*
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept; &c.] It has been obſerved to me that the 31ſt chapter of the prophet *Ezechiel* ſuggeſted theſe images to Shakſpeare. " All the fowls of heaven made their neſts in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beaſts of the field bring forth their young." STEEVENS.

* Have been as piercing as the mid-day ſun,
* To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly ſepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had[6],
Even now forſake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length[7]!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and duſt[8]?
And, live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are[9],
* We might recover all our loſs again!

The

[6] *My parks*, &c.]
Cedes coemptis ſaltibus, et domo,
Villâque. HOR.
This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminiſhes the pathetick effect of the foregoing lines. JOHNSON.

[7] — *and, of all my lands,*
Is nothing left me but my body's length!]
—— Mars ſola fatetur
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula. JUV.
Camden mentions in his *Remains*, that Conſtantine, in order to diſſuade a perſon from covetouſneſs, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, "this is all thou ſhalt have when thou art dead, if thou canſt happily get ſo much." MALONE.

[8] — *what is pomp*, &c.] This and the following line make no part of this ſpeech in the old play; but were tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare from a ſubſequent ſpeech, addreſſed by Warwick to Somerſet. MALONE.

[9] *Ah, Warwick, Warwick!* &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches ſtand thus in the quartos:
Oxf. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! chear up thyſelf, and live;
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
And at Southampton landed hath her train;
And, might'ſt thou live, then would we never fly.
War. Why, then I would not fly, nor have I now;
But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds:
For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,
Hath robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength,
And ſpite of ſpites needs muſt I yield to death. STEEVENS.

The queen from France hath brought a puiſſant power;
Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'ſt thou fly!
' *War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
' If thou be there, ſweet brother, take my hand,
' And with thy lips keep in my ſoul a while!
' Thou lov'ſt me not; for, brother, if thou didſt,
' Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
' That glews my lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
' Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
' *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his laſt;
' And to the lateſt gaſp, cry'd out for Warwick,
' And ſaid—Commend me to my valiant brother.
' And more he would have ſaid; and more he ſpoke,
' Which ſounded like a cannon in a vault,
' That might not be diſtinguiſh'd[1]; but, at laſt,
' I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
' O, farewel, Warwick!
War. Sweet reſt his ſoul!—fly, lords, and ſave yourſelves;
For Warwick bids you all farewel, to meet in heaven.
[*Dies.*

One of theſe lines, "But Hercules," &c. Shakſpeare has tranſpoſed and inſerted in the Meſſenger's account of the death of the duke of York. See p. 270. Not being aware of this, I inadvertently marked that line as our author's, which I ought not to have done. The three following lines have already been ſpoken by Warwick in a former ſcene (ſee p. 282,) and therefore were here properly rejected by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[1] *Which ſounded like a* cannon *in a vault,*
That might not be diſtinguiſh'd;] That is, like the *noiſe* of a cannon in a vault, *which*, &c. Shakſpeare's alteration here is perhaps not ſo judicious as many others that he has made. In the old play, inſtead of *cannon*, we have *clamour*, and the ſpeech ſtands thus:

Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his laſt,
And at the pangs of death I heard him cry,
And ſay, commend me to my valiant brother;
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſaid,
Which ſounded like a *clamour* in a vault,
That could not be diſtinguiſh'd for the ſound;
And ſo the valiant Montague gave up the ghoſt. MALONE.

Oxf. Away, away[2], to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* Warwick's *body*.

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Flouriſh. *Enter King* EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the reſt.*

' *K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
' And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory[3].
' But, in the midſt of this bright-ſhining day,
' I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
' That will encounter with our glorious ſun,
' Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed;
' I mean, my lords,—thoſe powers[4], that the queen
' Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coaſt[5],
' And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

[2] *Away, away,* &c.] Inſtead of this line, the quartos have the following:

Come, noble Somerſet, let's take our horſe,
And cauſe retreat be ſounded through the camp;
That all our friends remaining yet alive
May be forewarn'd, and ſave themſelves by flight.
That done, with them we'll poſt unto the queen,
And once more try our fortune in the field. STEEVENS.

It is unneceſſary to repeat here an obſervation that has already been more than once made. I ſhall therefore only refer to former notes. See p. 268, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] *Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,*
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Thus ſtill our fortune gives us victory,
And girts our temples with triumphant joys.
The big-bon'd traitor Warwick hath breath'd his laſt,
And heaven this day hath ſmil'd upon us all. STEEVENS.

[4] *I mean, my lords,—thoſe powers,* &c.] Thus the folio. The old play thus:

I meane thoſe powers which the queen hath got in France,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace us. MALONE.

[5] — *have arriv'd our coaſt,*] Milton uſes the ſame ſtructure, *Par. Loſt,* B. II:

" ——— ere he arrive
" The happy iſle." STEEVENS.

* *Clar.* A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
* And blow it to the ſource from whence it came:
* Thy very beams will dry thoſe vapours up;
* For every cloud engenders not a ſtorm.
* *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thouſand ſtrong,
' And Somerſet, with Oxford, fled to her;
' If ſhe have time to breathe, be well aſſur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe toward Tewkſbury;
' We, having now the beſt at Barnet field,
' Will thither ſtraight, For willingneſs rids way;
' And, as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away[6].
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewkſbury.

March. *Enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords[7], wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
* But cheerly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
' What

[6] *Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have the following couplet:

Come, let's go;
For if we ſlack this faire bright ſummer's day,
Sharp winter's ſhowers will mar our hope for haie. STEEVENS.

See p. 347, n. 9. MALONE.

[7] *Great lords,* &c.] This ſpeech in the old play ſtands thus:

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
And welcome, Somerſet and Oxford too.
Once more have we ſpread our ſails abroad;
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And Warwick at our maine-maſt overthrowne,
Yet, warlike lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt
That bears the ſailes to bring us unto reſt.

And

' What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
' The cable broke, the holding anchor loſt,
' And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
' Yet lives our pilot ſtill: Is't meet, that he
' Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
' With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
' And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much[8];
' Whiles, in his moan, the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
' Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
' Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
' Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
' And Montague our top-maſt; What of him?
' Our ſlaughter'd friends the tackles; What of theſe?
' Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
' And Somerſet another goodly maſt?

And Ned and I, as willing pilots ſhould,
For once, with careful mindes, guide on the ſterne,
To beare us through that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed up our friends.

There is perhaps no ſpeech that proves more deciſively than the above, that *the Firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of York and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The True tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, were the production of ſome writer who preceded Shakſpeare; and that what are now called *The ſecond and third parts of K. Henry VI.* were only a *reviſal* and *amplification* of thoſe pieces.

Here we have a thought which in the original play is expreſſed in eleven lines, expanded by our authour into thirty-ſeven lines. MALONE.

[8] *With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,*
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much.] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint:*

" Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,
" Like uſury, *applying wet to wet.*"

Again, in *As You like it:*

" —— Thou mak'ſt a teſtament
" As worldlings do, *giving the ſum of more*
" *To that which hath too much.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew."

So alſo Spenſer, in his *Shepherds Calendar*, 1679:

" Thou, plenteous ſpring, haſt lull'd me oft aſleep,
" Whoſe ſtreames my trickling tears did oft augment."

Of this thought, which we ſee Shakſpeare has ſo often expreſſed, there is no trace in the old play. See the preceding note. MALONE.

' The

' The friends of France our ſhrouds and tacklings?
' And, though unſkilful, why not Ned and I
' For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
' We will not from the helm, to ſit and weep;
' But keep our courſe, though the rough wind ſay—no,
' From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
' As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
' And what is Edward, but a ruthleſs ſea?
' What Clarence, but a quick-ſand of deceit?
' And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
' All theſe the enemies to our poor bark.
' Say, you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while:
' Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
' Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
' Or elſe you famiſh, that's a threefold death.
' This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
' In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
' That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
' More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
' Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
' 'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.
' *Prince.* Methinks, a woman[9] of this valiant ſpirit
' Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
' Infuſe his breaſt with magnanimity,
' And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
' I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:

[9] *Methinks, a woman*, &c.] In this ſpeech there is much and important variation in the quarto:

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there ſhould)
'Mongſt us a timorous or fearful man,
Let him depart before the battle join;
Leſt he in time of need entice another,
And ſo withdraw the ſoldiers' hearts from us.
I will not ſtand aloof, and bid you fight,
But with my ſword preſs in the thickeſt throngs,
And ſingle Edward from his ſtrongeſt guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
Or leave my body, as witneſs of my thoughts. STEEVENS.

Our authour has availed himſelf of theſe lines in former ſcenes of theſe plays. MALONE.

' For,

' For, did I but ſuſpect a fearful man,
' He ſhould have leave to go away betimes;
' Leſt, in our need, he might infect another,
' And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
' If any ſuch be here, as God forbid!
' Let him depart, before we need his help.
' *Oxf.* Women and children of ſo high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual ſhame.—
' Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!
' *Som.* And he, that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
' Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
' If he ariſe, be mock'd and wonder'd at[1].
' *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerſet;—ſweet Oxford, thanks.
' *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

' *Meſ.* Prepare you, lords[2], for Edward is at hand,
' Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.
' *Oxf.* I thought no leſs: it is his policy,
' To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

[1] *If he ariſe, be* mock'd *and wonder'd at.*] So the folio. The old play lies thus:

Be *biſs'd* and wonder'd at, if he ariſe. MALONE.

[2] *Prepare you, lords,* &c.] In the old play theſe ſpeeches ſtand thus:

Meſ. My lordes, duke Edward with a mightie power
Is marching hitherward to fight with you.
Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take us unprovided,
But here will we ſtand, and fight it to the death. MALONE.

March. Enter, at a diſtance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and forces.*

' *K. Edw.* Brave followers [3], yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
' Which, by the heavens' aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
' Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
' I need not add more fuel to your fire,
' For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
' Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, lords.
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
' My tears gainſay [4]; for every word I ſpeak,
' Ye ſee, I drink the water of my eyes [5].
' Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your ſovereign [6],
' Is priſoner to the foe; his ſtate uſurp'd,
' His realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his ſubjects ſlain,
' His ſtatutes cancell'd, and his treaſure ſpent;
' And yonder is the wolf, that makes this ſpoil.
' You fight in juſtice: then, in God's name, lords,
' Be valiant, and give ſignal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE

3 K. Edw. *Brave followers*, &c.] This ſcene is ill-contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the ſtage at the head of oppoſite armies. It had been eaſy to make one retire before the other entered. JOHNSON.

4 *My tears* gainſay;] To *gainſay* is to unſay, to deny, to contradict. STEEVENS.

5 *Ye ſee, I drink the water of my eyes.*] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Doſt thou *drink tears*, that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?"

Theſe paſſages were probably recollected by Rowe, when he wrote in his *Jane Shore*,

" Feed on my ſighs, and *drink my falling tears.*"

So alſo Pope, in the *Epiſtle from Eloiſa to Abelard*:

" And drink the falling tears each other ſhed."

The folio has—*eye*; but I imagine it was rather an error in the tranſcriber than an alteration by Shakſpeare. The old play reads—*eyes*. MALONE.

6 *Henry, your ſovereign*, &c.] Inſtead of this and the following lines, the original play has theſe:

Henry

SCENE V.

Another part of the ſame.

Alarums; Excurſions; and afterwards a Retreat. Then Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *priſoners.*

' *K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' caſtle[7] ſtraight:
For Somerſet[8], off with his guilty head.
' Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them ſpeak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
' *Som.* Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*
* *Q. Mar.* So part we ſadly in this troublous world,
* To meet with joy in ſweet Jeruſalem.
* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,
* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
* *Glo.* It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter ſoldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him ſpeak:
* What! can ſo young a thorn begin to prick?—
' Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,

Henry your king is priſoner in the Tower;
His land and all our friends are quite diſtreſt,
And yonder ſtands the wolfe that makes all this,
Then in God's name, lords, together crie ſaint George.
MALONE.

7 — *to Hammes' caſtle*—] A caſtle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years. MALONE.

8 *For Somerſet*—] Edmond Beaufort, duke of Somerſet, the ſecond ſon of Edmond duke of Somerſet who was killed at the battle of Saint Albans. See p. 351, n. 7. MALONE.

' For

or bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
nd all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to[9]?
rince. Speak like a ſubject, proud ambitious York!
ppoſe, that I am now my father's mouth;
ign thy chair, and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
ilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
ich, traitor, thou would'ſt have me anſwer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!
Glo. That you might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
d ne'er have ſtol'n the breech from Lancaſter.
rince. Let Æſop fable[1] in a winter's night;
s curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.
rince. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue[2].
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
rince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
civious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
thou miſhapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

[9] *nd all the* trouble thou haſt turn'd me to.] This line was one kſpeare's additions to the original play. We have almoſt the ords in the *Tempeſt*:

" ——— O, my heart bleeds,
" To think of *the teen* [i. e. trouble] *that I have turn'd you to.*"

old play Prince Edward is not brought forth as here, but en- his mother; and after Oxford and Somerſet are carried off, addreſſed by the king:

Now, Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring up my ſubjects to rebellion?" MALONE.

[1] *Eſop*, &c.] The prince calls Richard, for his crookedneſs, d the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly in- e reproach. JOHNSON.

[2] rm *your tongue.*] The quarto reads—*tame* your tongue. is beſt. STEEVENS.

ſſion which our authour ſubſtituted, is one that he has See p. 203, n. *. The meaning is, I will compel you t, as you would be, if you were *charm'd*, if you were de- h by the power of inchantment. MALONE.

I am

I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
• And thou uſurp'ſt my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeneſs of this railer here[2].
[*Stabs him.*
• *Glo.* Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[Glo. *ſtabs him.*
• *Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Clar. *ſtabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and ſhall. [*Offers to kill her.*
• *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?
• *K. Edw.* What! doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuſe me to the king my brother;
• I'll hence to London on a ſerious matter:
• Ere ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome news.
Clar. What? what?
• *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower[4]! [*Exit.*
• *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, ſweet Ned! ſpeak to thy mother, boy!
• Canſt thou not ſpeak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that ſtabb'd Cæſar, ſhed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
• If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
• He was a man; this, in reſpect, a child;
And men ne'er ſpend their fury on a child.

[2] —the *likeneſs of this railer here.*] That is, *thou who art* the likeneſs, &c. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read—*thou* likeneſs, and ſo we ſhould now write; but the other was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"*The* laſt of all the Romans, fare thee well."

In that paſſage, as in the preſent, Mr. Rowe ſubſtituted *thou* for *the*, though Shakſpeare has employed the very words he found in North's Tranſlation of Plutarch. MALONE.

—*the likeneſs of this railer here.*] Thou that reſembleſt thy railing mother. JOHNSON.

[4] *The Tower, the Tower!*] The quarto adds—*I'll root them out*; but, perhaps, injudiciouſly. STEEVENS.

• What's

What's worſe than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burſt, an if I ſpeak:—
And I will ſpeak, that ſo my heart may burſt.—
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How ſweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers[5]; if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him ſo cut off,
As, deathſmen! you have rid this ſweet young prince[6].

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here;
Here ſheath thy ſword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; ſweet Clarence, do thou do it[7].

Clar. Didſt thou not hear me ſwear, I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thyſelf;
'Twas ſin before[8], but now 'tis charity.

[5] *You have no children, butchers;*] The original play reads:

You have no children, *devils*; if you had,
The thought of them would *then have ſtopt your rage.*

This thought occurring alſo (as Sir William Blackſtone has obſerved) in *Macbeth*, [See Vol. IV. p. 411, n. 6.] may perhaps be urged as a proof of Shakſpeare's being the authour of the firſt draught, as well as of the alterations and additions to it. But how many thoughts and even expreſſions has he borrowed from preceding writers? Having (ſuppoſe) greatly enlarged, and almoſt new-written, this and the following play, the thoughts they contain, whether found in the firſt or his amplification of it, were as likely to recur in a future piece, as thoſe which he has employed in one originally written by others. In his original plays he frequently borrowed from himſelf. MALONE.

[6] *you have rid this ſweet young prince.*] The condition of this queen would move compaſſion, could it be forgotten that ſhe took, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief ſtained with young child's blood. JOHNSON.

[7] *thou do it.*] The old play reads—kill me too. MALONE.

[8] *'twas ſin before,*] She alludes to the deſertion of Clarence. JOHNSON.

' What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher[9],
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'ſt back.
' *K. Edw.* Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*
' *K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?
' *Clar.* To London, all in poſt; and, as I gueſs,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
' Now march we hence: diſcharge the common ſort
' With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
' And ſee our gentle queen how well ſhe fares;
' By this, I hope, ſhe hath a ſon for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

King HENRY *is diſcovered ſitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book ſo hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I ſhould ſay rather;
'Tis ſin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloſter, and good devil, were alike,
* And both prepoſterous; therefore, not good lord.
* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourſelves: we muſt conſer.
[*Exit* Lieutenant.
* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckleſs ſhepherd from the wolf:
* So firſt the harmleſs ſheep doth yield his fleece,
* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

9 — *where is that* devil's butcher,] *Devil's butcher* is a butcher ſet on by the devil. JOHNSON.

The folio adds, at the end of this line, the word—*Richard.* But both the metre and the old play ſhew that it was an accidental repetition by the tranſcriber, or compoſitor. MALONE.

What

What ſcéne of death hath Roſcius now to act[1]?
Glo. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each buſh an officer.
' *K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a buſh,
' With trembling wings miſdoubteth every buſh[2]:
And I, the hapleſs male to one ſweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
' *Glo.* Why, what a peeviſh fool[3] was that of Crete,

' That

[1] *What ſcene of death hath Roſcius now to act?*] So, in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, a poem, 1600:

" What bloody ſcene hath cruelty to act?"

Dr. Warburton reads *Richard*, inſtead of *Roſcius*, becauſe Roſcius was a comedian. That he is right in this aſſertion, is proved beyond a doubt by a paſſage in Quintilian, cited by W. R. [probably Sir Walter Rawlinſon] in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIV. P. II. p. 886. " Roſcius citatior, Æſopus gravior fuit, quod *ille comœdias*, hic tragœdias egit." QUINTIL. Lib. XI. c. 3.—But it is not in Quintilian or in any other ancient writer we are to look in order to aſcertain the text of Shakſpeare. Roſcius was called a *tragedian* by our authour's contemporaries, as appears from the quotations in the next note; and this was ſufficient authority to him, or rather to the authour of the original play, for there this line is found. MALONE.

Shakſpeare had occaſion to compare Richard to ſome player about to repreſent a ſcene of murder, and took the firſt or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very ſcrupulous about its propriety. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, ſays, " Not *Roſcius* nor *Æſope*, thoſe admired *tragedians*, that have lived ever ſince before Chriſt was born, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen." Again, in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

" Through thee each murthering *Roſcius* is appointed
" To *act ſtrange ſcenes of death* on God's anointed."

Again, in *Certaine Satyres*, 1598:

" Was penn'd by *Roſcio* the *tragedian*." STEEVENS.

[2] — miſdoubteth *every buſh*:] To *miſdoubt* is to ſuſpect danger, to fear. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy by John Day, 1608:

" *Hip.* Doubt and *miſdoubt*! what difference is there here?
" *Oct.* Yes, much: when men *miſdoubt*, 'tis ſaid they *fear*."

STEEVENS.

[3] — *peeviſh fool*—] As *peeviſhneſs* is the quality of children, *peeviſh* ſeems to ſignify *childiſh*, and by conſequence *filly*. *Peeviſh* is explained by *childiſh*, in a former note of Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

'That taught his ſon the office of a fowl?
'And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd[4].
'*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our courſe;
'The ſun, that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet boy,
'Thy brother Edward; and thyſelf, the ſea,
'Whoſe envious gulph did ſwallow up his life.
'Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
'My breaſt can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick hiſtory.—
'But wherefore doſt thou come? is't for my life?
'*Glo.* Think'ſt thou, I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A perſecutor, I am ſure, thou art;
'If murdering innocents be executing,
'Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy ſon I kill'd for his preſumption.
K. Hen. Hadſt thou been kill'd, when firſt thou didſt
preſume,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to kill a ſon of mine.
'And thus I propheſy,—that many a thouſand,
'Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear[5];
'And many an old man's ſigh, and many a widow's,
'And many an orphan's water-ſtanding eye,—
'Men for their ſons, wives for their huſbands' fate,
'Orphans for their parents' timeleſs death[6],—

Shakſpeare employs the word *peeviſh* in the ſame ſenſe in *Cymbeline*, where the reader will find many inſtances of this uſe of it. STEEVENS.

This epithet which Shakſpeare has ſo frequently employed, was one of his additions to the original play. MALONE.

4 — *the office of a* fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.] The old play reads:
— the office of a *bird?*
And yet for all *that* the poor *fowl* was drown'd. MALONE.

5 *Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear;*] Who ſuſpect no part of what my fears preſage. JOHNSON.

6 *Men for their ſons, wives for their huſbands' fate,*
Orphans for their parents' timeleſs death,] The word *fate* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

'Shall

hall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
e owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
'he night-crow cry'd, aboding luckleſs time;
gs howl'd, and hideous tempeſts ſhook down trees;
e raven rook'd her[7] on the chimney's top,
d chattering pyes in diſmal diſcords ſung.
y mother felt more than a mother's pain,
d yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope;
'o wit,—an indigeſt deformed lump[8],
t like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
eth hadſt thou in thy head, when thou waſt born,
ſignify,—thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
d, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
'hou cam'ſt[9]—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy ſpeech;
[*Stabs him.*

r this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this.
God! forgive my ſins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
ık in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
:, how my ſword weeps for the poor king's death!
), may ſuch purple tears be alway ſhed
'rom thoſe that wiſh the downfal of our houſe!—
f any ſpark of life be yet remaining,
wn, down to hell; and ſay—I ſent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*

The raven rook'd her—] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a northern word, ſignifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing. So, in Hyhurſt's tranſlation of *Virgil*, 1582, Book the Fourth:

"Alſo on the turrets the ſkrich howle, &c.
"——doth *ruck*," &c.

ün, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. 37:

"Have lazy wings, be ever lean, in ſullen corners *ruck*."
STEEVENS.

—*an* indigeſt—] The folio has—*indigeſted*. But the metre and old play ſhew that it was a miſprint. Shakſpeare uſes the word *geſt* in *King John*. MALONE.

Thou cam'ſt—] Thus the folio. The old play as follows:

Thou cam'ſt *into the world*—
Glo. Die prophet in thy ſpeech;—I'll hear no more. MALONE.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of[1];
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
O, Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with teeth!
And ſo I was; which plainly ſignify'd—
That I ſhould ſnarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, ſince the heavens have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to anſwer it[2].
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myſelf alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'ſt me from the light;

[1] — *that Henry told me of*;] Namely, that my birth was attended with ſingular circumſtances.—Theobald, grounding himſelf on this and the two following lines, reads in a former paſſage—

Thou cam'ſt *into the world with thy legs forward.*

for "how, (ſays he,) can Richard ſay, "Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of," &c unleſs we ſuppoſe King Henry reproached him with his prepoſterous birth?" But ſurely Henry *has* done ſo in the laſt *ten* lines of his ſpeech, though he is at length prevented by the fatal ſtab from mentioning a *further* proof of Richard's being born for the deſtruction of mankind. Theobald's addition therefore to that line, has, I think, been adopted too haſtily by the ſubſequent editors, and the interruption in the midſt of Henry's ſpeech appears to me not only preferable, as warranted by the old copies, and by Gloſter's ſubſequent words, [Die, prophet, *in thy ſpeech*;] but more agreeable to nature. MALONE.

[2] *Let hell*, &c.] This line Dryden ſeems to have thought on in his *Oedipus*:

"It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,
"And wander'd in thy limbs." STEEVENS.

After this line, we find in the old play the following:

I had no father, I am like no father.

It might have been omitted in the folio merely by accident, (as ſome lines in the ſecond part of *King Henry VI.* certainly were,) but its reſtoration is not neceſſary, for the ſenſe is complete without it. MALONE.

But

ut I will ſort a pitchy day for thee[3]:
or I will buz abroad ſuch prophecies,
That Edward ſhall be fearful of his life[4];
nd then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his ſon, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the reſt;
ounting myſelf but bad, till I be beſt.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
nd triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

ing EDWARD *is diſcovered ſitting on his throne; Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we ſit in England's royal throne,
.e-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
Vhat valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
lave we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
hree dukes of Somerſet, threefold renown'd
or hardy and undoubted champions:
wo Cliffords, as the father and the ſon,
nd two Northumberlands; two braver men
le'er ſpur'd their courſers at the trumpet's ſound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
hat in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
nd made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
hus have we ſwept ſuſpicion from our ſeat,

3 *But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:*] But I will chooſe out an our whoſe gloom ſhall be as fatal to you. To *ſort* is to *ſelect*. STEEVENS.

4 *For I will buz abroad ſuch prophecies,*
That Edward ſhall be fearful of his life;] The quartos add a line etween theſe:
——*ſuch prophecies,*
Under pretence of outward ſeeming ill,
That, &c. STEEVENS.
This line is not in the quarto printed by W. W. 1600; but it is in he undated quarto, which in fact was printed in 1619, from that rinted in 1600 by V. S. MALONE.

And made our footſtool of ſecurity.—
Come hither, Beſs, and let me kiſs my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myſelf,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
' Went all afoot in ſummer's ſcalding heat,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were lay'd;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave;
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou ſhalt execute[5]. [*Aſide.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloſter, love my lovely queen;
And kiſs your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this ſweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

' *Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
' Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the fruit:—
To ſay the truth, ſo Judas kiſs'd his maſter;
' And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. } [*Aſide.*

K. Edw. Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jeruſalem,

[5] *Work thou the way, and* thou ſhalt *execute.*] This is the reading of the old play. The folio reads—and *that* ſhalt execute. But as the word *ſhalt* is preſerved, the other muſt have been an error of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read—and *this* ſhall execute.

Richard laying his hand on his forehead ſays: *Work thou the way*—then bringing down his hand, and beholding it,—*and* this *ſhall execute.* Though *that* may ſtand, the arm being included in the ſhoulder. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—*and* thou *ſhalt execute.*
I ſuppoſe he ſpeaks this line, firſt *touching* his *head*, and then *looking* on his *hand.* STEEVENS.

And

And hither have they ſent it for her ranſom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately triumphs[6], mirthful comick ſhows,
Such as befit the pleaſures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewel, ſour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our laſting joy. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *With ſtately* triumphs,] By *triumphs* are meant maſques, revels, proceſſions, &c. See Vol. II. p. 441, n. 4. MALONE.

*** THE following SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the times and places of the ſeveral battles fought between the two houſes of York and Lancaſter, and of the numbers killed on both ſides, is given by Truſſel, at the end of his *Hiſtory of England*, a book of little value, but in matters of this kind tolerably correct. I have compared his account with our earlieſt hiſtorians, and in ſome places corrected it by them.

1. THE BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, fought on the 23d of May 1455, between Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, and King Henry VI. In this battle the duke of York was victorious, and Henry was taken priſoner.

KILLED, on the royal ſide 5041, (among whom were Edmond duke of Somerſet, Henry earl of Northumberland, Humphry earl of Stafford, and Thomas lord Clifford;) on the ſide of the duke of York, 600. TOTAL—5641.

2. THE BATTLE OF BLOARHEATH in Shropſhire, fought on the 30th of September 1459, between James lord Audley on the part of King Henry, and Richard Nevil earl of Saliſbury on the part of the duke of York; in which battle lord Audley was ſlain, and his army defeated.

KILLED—2411.

3. THE BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON, 20th of July, 1460, between Edward Plantagenet, earl of March, eldeſt ſon of the duke of York, and Richard Nevil earl of Warwick, on the one ſide, and King Henry on the other; in which the Yorkiſts were victorious.

KILLED—1035, among whom were John Talbot earl of Shrewſbury, Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and Sir William Lucy.

4. THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD, December 30, 1460, between Richard duke of York and Queen Margaret; in which the duke of York was defeated.

KILLED—2801, among whom were the duke of York, Edmond earl of Rutland his ſecond ſon, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, his baſe uncles, and the earl of Shrewſbury. Richard Nevil earl of Saliſbury was in this battle taken priſoner, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret.

5 THE BATTLE OF MORTIMER'S CROSS, in Herefordſhire, on Candlemas-day, 1460-1, between Edward duke of York, on the one ſide, and Jaſper earl of Pembroke, and James Butler earl of Wiltſhire, on the other; in which the duke of York was victorious.

KILLED,

KILLED, 3800, among whom was Sir Owen Tuther or Tudor who married Queen Catharine, the widow of King Henry V.

6. THE SECOND BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, February 17, 1460-1, between Queen Margaret on one ſide, and the duke of Norfolk and the earl of Warwick on the other; in which the queen obtained the victory.

KILLED—2303; among whom was Sir John Gray, a Lancaſtrian, whoſe widow, Lady Gray, afterwards married King Edward the Fourth.

7. THE ACTION AT FERRYBRIDGE, in Yorkſhire, March 28, 1461, between lord Clifford on the part of King Henry, and the lord Fitzwalter on the part of the duke of York.

KILLED—230, among whom were lord Fitzwalter, John lord Clifford, and the baſtard ſon of the earl of Saliſbury.

8. THE BATTLE OF TOWTON, four miles from York, Palm-Sunday, March 29, 1461, between Edward duke of York and King Henry; in which King Henry was defeated.

KILLED—37,046; among whom were Henry Percy earl of Northumberland, the earl of Shrewſbury, and the lords Nevil, Beaumond, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Gray, Dacres, and Fitzhugh. The earl of Devonſhire was taken priſoner, and ſoon afterwards beheaded at York.

9. THE BATTLE OF HEDGELEY MOOR, in Northumberland, April 29, 1463, between John Nevil viſcount Montague, on the part of King Edward IV. and the lords Hungerford and Roos on the part of King Henry VI. in which the Yorkiſts were victorious.

KILLED—108, among whom was Sir Ralph Percy.

10. THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM, May 15, 1463, between viſcount Montague and King Henry, in which that king was defeated.

KILLED—2024. Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerſet, and the lords Roos and Hungerford, fighting on the ſide of King Henry, were taken priſoners, and ſoon afterwards beheaded.

11. THE BATTLE OF HEDGECOTE, four miles from Banbury, July 25, 1469, between William Herbert earl of Pembroke, on the part of King Edward, and the lords Fitzhugh and Latimer, and Sir John Conyers, on the part of King Henry; in which the Lancaſtrians were defeated.

KILLED—5009. The earl of Pembroke and his brother, Richard Widville earl of Rivers, father to King Edward's queen, Sir John Widville, John Tiptoft earl of Worceſter, the lords Willoughby, Stafford and Wells, were taken priſoners, and ſoon afterwards beheaded.

13. THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD, in Lincolnſhire, October 1, 1469, between Sir Robert Wells and King Edward; in which the former was defeated and taken priſoner. The vanquiſhed who fled, in order to lighten themſelves threw away their coats, whence the place of combat was called *Lofecoatfield*.

KILLED—10,000.

14. THE BATTLE OF BARNET, on Eaſter-Sunday, April 14, 1471, between King Edward on one ſide, and the earl of Warwick,

the

the marquis of Montague and the earl of Oxford on the part of King Henry VI. in which the Lancaſtrians were defeated.

KILLED—10,300; among whom were the earl of Warwick, the marquis of Montague, the lord Cromwell, and the ſon and heir of lord Say.

15. THE BATTLE OF TEWKSBURY, May 3, 1471, between King Edward and Queen Margaret, in which the queen was defeated, and ſhe and her ſon Prince Edward were taken priſoners.

On the next day the prince was killed by King Edward and his brothers, and Edmond duke of Somerſet beheaded.

KILLED—3,032. Shortly afterwards in an action between the baſtard ſon of lord Falconbridge and ſome Londoners, 1092 perſons were killed.

16. THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH, in Leiceſterſhire, Auguſt 22, 1486, between King Richard III. and Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII. in which King Richard was defeated and ſlain.

KILLED, on the part of Richard, 4,013, among whom were John duke of Norfolk, and Walter lord Ferrers; on the part of Richmond, 181.

The TOTAL NUMBER of perſons who fell in this conteſt, was NINETY-ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-SIX. MALONE.

The three parts of *King Henry VI.* are ſuſpected, by Mr. Theobald, of being ſuppoſititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakſpeare's. Mr. Theobald's ſuſpicion ariſes from ſome obſolete words; but the phraſeology is like the reſt of our authour's ſtile, and ſingle words, of which however I do not obſerve more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reaſon, but I ſuppoſe him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehenſive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and ſpirit of the compoſition, which he thinks inferior to the other hiſtorical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and ſometimes the matter itſelf will defeat the artiſt. Of every authour's works one will be the beſt, and one will be the worſt. The colours are not equally pleaſing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Diſſimilitude of ſtile and heterogeneouſneſs of ſentiment may ſufficiently ſhow that a work does not really belong to the reputed authour. But in theſe plays no ſuch marks of ſpuriouſneſs are found. The diction, the verſification, and the figures, are Shakſpeare's. Theſe plays, conſidered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verſe, are more happily conceived and more accurately finiſhed than thoſe of *King John*, *Richard II.* or the tragick ſcenes of *King Henry IV.* and *V.* If we take theſe plays from Shakſpeare, to whom ſhall they be given? What authour of that age had the ſame eaſineſs of expreſſion and fluency of numbers?

Having

Having conſidered the evidence given by the plays themſelves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other teſtimony. They are aſcribed to Shakſpeare by the firſt editors, whoſe atteſtation may be received in queſtions of fact, however unſkilfully they ſuperintended their edition. They ſeem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakſpeare himſelf, who refers to the ſecond play in his epilogue to *King Henry V.* and apparently connects the firſt act of *King Richard III.* with the laſt of the third part of *K. Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be anſwered, with equal probability, that the natural paſſions of a poet would have diſpoſed him to ſeparate his own works from thoſe of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an authour's own teſtimony is to be overthrown by ſpeculative criticiſm, no man can be any longer ſecure of literary reputation.

Of theſe three plays I think the ſecond the beſt. The truth is, that they have not ſufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the ſame kind; yet many of the characters are well diſcriminated. King Henry, and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Glouceſter, and the earl of Warwick, are very ſtrongly and diſtinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *K. Henry VI.* and of *K. Henry V.* are ſo apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reaſon for ſuppoſing them the firſt draughts of Shakſpeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by ſome auditor who wrote down, during the repreſentation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up ſome of his omiſſions at a ſecond or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed ſomething like a play, ſent it to the printer. JOHNSON.

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece*, (fourth impreſſion) 1630:

" —for though ſome have uſed a double ſale of their labours, firſt to the ſtage and after to the preſs, for my own part I here proclaim myſelf ever faithful to the firſt, and never guilty of the laſt: yet ſince ſome of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore ſo corrupt and mangled (*copied only by the ear*), that I have been as unable to know them as aſhamed to challenge them, this therefore I was the willinger," &c. COLLINS.

I formerly coincided with Dr. Johnſon on this ſubject, at a time when I had examined the two old plays publiſhed in quarto under the title of *The Whole Contention of the two famous houſes of York and Lancaſter*, in two parts, with leſs attention than I have lately done. That dramas were ſometimes imperfectly taken down in the theatre, and afterwards publiſhed in a very mutilated ſtate, is proved deciſively by the prologue to a play entitled *If you know not me you know Nobody*, by Thomas Heywood, 1623:

" ——'Twas ill nurſt,
" And yet receiv'd as well perform'd at firſt;

" Grac'd

" Grac'd and frequented; for the cradle age
" Did throng the ſeats, the boxes, and the ſtage,
" So much, that ſome by *ſtenography* drew
" The plot, *put it in print*, ſcarce one word true:
" And in that lameneſs it has limp'd ſo long,
" The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
" Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
" To teach it walk;—ſo pleaſe you, ſit and ſee it."

But the old plays in quarto, which have been hitherto ſuppoſed to be imperfect repreſentations of the ſecond and third parts of *K. Henry VI.* are by no means mutilated and imperfect. The ſcenes are as well connected, and the verſification as correct, as that of moſt of the other dramas of that time. The fact therefore, which Heywood's prologue aſcertains, throws no light upon the preſent conteſted queſtion. Such obſervations as I have made upon it, I ſhall ſubjoin in a diſtinct Eſſay on the ſubject. MALONE.

There is another circumſtance which may ſerve to ſtrenghten Dr. Johnſon's ſuppoſition, viz. moſt of the fragments of Latin verſes, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio; and when any of them are inſerted in the former, they are ſhamefully corrupted and miſ-ſpelt. The auditor, who underſtood Engliſh, might be unſkill'd in any other language. STEEVENS.

I have already given ſome reaſons, why I cannot believe, that theſe plays were *originally* written by Shakſpeare. The queſtion, who did write them? is at beſt, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We muſt remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous*; and that *play-writing* was ſcarcely yet thought reputable: nay, ſome authors expreſs for it great horrors of repentance.—I will attempt, however, at ſome future time, to anſwer this queſtion: the diſquiſition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at leaſt argue, that the plays were not written by Shakſpeare, from Shakſpeare himſelf. The *Chorus* at the end *K. Henry V.* addreſſes the audience

" ——— for *their ſake*,
" In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modeſty, to recommend his new play from the merit and ſucceſs of *King Henry VI.*—His claim to indulgence is, that, though *bending* and unequal to the taſk, he has ventured to *purſue the ſtory*: and this ſufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the alluſions of particular paſſages. FARMER.

It is ſeldom that Dr. Farmer's arguments fail to enforce conviction; but here, perhaps, they may want ſomewhat of their uſual weight. I think that Shakſpeare's bare mention of theſe pieces, is a ſufficient proof they were his. That they were ſo, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himſelf from the ſpectator's recollection of their paſt ſucceſs. For the ſake of three hiſtorical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (ſays he) intreat your indulgence

indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a ſtronger plea in his behalf than any ariſing from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the ſame way of writing. Shakſpeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previouſly given pleaſure in the courſe of three of theſe hiſtories; becauſe he is a *bending*, ſupplicatory author, and not a literary bully like Ben Jonſon; and becauſe he has ventured to exhibit a ſeries of annals in a ſuite of plays, an attempt which till then had not received the ſanction of the ſtage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wiſh to exclude the three dramas before us, together with the *Taming of a Shrew*, from the number of thoſe produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakſpeare's want of learning are too ſtrong to ſtand in need of ſuch a ſupport; and yet *Venus and Adonis*, "the firſt heire of his invention," is uſher'd into the world with a Latin motto:

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtrat aqua. STEEVENS.

Though the objections, which have been raiſed to the genuineneſs of the *three plays of Henry the ſixth*, have been fully conſidered and anſwered by Dr. Johnſon, it may not be amiſs to add here from a contemporary writer, a paſſage, which not only points at Shakſpeare as the author of them, but alſo ſhews, that, however meanly we may now think of them in compariſon with his later productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a ſufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealouſy of the older playwrights. The paſſage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, ſuppoſed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and ſaid, in the title-page to be *publiſhed at his dying requeſt*; probably, about 1592. The concluſion of this piece is an addreſs to his brother-poets, to diſſuade them from writing any more for the ſtage, on account of the ill treatment which they were uſed to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To thoſe gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that ſpend their wits in making playes*, R. G. *wiſheth a better exerciſe*, &c. After having addreſt himſelf particularly to *Chriſtopher Marlowe* and *Thomas Lodge*, (as I gueſs from circumſtances, for their names are not mentioned;) he goes on to a third (perhaps *George Peele*); and having warned him againſt *depending on ſo meane a ſtay* as the players, he adds: *Yes, truſt them not: for there is an upſtart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his* tygres head wrapt in a players hyde, *ſuppoſes hee is as well able to bombaſte out a blanke verſe as the beſt of you; and being an abſolute* Johannes fac totum *is, in his own conceit, the onely* Shake-ſcene *in a countrey*. There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-ſcene* alludes to *Shakſpeare*; or that *tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde* is a parodie upon the following line of York's ſpeech to Margaret, *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, Act I. ſc. iv:

"Oh *tygres* heart, *wrapt in a* woman's *hide*." TYRWHITT.

DISSERTATION

ON

THE THREE PARTS

OF

KING HENRY VI.

THE CONTENTS.

ſ ſubject ſtated. The inferior parts in theſe three plays of a different complexion from the inferior parts of eare's undoubted performances, a proof that they were itten *originally* and *entirely* by him, p. 581.—The edi- ypotheſis. *The* Firſt *Part of K. Henry VI.* not written ikſpeare, or a very ſmall part of it written by him. :ond *and* Third *Part of K. Henry VI.* formed by Shak- on two elder plays, the one entitled *The firſt part of tention of the two famous houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, e death of the good duke Humphrey*, &c. the other, *The dgedie of Richarde duke of Yorke, and the death of good enrie the Sixt.* p. 382.

THE FIRST PART OF K. HENRY VI.

diction, verſification, and alluſions, of this piece all t from the diction, verſification, and alluſions of Shak- and correſponding with thoſe of the dramatiſts that d him, p. 383—390. Date of this play ſome years 1592; p. 390. Other internal evidence (beſide the , &c.) that this piece was not written by Shakſpeare; the authour of *The firſt part of the Contention of the uſes*, &c. nor by the authour of *The true tragedie of e duke of Yorke*, p. 391—393. Preſumptive proof is play was not written by Shakſpeare, from its not ing any ſimilarities of thought to his undiſputed plays, expreſſion, (except in a ſingle inſtance,) and from its paucity of rhymes, p. 394.

SECOND AND THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.

XTERNAL EVIDENCE. 1. The entry of *The firſt part Contention of the two houſes*, &c. at Stationers' Hall in

1594, *anonymous*. 2. That piece, and *The true tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, printed in 1600, *anonymously*. Shakſpeare's name afterwards fraudulently affixed to theſe pieces, and why. The ſame artifice practiſed with reſpect to other plays *on which he had conſtructed dramas*, p. 395—396. 3. Theſe two old plays performed by Lord Pembroke's ſervants, by whom *Titus Andronicus*, and *The* old *Taming of a Shrew* were performed, and by whom not one of Shakſpeare's undiſputed plays were repreſented, p. 397. 4. Reaſons aſſigned for ſuppoſing Robert Greene, or George Peele, or both, the authour or authours of the old plays, p. 397—398. Theſe pieces *new-modelled* and *re-written* by Shakſpeare, with great additions, which in the preſent edition are diſtinguiſhed by a peculiar mark, p. 399. The mode taken by Shakſpeare, p. 399—403. 6. The fraud of Pavier the bookſeller, who in the year 1619, after the death of Shakſpeare, affixed his name to theſe two old plays, accounted for, p. 404—405. 7. Theſe two old pieces being printed and reprinted, and *The firſt part of K. Henry VI.* not being printed, in Shakſpeare's life time, a preſumptive proof that he new-modelled the former, and had little or no concern with the latter, p. 406.

II. INTERNAL EVIDENCE. 1. The VARIATIONS between the two old plays in quarto, and the correſponding pieces in the folio edition of our authour's dramatick works, of ſo peculiar a nature, as to mark *two diſtinct* hands. Several paſſages and circumſtances found in the old plays, of which there is no trace in Shakſpeare's new modification of them; others materially varying. Theſe inſertions and variations could not have ariſen from unſkilful copyiſts or ſhorthandwriters, who ſometimes curtail and mutilate, but do not invent and amplify, p. 406—411. 2. The RESEMBLANCES between certain paſſages in Shakſpeare's *Second and Third Part of K. Henry VI.* and his undiſputed works, a proof that he wrote a large portion of thoſe plays; and 3. the DISCORDANCIES between them and his undiſputed plays, a proof that he did not write the whole; theſe reſemblances being

found *only* in the folio, that is, in the plays as new-modelled by Shakſpeare; and theſe diſcordancies being found in the old quarto plays, from whence it muſt be preſumed that they were adopted through careleſsneſs or haſte, p. 412.—415. 4. The peculiar INACCURACIES of Shakſpeare; and 5. his peculiar PHRASEOLOGY, which are found in *The Second* and *Third Part of K. Henry VI.* as exhibited in folio, and not in the old quarto plays printed in 1600, prove that there were two diſtinct hands in theſe pieces; p. 416—417. So alſo do, 6. the TRANSPOSITIONS, p. 418; and 7. the REPETITIONS, p. 419; and 8. the INCONSISTENCIES ariſing from ſometimes following, and ſometimes departing from, an original model, p. 420. 9. Hall the hiſtorian on whoſe Chronicle the old plays in quarto were conſtructed, but Holinſhed and not Hall, Shakſpeare's hiſtorian, p. 421—429.

The old plays on which Shakſpeare formed his *Second* and *Third Parts of K. Henry VI.* probably written by the authour of *King John*, printed in 1591, whoever he was; p. 423. An attempt made to account for *The Firſt Part of K. Henry VI.* being printed in the firſt folio edition of our poet's dramatick works, p. 424. Objections of Dr. Johnſon and others, enumerated. Recapitulation, p. 425. A conſiderable part of the Engliſh hiſtory dramatized before the time of Shakſpeare; and many of his hiſtorical and other plays formed on thoſe of preceding writers. Concluſion, p. 429.

ERRATA.

Page 404, l. *penult.* of note, for *undoubted* r. *undated.*
421, l. 21, for 40, r. 459.

A DISSER-

A

DISSERTATION

ON

THE THREE PARTS

OF

KING HENRY VI.

TENDING TO SHEW

That thoſe Plays were *not* written ORIGINALLY by

SHAKSPEARE.

SEVERAL paſſages in *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* appearing evidently to be of the hand of Shakſpeare, I was long of opinion that the *three* hiſtorical dramas which are the ſubject of the preſent diſquiſition, were properly aſcribed to him; not then doubting that the whole of theſe plays was the production of the ſame perſon. But a more minute inveſtigation of the ſubject, into which I have been led by the preſent reviſion of all our author's works, has convinced me, that, though the premiſes were true, my concluſion was too haſtily drawn; for though the hand of Shakſpeare is unqueſtionably found in the two latter of theſe plays, it does not therefore neceſſarily follow, that they were *originally* and *entirely* compoſed by him. My thoughts upon this point have already been intimated in the foregoing notes; but it is now neceſſary for me to ſtate my opinion more particularly, and to lay before the reader the grounds on which, after a very careful inquiry, it has been formed.

What at preſent I have chiefly in view is, to account for the viſible *inequality* in theſe pieces; many traits of Shakſpeare being clearly diſcernible in them, while the

inferior parts are not merely unequal to the reſt, (from which no certain concluſion can be drawn,) but of quite a different complexion from the inferior parts of our author's undoubted performances.

My hypotheſis then is, that *The* Firſt *Part of K. Henry VI.* as it now appears, (of which no quarto copy is extant,) was the entire or nearly the entire production of ſome ancient dramatiſt; that *The Whole Contention of the two Houſes of York and Lancaſter*, &c. written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto, in 1600, was alſo the compoſition of ſome writer who preceded Shakſpeare; and that from this piece, which is in two parts, (the former of which is entitled, *The firſt Part of the Contention of the two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, with the death of the good duke Humphrey*, &c. and the latter, *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt*,) our poet formed the two plays, entitled *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI.* as they appear in the firſt folio edition of his works.

Mr. Upton has aſked, "How does the painter diſtinguiſh copies from originals but by manner and ſtyle? And have not authors their peculiar ſtyle and manner, from which a true critick can form as unerring a judgment as a painter?" Dr. Johnſon, though he has ſhewn, with his uſual acuteneſs, that "this illuſtration of the critick's ſcience will not prove what is deſired," acknowledges in a preceding note, that "diſſimilitude of ſtyle and heterogeneouſneſs of ſentiment may ſufficiently ſhew that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in theſe plays (he adds) no ſuch marks of ſpuriouſneſs are found. The diction, the verſification, and the figures, are Shakſpeare's."—By theſe criterions then let us examine *The* Firſt *Part of K. Henry VI.* (for I chooſe to conſider that piece ſeparately;) and if the diction, the figures, or rather the alluſions, and the verſification of that play, (for theſe are our ſureſt guides) ſhall appear to be different from the other two parts, *as they are exhibited in the folio*, and from our author's other plays, we may fairly conclude that he was not the writer of it.

I. With

I. With reſpect to the diction and the alluſions, which I ſhall conſider under the ſame head, it is very obſervable that in *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* there are more alluſions to mythology, to claſſical authors, and to ancient and modern hiſtory, than, I believe, can be found in any one piece of our author's written on an Engliſh ſtory; and that theſe alluſions are introduced very much in the ſame manner as they are introduced in the plays of Greene, Peele, Lodge, and other dramatiſts who preceded Shakſpeare; that is, they do not naturally ariſe out of the ſubject, but ſeem to be inſerted merely to ſhew the writer's learning. Of theſe the following are the moſt remarkable.

1. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
2. A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make
Than Julius Cæſar, or bright—

This blank, Dr. Johnſon with the higheſt probability conjectures, ſhould be filled up with "Berenice;" a word that the tranſcriber or compoſitor probably could not make out. In the ſame manner he left a blank in a ſubſequent paſſage for the name of "Nero," as is indubitably proved by the following line, which aſcertains the omitted word. See N°. 6.

3. Was Mahomet inſpired with a dove?
4. Helen, the mother of Great Conſtantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
5. Froiſard, a countryman of ours, records, &c.
6. ——— and, like thee, [Nero,]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burning.

[In the original copy there is a blank where the word *Nero* is now placed.]

7. The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome.
8. A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops—.
9. Divineſt creature, Aſtræa's daughter—.
10. ——— Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.

11. A ſtatelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was.
12. ——— an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius.
13. I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris, by Cyrus' death.
14. I thought I ſhould have ſeen ſome Hercules,
A ſecond Hector, for his grim aſpect.
15. Neſtor-like aged, in an age of care.
16. Then follow thou thy deſperate ſire of Crete,
Thou Icarus.
17. Where is the great Alcides of the field?
18. Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
That Cæſar and his fortune bare at once.
19. Is Talbot ſlain; the Frenchman's only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terror, and black Nemeſis?
10. Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons lurk.
21. See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, ſhe would change my ſhape.
22. ——— thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love.

Of particular expreſſions there are many in this play, that ſeem to me more likely to have been uſed by the authors already named, than by Shakſpeare; but I confeſs, with Dr. Johnſon, that ſingle words can conclude little. However, I will juſt mention that the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which occur in this piece, are not, I believe, found in any of Shakſpeare's undiſputed performances: not to inſiſt on a direct Latiniſm, *pile-eſteemed*, which I am confident was the word intended by the author, though, being a word of his own formation, the compoſitor has printed—*pil'd*-eſteem'd, inſtead of it[1].

The verſification of this play appears to me clearly of a different colour from that of all our author's genuine dramas, while at the ſame time it reſembles that of many of the plays produced before the time of Shakſpeare.

[1] See *K. Henry VI.* P. I. p. 24, n. 7.

In

In all the tragedies written before his time, or juſt when he commenced author, a certain ſtately march of verſification is very obſervable. The ſenſe concludes or pauſes almoſt uniformly at the end of every line; and the verſe has ſcarcely ever a redundant ſyllable. As the reader may not have any of theſe pieces at hand, (by the poſſeſſion of which, however, his library would not be much enriched,) I ſhall add a few inſtances,—the firſt that occur:

" Moſt loyal lords, and faithful followers,
" That have with me, unworthy general,
" Paſſed the greedy gulph of Ocean,
" Leaving the confines of fair Italy,
" Behold, your Brutus draweth nigh his end,
" And I muſt leave you, though againſt my will.
" My ſinews ſhrink, my numbed ſenſes fail,
" A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my bones;
" Black ugly death, with viſage pale and wan,
" Preſents himſelf before my dazzled eyes,
" And with his dart prepared is to ſtrike."

Locrine, 1595.

" My lord of Glouceſter, and lord Mortimer,
" To do you honour in your ſovereign's eyes,
" That, as we hear, is newly come aland,
" From Paleſtine, with all his men of war,
" (The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
" Preſerv'd by miracle in Sicil road,)
" Go mount your courſers, meet him on the way:
" Pray him to ſpur his ſteed, minutes and hours,
" Untill his mother ſee her princely ſon,
" Shining in glory of his ſafe return."

Edward I. by George Peele, 1593.

" Then go thy ways, and clime up to the clouds,
" And tell Apollo that Orlando ſits
" Making of verſes for Agelica.
" And if he do deny to ſend me down
" The ſhirt which Deianira ſent to Hercules,
" To make me brave upon my wedding day,
" Tell him I'll paſs the Alps, and up to Meroe,

" (I know he knows that watry lakiſh hill)
" And pull the harp out of the minſtrels hands,
" And pawne it unto lovely Proſerpine,
" That ſhe may fetch the faire Angelica."

Orlando Furioſo, by Robert Greene, printed in 1599; written before 1592.

" The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
" The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
" Carv'd out like to the portal of the ſunne,
" Shall not be ſuch as rings the Engliſh ſtrand
" From Dover to the market-place of Rye."

* * *

" To plain our queſtions, as Apollo did."

* * *

" Facile and debonaire in all his deeds,
" Proportion'd as was Paris, when in gray,
" He courted Oenon in the vale by Troy."

* * *

" Who dar'd for Edward's ſake cut through the ſeas,
" And venture as Agenor's damſel through the deepe."

* * *

" England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
" The Pyren mountains ſwelling above the clouds,
" That ward this wealthy Caſtile in with walls,
" Could not detain the beauteous Eleanor;
" But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
" She dar'd to brave Neptunus' haughty pride,
" And brave the brunt of froward Eolus."

* * *

" Daphne, the damſel that caught Phœbus faſt,
" And lock'd him in the brightneſs of her looks,
" Was not ſo beauteous in Apollo's eyes,
" As is fair Margaret, to the Lincoln earl."

* * *

" We muſt lay plots for ſtately tragedies,
" Strange comick ſhews, ſuch as proud Roſcius
" Vaunted before the Roman emperours."

* * *

" Lacy, thou can'ſt not ſhrowd thy traiterous thoughts,
" Nor cover, as did Caſſius, all his wiles;

" For

" For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
" As Lynceus from the ſhores of Greecia."

" Pardon, my lord: If Jove's great royalty
" Sent me ſuch preſents as to Danae;
" If Phœbus tied to Latona's webs,
" Came courting from the beauty of his lodge;
" The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercurie,
" Nor all the wealth heaven's treaſury affords,
" Should make me leave lord Lacy or his love."

" What will thou do?—
" Shew thee the tree leav'd with refined gold,
" Whereon the fearful dragon held his ſeate,
" That watch'd the garden call'd Heſperides,
" Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules."

" ——————— Margaret,
" That overſhines our damſels, as the moone
" Darkens the brighteſt ſparkles of the night."

" Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
" And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?
" Or Pœbus ſcape thoſe piercing amoriſts,
" That Daphne glanced at his deitie?
" Can Edward then ſit by a flame and freeze,
" Whoſe heats puts Hellen and fair Daphne down?"

The honourable Hiſtorie of Friar Bacon, &c. by Robert Greene; written before 1592, printed in 1598.

" *King.* Thus far, ye Engliſh Peers, have we diſplay'd
" Our waving enſigns with a happy war;
" Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng'd
" My daughter's death upon the traiterous Scot:
" And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch'd,
" Which if it yield not to our compromiſe,
" The place ſhall furrow where the palace ſtood,
" And fury ſhall envy ſo high a power,
" That mercy ſhall be baniſh'd from our ſword.
" *Doug.* What ſeeks the Engliſh king?

" *King*. Scot, ope thoſe gates, and let me enter in.
" Submit thyſelf and thine unto my grace,
" Or I will put each mother's ſon to death,
" And lay this city level with the ground."
James IV. by Robert Greene, printed in 1598; written before 1592.

" Valeria, attend; I have a lovely bride
" As bright as is the heaven chryſtaline;
" As faire as is the milke-white way of Jove,
" As chaſte as Phœbe in her ſummer ſports,
" As ſoft and tender as the azure downe
" That circles Citherea's ſilver doves;
" Her do I meane to make my lovely bride,
" And in her bed to breathe the ſweet content
" That I, thou know'ſt, long time have aimed at."
The Taming of a Shrew, written before 1594.

" *Pol.* Faire Emilia, ſummers bright ſun queene,
" Brighter of hew than is the burning clime
" Where Phœbus in his bright equator ſits,
" Creating gold and pretious minerals,
" What would Emilia doe, if I were fond
" To leave faire Athens, and to range the world?
" *Emil.* Should thou aſſay to ſcale the ſeate of Jove,
" Mounting the ſubtle airie regions,
" Or be ſnatcht up, as erſt was Ganimede,
" Love ſhould give wings unto my ſwift deſires,
" And prune my thoughts, that I would follow thee,
" Or fall and periſh as did Icarus." *Ibid.*

" Barons of England, and my noble lords,
" Though God and fortune have bereft from us
" Victorious Richard, ſcourge of infidels,
" And clad this land in ſtole of diſmal hue,
" Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
" That from this wombe hath ſprung a ſecond hope,
" A king that may in rule and virtue both
" Succeed his brother in his emperie."
The troubleſome raigne of King John, 1591.

" —— as ſometimes Phaeton,
" Miſtruſting ſilly Merops for his fire—." *Ibid.*

" As

" As curſed Nero with his mother did,
" So I with you, if you reſolve me not." *Ibid.*

" Peace, Arthur, peace! thy mother makes thee wings,
" To ſoar with peril after Icarus." *Ibid.*

" How doth Alecto whiſper in my ears,
" Delay not, Philip, kill the villaine ſtraight." *Ibid.*

" *Philippus atavis edite regibus,*
" What ſaiſt thou, Philip, ſprung of ancient kings,—
" *Quo me rapit tempeſtas?*" *Ibid.*

" Morpheus, leave here thy ſilent Ebon cave,
" Beſiege his thoughts with diſmal phantaſies;
" And ghaſtly objects of pale threatning Mors.
" Affright him every minute with ſtern looks." *Ibid.*

" Here is the ranſome that allaies his rage,
" The firſt freehold that Richard left his ſonne,
" With which I ſhall ſurprize his living ſpies,
" As Hector's ſtatue did the fainting Greeks." *Ibid.*

" This curſed country, where the traitors breathe,
" Whoſe perjurie (as proud Briareus)
" Beleaguers all the ſky with miſbelief." *Ibid.*

" Muſt Conſtance ſpeak? let tears prevent her talk.
" Muſt I diſcourſe? let *Dido* ſigh, and ſay,
" She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy." *Ibid.*

" John, 'tis thy ſins that make it miſerable.
" *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*" *Ibid.*

" *King.* Robert of Artoys, baniſh'd though thou be,
" From France, thy native country, yet with us
" Thou ſhalt retain as great a ſigniorie,
" For we create thee earle of Richmond here:
" And now go forwards with our pedigree;
" Who next ſucceeded Philip of Bew?

" *Art.*

" *Art.* Three ſonnes of his, which, all ſucceſsfully,
" Did ſit upon their father's regal throne;
" Yet died, and left no iſſue of their loynes.
" *King.* But was my mother ſiſter unto theſe?
" *Art.* She was, my lord; and only Iſabel
" Was all the daughters that this Philip had."
The raigne of King Edward III. 1596.

The tragedies of *Marius and Sylla*, by T. Lodge, 1594, *A Looking Glaſs for London and England*, by T. Lodge and R. Greene, 1598, *Solyman and Perſeda*, written before 1592, *Selimus Emperour of the Turks*, 1594, *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1592, and *Titus Andronicus*, will all furniſh examples of a ſimilar verſification; a verſification ſo exactly correſponding with that of *The firſt Part of King Henry VI.* and *The Whole Contention of the two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. as it originally appeared, that I have no doubt theſe plays were the production of ſome one or other of the authors of the pieces above quoted or enumerated.

A paſſage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Naſhe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, &c. ſhews that The *firſt* part of *King Henry VI.* had been on the ſtage before 1592; and his favourable mention of this piece inclines me to believe that it was written by a friend of his. " How would it have joyed brave Talbot, (ſays Naſhe in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592,) the terror of the French, to thinke that after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he ſhould triumph again on the ſtage; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thouſand ſpectators at leaſt, (at ſeveral times) who in the tragedian that repreſents his perſon behold him freſh bleeding."

This paſſage was ſeveral years ago pointed out by my friend Dr. Farmer, as a proof of the hypotheſis which I am now endeavouring to eſtabliſh. That it related to the old play of *K. Henry VI.* or, as it is now called, *The* firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* cannot, I think, be doubted. *Talbot* appears in the *firſt* part, and not in the *ſecond* or *third* part; and is expreſsly ſpoken of in the play, (as well as in Hall's Chronicle) as " the terror of the French."
Holinſhed,

Holinſhed, who was Shakſpeare's guide, omits the paſ-
ge in Hall, in which Talbot is thus deſcribed; and this
an additional proof that this play was not our author's.
ut of this more hereafter.

The firſt *part of King Henry VI.* (as it is now called)
rniſhes us with other *internal* proofs alſo of its not be-
g the work of Shakſpeare.

1. The author of that play, whoever he was, does not
em to have known preciſely how old Henry the Sixth
s at the time of his father's death. He opens his play
deed with the funeral of Henry the Fifth, but no where
entions expreſsly the young king's age. It is clear,
wever, from one paſſage, that he ſuppoſed him to have
ſſed the ſtate of infancy before he loſt his father, and
en to have remembered ſome of his ſayings. In the
rth act, ſc. iv. ſpeaking of the famous Talbot, he ſays,

When *I was young*, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father ſaid,
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.

t Shakſpeare, as appears from two paſſages, one in the
ond, and the other in the *third*, part of *King Henry VI.*
ew that that king could not poſſibly remember any
ing his father had ſaid; and therefore Shakſpeare could
t have been the author of the *firſt* part.

No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king at *nine months old*.
K. Henry VI. P. II. Act IV. ſc. ix.

When I was crown'd, I was but *nine months old*.
K. Henry VI. P. III. Act I. ſc. i.

The firſt of theſe paſſages is found in the folio copy of
he *ſecond* part of *King Henry VI.* and not in *The firſt*
rt *of the Contention*, &c. printed in quarto; and
cording to my hypotheſis, was one of Shakſpeare's
ditions to the old play. This therefore does not
ove that the *original* author, whoever he was, was not
ewiſe the author of the *firſt* part of *King Henry VI.*;
t, what is more material to our preſent queſtion, it
oves that *Shakſpeare* could not be the author of that
ay. The ſecond of theſe paſſages is found in *The true*
Tragedie

Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c. and is a decisive proof that The *first* part of *King Henry VI.* was written *neither* by the author of that tragedy, nor by Shakspeare.

2. A second internal proof that Shakspeare was not the author of the *first* part of these three plays, is furnished by that scene, (Act II. sc. v. p. 48.) in which it is said, that the earl of Cambridge *raised an army* against his sovereign. But Shakspeare in his play of *K. Henry V.* has represented the matter truly as it was; the earl being in the second act of that historical piece condemned at Southampton for conspiring to *assassinate* Henry.

3. I may likewise add, that the author of The *first* part of *K. Henry VI.* knew the true pronunciation of the word *Hecate*, and has used it as it is used by the Roman writers:

"I speak not to that railing *Heca-tē*."

But Shakspeare in his *Macbeth* always uses *Hecate* as a dissyllable; and therefore could not have been the author of the other piece[2].

Having now, as I conceive, vindicated Shakspeare from being the writer of The *first* part of *King Henry VI.* it may seem unnecessary to inquire who was the author; or whether it was the production of the same person or persons who wrote the two pieces, entitled, *The first Part of the Contention of the two Houses*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. However, I shall add a word or two on that point.

We have already seen that the author of the play last named could not have written *The first part of K. Henry VI.* The following circumstances prove that it could not have been written by the author of *The first Part of the Contention*, &c. supposing for a moment that piece, and *The*

[2] It may perhaps appear a minute remark, but I cannot help observing that the second speech in this play ascertains the writer to have been very conversant with Hall's Chronicle:

"*What should I say?* his deeds exceed all speech."

This phrase is introduced on almost every occasion by that writer, when he means to be eloquent. Holinshed, and not Hall, was Shakspeare's historian (as has been already observed); this therefore is an additional proof that this play was not our author's.

true

true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke, &c. to have been the work of different hands.

1. The writer of *The firſt part of the Contention*, &c. makes Saliſbury ſay to Richard duke of York, that the perſon from whom the duke derived his title, (he means his maternal uncle Edmund Mortimer, though he ignorantly gives him a different appellation, was "done to death by that monſtrous rebel Owen Glendower;" and Shakſpeare in this has followed him:

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.

On this falſe aſſertion the duke of York makes no remark. But the author of *The Firſt Part of K. Henry VI.* has repreſented this Edmund Mortimer, not as put to death, or kept in captivity to the time of his death, by Owen Glendower, (who himſelf died in the ſecond year of *King Henry V.*) but as a *ſtate* priſoner, who died in the Tower in the reign of *King Henry VI.* in the preſence of this very duke of York, who was then only Richard Plantagenet[3].

2. A correct ſtatement of the iſſue of King Edward the Third, and of the title of Edmund Mortimer to the crown, is given in *The firſt part of K. Henry VI.* But in *The firſt part of the Contention*, &c. we find a very incorrect and falſe ſtatement of Edward's iſſue, and of the title of Mortimer, whoſe father, Roger Mortimer, the author of that piece ignorantly calls the *fifth ſon* of that monarch. Thoſe two plays therefore could not have been the work of one hand.

On all theſe grounds it appears to me clear, that neither Shakſpeare, nor the author of *The firſt part of the Contention*, &c. or *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. could have been the author of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.*

It is obſervable that in The *Second* and *Third* Part of *King Henry VI.* many thoughts and many modes of ex-

[3] See *the firſt part of King Henry VI.* p. 49; and the *ſecond part* p. 152.

preſſion

preſſion are found, which likewiſe occur in Shakſpeare's other dramas: but in the *Firſt* Part I recollect but one marked expreſſion, that is alſo found in one of his undiſputed performances:

"As I am ſick with *working of my thoughts.*"

So, in *K. Henry V*:

"*Work, work your thoughts,* and therein ſee a ſiege.

But ſurely this is too ſlight a circumſtance to overturn all the other arguments that have now been urged to prove this play not the production of our author. The co-incidence might be accidental, for it is a co-incidence not of thought but of language;—or the expreſſion might have remained in his mind in conſequence of his having often ſeen this play; (we know that he has borrowed many other expreſſions from preceding writers;)—or laſtly, this might have been one of the very few lines that he wrote on reviſing this piece; which, however few they were, might, with other reaſons, have induced the firſt publiſhers of his works in folio to print it with the *ſecond* and *third* part, and to aſcribe it to Shakſpeare.

Before I quit this part of the ſubject, it may be proper to mention one other circumſtance that renders it very improbable that Shakſpeare ſhould have been the author of The *Firſt* Part of *K. Henry VI.* In this play, though one ſcene is entirely in rhyme, there are very few rhymes diſperſed through the piece, and no alternate rhymes; both of which abound in our author's undiſputed *early* plays. This obſervation indeed may likewiſe be extended to the *ſecond* and *third* part of theſe hiſtorical dramas; and perhaps it may be urged, that if this argument has any weight, it will prove that he had no hand in the compoſition of thoſe plays. But there being no alternate rhymes in thoſe two plays may be accounted for, by recollecting that in 1591, Shakſpeare had not written his *Venus and Adonis*, or his *Rape of Lucrece*; the meaſures of which perhaps inſenſibly led him to employ a ſimilar kind of metre occaſionally in the dramas that he wrote ſhortly after he had compoſed thoſe poems. The paucity

of

of regular rhymes muſt be accounted for differently. My ſolution is, that working up the materials which were furniſhed by a preceding writer, he naturally followed his mode: and in the original plays from which theſe two were formed very few rhymes are found. Nearly the ſame argument will apply to the *firſt* part; for its date alſo, were that piece Shakſpeare's, would account for the want of alternate rhymes. The paucity of regular rhymes indeed cannot be accounted for by ſaying that here too our author was following the track of another poet; but the ſolution is unneceſſary; for from the beginning to the end of that play, except perhaps in ſome ſcenes of the fourth act, there is not a ſingle print of the footſteps of Shakſpeare.

I have already obſerved that it is highly improbable that *The firſt Part of the Contention of the two Houſes of York and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, were written by the author of *The* firſt *part of King Henry VI.* By whom theſe two plays were written, it is not here neceſſary to inquire; it is ſufficient, if probable reaſons can be produced for ſuppoſing this two-part piece not to have been the compoſition of Shakſpeare, but the work of ſome preceding writer, on which he formed thoſe two plays which appear in the firſt folio edition of his works, comprehending a period of twenty-ſix years. from the time of Henry's marriage to that of his death.

II. I now therefore proceed to ſtate my opinion concerning *The* Second and Third *Part of King Henry VI.*

"A book entituled, *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, with the death of the good duke Humphrie, and the baniſhment and deathe of the duke of Yorke, and the tragical ende of the proude Cardinall of Wincheſter, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade, and the duke of Yorke's firſt claime unto the crown,*" was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Thomas Millington, March 12, 1593-4. This play, however, (on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* is formed) was not then printed; nor was *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, &c.*

(on which Shakſpeare's *Third* Part *of King Henry VI.* is founded) entered at Stationers' Hall at the ſame time; but they were both printed for T. Millington in 1600[4].

The firſt thing that ſtrikes us in this entry is, that *the name of Shakſpeare is not mentioned*; nor, when the two plays were publiſhed in 1600, did the printer aſcribe them to our author in the title-page, (though his reputation was then at the higheſt,) as ſurely he would have done, had they been his compoſitions.

In a ſubſequent edition indeed of the ſame pieces, printed by one Pavier, without date, but in reality in 1619, after our great poet's death, the name of Shakſpeare appears; but this was a bookſeller's trick, founded upon our author's celebrity; on his having new modelled theſe plays; and on the proprietors of the Globe and Black-friars' theatre not having publiſhed Shakſpeare's *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* The very ſame deception was practiſed with reſpect to *King John*. The old play (written perhaps by the ſame perſon who was the author of *The Contention of the two famous Houſes, &c.*) was printed in 1591, like that piece, *anonymouſly*. In 1611, (Shakſpeare's *King John*, founded on the ſame ſtory, having been probably often acted and admired,) the old piece in two parts was reprinted; and, in order to deceive the purchaſer, was ſaid in the title-page to be written by *W. Sh.* A ſubſequent printer in 1622 grew more bold, and affixed Shakſpeare's name to it at full length.

It is obſervable that Millington the bookſeller, by whom *The firſt part of the Contention of the two famous Houſes, &c.* was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1593-4, and for whom that piece and *The Tragedie of the duke of Yorke, &c.* were printed in 1600, was not the proprietor of any one of Shakſpeare's undiſputed plays, except *King Henry V.* of which he publiſhed a *ſpurious* copy, that, I think, muſt have been imperfectly taken down in ſhort-hand in the play-houſe.

[4] They were probably printed in 1600, becauſe Shakſpeare's alterations of them were then popular, as *King Leir and his three daughters* was printed in 1605, becauſe our author's play was probably at that time firſt produced.

The

The next obſervable circumſtance with reſpect to theſe two quarto plays, is, that they are ſaid in their title-pages to have been "ſundry times acted by the earle of Pembrooke his ſervantes." *Titus Andronicus* and *The* old *Taming of a Shrew* were acted by the ſame company of Comedians; but not *one* of our author's plays is ſaid in its title-page to have been acted by any but the Lord Chamberlain's, or the Queen's, or King's ſervants. This circumſtance alone, in my opinion, might almoſt decide the queſtion.

This much appears on the firſt ſuperficial view of theſe pieces; but the paſſage quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt from an old pamphlet, entitled *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, &c. affords a ſtill more deciſive ſupport to the hypotheſis that I am endeavouring to maintain; which indeed that pamphlet firſt ſuggeſted to me. As this paſſage is the chief hinge of my argument, though it has already been printed in a preceding page, it is neceſſary to lay it again before the reader.—"Yes," ſays the writer, Robert Greene, (addreſſing himſelf, as Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures with great probability, to his poetical friend George Peele,) "truſt them [the players] not; for there is an upſtart crowe BEAUTIFIED WITH OUR FEATHERS, that with his *tygres heart wrapt in a players hide* ſuppoſes hee is as well able to bombaſte out a blank verſe as the beſt of you; and being an abſolute *Johannes fac totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-ſcene* in a country."—"O tyger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!" is a line of the old quarto play, entitled *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes*, &c.

That Shakſpeare was here alluded to, cannot, I think, be doubted. But what does the writer mean by calling him "*a crow beautified with our feathers?*" My ſolution is, that GREENE and PEELE were the joint-authors of the two quarto plays, entitled *The firſt part of the Contention of the two famous houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. or that Greene was the author of one, and Peele of the other. Greene's pamphlet, from whence the foregoing paſſage

is extracted, was written recently before his death, which happened in September 1592. How long he and Peele had been dramatick writers, is not preciſely aſcertained. Peele took the degree of Maſter of Arts at Oxford, in 1579: Greene took the ſame degree in Cambridge in 1583. Each of them has left four or five plays, and they wrote ſeveral others which have not been publiſhed. The earlieſt of Peele's printed pieces, *The Arraignment of Paris*, appeared in 1584; and one of Greene's pamphlets was printed in 1583. Between that year and 1591 it is highly probable that the two plays in queſtion were written. I ſuſpect they were produced in 1588 or 1589. We have undoubted proofs that Shakſpeare was not above working on the materials of other men. His *Taming of the Shrew*, his *King John*, and other plays, render any arguments on that point unneceſſary. Having therefore probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote this dying exhortation to his friend, new-modelled and amplified theſe two pieces, and produced on the ſtage what in the folio edition of his Works are called *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* and having acquired conſiderable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame and that of his aſſociate, both of them old and admired play-wrights, being eclipſed by a new *upſtart* writer, (for ſo he calls our great poet,) who had then firſt perhaps attracted the notice of the publick by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, conſiderably enlarged and improved. He therefore in direct terms charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himſelf with their feathers*; in other words, with having acquired fame *furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by them: and wiſhing to depretiate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces, which Shakſpeare had thus *re-written*; a proceeding which the authors of the original plays conſidered as an invaſion both of their literary property and character. This line with many others Shakſpeare adopted without any alteration.

tion. The very term that Greene uſes,—" to *bombaſt* out a blank verſe," exactly correſponds with what has been now ſuggeſted. This new poet, ſays he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and ſwell out a blank verſe. *Bumbaſt* was a ſoft ſtuff of a looſe texture, by which garments were rendered more ſwelling and protuberant.

Several years after the death of Boiardo, Franceſco Berni undertook to new-verſify Boiardo's poem, entitled ORLANDO INNAMORATO. Berni (as Baretti obſerves) "was not ſatisfied with merely making the verſification of that poem better; he interſperſed it with many ſtanzas of his own, and changed almoſt all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each of them with ſome moral reflection ariſing from the canto foregoing." What Berni did to Boiardo's poem after the death of its author, and more, I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare to have done to *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. in the life time of Greene and Peele, their literary parents; and this *Riſacimento* (as the Italians call it) of theſe two plays I ſuppoſe to have been executed by Shakſpeare, and exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars theatre, in the year 1591.

I have ſaid Shakſpeare did what Berni did, and more. He did not content himſelf with writing new beginnings to the acts; he new-verſified, he new-modelled, he tranſpoſed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and even whole ſpeeches which he thought ſufficiently poliſhed, he accepted, and introduced into his own work, without any, or with very ſlight, alterations.

In the preſent edition, all thoſe lines which he adopted without any alteration, are printed in the uſual manner; thoſe ſpeeches which he altered or expanded, are diſtinguiſhed by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely compoſed by himſelf aſteriſks are prefixed. The total number of lines in our author's *Second* and *Third Part* of *K. Henry VI.* is SIX THOUSAND AND FORTY-THREE:

of theſe, as I conceive, 1771 lines were written by ſome author who preceded Shakſpeare; 2373 were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predeceſſors; and 1899 lines were entirely his own compoſition.

That the reader may have the whole of the ſubject before him, I ſhall here tranſcribe the fourth ſcene of the fourth act of *The* Third *Part* of *K. Henry VI.* (which happens to be a ſhort one,) together with the correſponding ſcene in the original play; and alſo a ſpeech of Queen Margaret in the fifth act, with the original ſpeech on which it is formed. The firſt ſpecimen will ſerve to ſhew the method taken by Shakſpeare, where he only new-poliſhed the language of the old play, rejecting ſome part of the dialogue, and making ſome ſlight additions to the part which he retained; the ſecond is a ſtriking proof of his facility and vigour of compoſition, which has happily expanded a thought comprized originally in a very ſhort ſpeech, into thirty-ſeven lines, none of which appear feeble or ſuperfluous.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE, *&c.* Sign. F. 4. edit. 1600.

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.

Riv. Tell me, good madam,
Why is your grace ſo paſſionate of late.
Queene. Why, brother Rivers, heare you not the newes
Of that ſucceſs king Edward had of late?
Riv. What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt Warwick?
Tuſh; fear not, faire queen, but caſt theſe cares aſide.
King Edwards noble minde his honours doth diſplay;
And Warwicke may loſe, though then he got the day.
Queene. If that were all, my griefes were at an end;
But greater troubles will, I feare, befall.
Riv. What? is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royal perſon then?
Queene. I, there's my griefe; king Edward is ſurpriſde,
And led away as priſoner unto Yorke.

Riv.

Riv. The newes is paſſing ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe;
Yet comfort yourſelfe, for Edward hath more friends
Than Lancaſter at this time muſt perceive,—
That ſome will ſet him in his throne againe.
Queene. God grant they may! but gentle brother, come,
And let me leane upon thine arm a while,
Untill I come unto the ſanctuarie;
There to preſerve the fruit within my womb,
King Edwards ſeed, true heir to Englands crowne.
[*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Enter the QUEEN, *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?
Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt Warwick?
Queen. No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.
Riv. Then is my ſovereign ſlain?
Queen. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;
Either betray'd by falſhood of his guard,
Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to underſtand,
Is new committed to the biſhop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief;
Yet gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.
Queen. Till then, fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the Engliſh crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am informed, that he comes towards London
To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head:
Gueſs thou the reſt; king Edward's friends muſt down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him that once hath broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right;
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE, *&c.* Sign. G 4. edit. 1600.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, Somerſet, with drumme and ſouldiers.

Queene. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France;
And welcome Somerſet and Oxford too.
Once more have we ſpread our ſailes abroad;
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And Warwicke as our main-maſt overthrowne,
Yet, warlike lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt,
That bears the ſailes to bring us unto reſt;
And Ned and I, as willing pilots ſhould,
For once with careful mindes guide on the ſterne,
To bear us thorough that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed up our friendes.

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT V. SCENE IV.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
But cheerly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor loſt,
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot ſtill: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much;
Whiles,

Whiles, in his moan, the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-maſt; What of him?
Our ſlaughter'd friends the tackles; What of theſe?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerſet another goodly maſt?
The friends of France our ſhrouds and tacklings?
And, though unſkilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to ſit and weep;
But keep our courſe, though the rough wind ſay—no,
From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthleſs ſea?
What Clarence, but a quick-ſand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All theſe the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a threefold death.
This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear[5].

If the reader wiſhes to compare *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes*, &c. with *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* which was formed upon it, he will find various paſſages quoted from the elder drama in the notes on that play. The two celebrated ſcenes, in which the dead body of the duke of Gloſter is deſcribed, and the death of Cardinal Beaufort is repreſented, may be worth

[5] Compare alſo the account of the death of the duke of *York* (p. 269) and King Henry's Soliloquy (p. 287) with the old play as quoted in the notes.—Sometimes our author new-verſified the old, without the addition of any new matter. See p. 335, n. 1.

examining with this view; and will ſufficiently aſcertain how our author proceeded in new-modelling that play; with what expreſſion, animation, and ſplendour of colouring he filled up the outline that had been ſketched by a preceding writer [6].

Shakſpeare having thus given celebrity to theſe two old dramas, by altering and writing ſeveral parts of them over again, the bookſeller, Millington, in 1593-4, to avail himſelf of the popularity of the new and admired poet, got, perhaps from Peele, who was then living, or from the author, whoever he was, or from ſome of the commedians belonging to the earl of Pembroke, the *original* play on which *the* Second *Part of K. Henry VI.* was founded; and entered it on the Stationers' books, certainly with an intention to publiſh it. Why it did not then appear, cannot be now aſcertained. But both that, and the other piece on which *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* was formed, was printed by the ſame bookſeller in 1600, either with a view to lead the common reader to ſuppoſe that he ſhould purchaſe two plays *as altered* and new-modelled by Shakſpeare, or, without any ſuch fraudulent intention, to derive a profit from the exhibition of a work that ſo great a writer had thought proper to retouch, and form into thoſe dramas which for ſeveral years before 1600 had without doubt been performed with conſiderable applauſe. In the ſame manner *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, on which our author formed a play, had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and was printed in 1607, without doubt with a view to paſs it on the publick as the production of Shakſpeare.

When William Pavier republiſhed *The Contention of the two Houſes*, &c. in 1619 [7], he omitted the words in the

[6] See p. 185, n. 8; and p. 196, n. 9. Compare alſo Clifford's ſpeech to the rebels in p. 229, Buckingham's addreſs to King Henry in p. 249, and Iden's ſpeech in p. 255, with the old play, as quoted in the notes.

[7] Pavier's edition has no date, but it is aſcertained to have been printed in 1619, by the Signatures; the *laſt* of which is Q. The play of *Pericles* was printed in 1619, for the ſame bookſeller, and its *firſt* ſignature is R. The undoubted copy, therefore, of *The Whole Contention*, &c. and *Pericles*, muſt have been printed at the ſame time.

original

original title page,—"*as it was acted by the earl of Pembrooke his ſervantes*;"—juſt as, on the republication of *King John* in two parts, in 1611, the words,—"*as it was acted in the honourable city of London*,"—were omitted; becauſe the omitted words in both caſes marked the reſpective pieces not to be the production of Shakſpeare[8]. And as in *King John* the letters *W. Sh.* were added in 1611 to deceive the purchaſer, ſo in the republication of *The Whole Contention*, &c. Pavier, having diſmiſſed the words above mentioned, inſerted theſe: "*Newly* CORRECTED *and* ENLARGED *by William Shakſpeare*;" knowing that theſe pieces had been made the ground work of two other plays; that they had in fact been *corrected* and *enlarged*, (though not in that copy which Pavier printed, which is a mere republication from the edition of 1600,) and exhibited under the titles of *The* Second *and* Third *Part* of *K. Henry VI.*; and hoping that this new edition of the *original* plays would paſs for thoſe *altered* and *augmented* by Shakſpeare, which were then unpubliſhed.

If Shakſpeare had originally written theſe three plays of *King Henry VI.* would they not probably have been found by the bookſeller in the ſame Mſ.? Would not the three parts have been procured, whether ſurreptitiouſly or otherwiſe, *all together?* Would they not in that Mſ. have borne the titles of the *Firſt* and *Second* and *Third* Part of *King Henry VI.?* And would not the bookſeller have entered them on the Stationers' books, and publiſhed ſuch of them as he he did publiſh, under thoſe titles, and *with the name of Shakſpeare?* On the other hand, if that which is now diſtinguiſhed by the name of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* but which I ſuppoſe in thoſe times was only called "*The hiſtorical play of King Henry VI.*" if this was the production of ſome old dramatiſt, if it had appeared on the ſtage ſome years before 1591, (as from Naſhe's mention of it ſeems to be implied,) perhaps in 1587 or 1588, if its popularity was in 1594 in its wane, and the attention of the publick was entirely taken up by Shakſpeare's alteration of two other plays which had likewiſe appeared before 1591, would

[8] See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. Article, *King John*.

not

not the ſuperior popularity of theſe two pieces, altered by ſuch a poet, attract the notice of the bookſellers? and finding themſelves unable to procure them from the theatre, would they not gladly ſeize on the *originals* on which this new and admired writer had worked, and publiſh them as ſoon as they could, neglecting entirely the preceding old play, or *Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* (as it is now called) which Shakſpeare had not embelliſhed with his pen?—Such, we have ſeen, was actually the proceſs; for Thomas Millington, neglecting entirely *The Firſt Part of K. Henry VI.* entered the ORIGINAL of *The Second Part of K. Henry VI.* at Stationers' Hall in 1593-4, and publiſhed the ORIGINALS of both that and *The Third Part* in 1600. When Heminge and Condell printed theſe three pieces in folio, they were neceſſarily obliged to name the old play of *King Henry VI.* the *firſt* part, to diſtinguiſh it from the two following hiſtorical dramas, founded on a later period of the ſame king's reign.

Having examined ſuch external evidence as time has left us concerning theſe two plays, now denominated *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI.* let us ſee whether we cannot by internal marks aſcertain how far Shakſpeare was concerned in their compoſition.

It has long been a received opinion that the two quarto plays, one of which was publiſhed under the title of *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and the other under the title of *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. were ſpurious and imperfect copies of Shakſpeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.*; and many paſſages have been quoted in the notes to the late editions of Shakſpeare, as containing merely the various readings of the quartos and the folio; the paſſages being ſuppoſed to be in ſubſtance the ſame, only variouſly exhibited in different copies. The variations have been accounted for, by ſuppoſing that the imperfect and ſpurious quarto copies (as they were called) were taken down either by an unſkilful ſhort-hand writer, or by ſome auditor who picked up "during the repreſentation what the time would permit, then filled up ſome of his omiſſions at a ſecond or third hearing, and when he had

had by this method formed ſomething like a play, ſent it to the printer. To this opinion, I with others for a long time ſubſcribed: two of Heywood's pieces furniſhing indubitable proofs that plays in the time of our author were ſometimes imperfectly copied during the repreſentation, by the ear, or by ſhort-hand writers [9]. But a minute examination of the two pieces in queſtion, and a careful compariſon of them with Shakſpeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* have convinced me that this could not have been the caſe with reſpect to them. No fraudulent copyiſt or ſhort-hand writer would invent circumſtances *totally different* from thoſe which appear in Shakſpeare's new-modelled draughts as exhibited in the firſt folio; or inſert *whole ſpeeches*, of which ſcarcely a trace is found in that edition. In the courſe of the foregoing notes many of theſe have been particularly pointed out. I ſhall now bring into one point of view all thoſe internal circumſtances which prove in my apprehenſion decifively, that the quarto plays were not ſpurious and imperfect copies of Shakſpeare's pieces, but elder dramas on which he formed his *Second* and *Third* Part of *King Henry VI.*

1. In ſome places a ſpeech in one of theſe quartos conſiſts of ten or twelve lines. In Shakſpeare's folio the ſame ſpeech conſiſts of perhaps only half the number [1]. A copyiſt by the ear, or an unſkilful ſhort-hand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expreſſions imperfectly; but would he dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter? Aſſuredly he would not.

2. Some circumſtances are mentioned in the old quarto plays, of which there is not the leaſt trace in the folio; and many minute variations are found between them and the folio, that prove the pieces in quarto to have been original and diſtinct compoſitions.

In the laſt act of the *Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. the duke of Buckingham after the battle of Saint Albans, is brought in wounded, and carried to his tent; but in Shak-

[9] See p. 377.

[1] See p. 127, n. 2; p. 150, n. 8; p. 154, n. 9; p. 243, n. 9; p. 333, n. 7; and p. 356, n. 2.

ſpeare's

ſpeare's play he is not introduced on the ſtage after that battle.

In one of the *original* ſcenes between Jack Cade and his followers, which Shakſpeare has made the ſeventh ſcene of the fourth act of his *Second Part of King Henry VI.* Dick Butcher drags a ſerjeant, that is, a catch-pole, on the ſtage, and a dialogue conſiſting of ſeventeen lines paſſes between Cade, &c. at the concluſion of which it is determined that the ſerjeant ſhall be "brain'd with his own mace." Of this not one word appears in our author's play [2]. In the ſame piece Jack Cade, hearing that a knight, called Sir Humphrey Stafford, was coming at the head of an army againſt him, to put himſelf on a par with him makes himſelf a knight; and finding that Stafford's brother was alſo a knight, he dubs Dick Butcher alſo. But in Shakſpeare's play the latter circumſtance is omitted.

In the old play Somerſet goes out immediately after he is appointed regent of France. In Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.* he continues on the ſtage with Henry to the end of the ſcene (Act I. ſc. iii.) and the king addreſſes him as they go out.

In the old play, the dutcheſs of Gloſter enters with Hume, Bolinbroke, and Margery Jourdain, and after ſome converſation with them, tells them that while they perform their rites, ſhe will go to the top of an adjoining tower, and there write down ſuch anſwers as the ſpirits, that they are to raiſe, ſhall give to her queſtions. But in Shakſpeare's play, Hume, *Southwell*, (who is not introduced in the elder drama) and Bolingbroke, &c. enter without the dutcheſs; and after ſome converſation the dutcheſs appears above, (that is, on the tower,) and encourages them to proceed [3].

In Shakſpeare's play, when the duke of York enters, and finds the dutcheſs of Gloſter, &c. and her co-adjutors performing their magick rites, (p. 141,) the duke ſeizes the paper in which the anſwers of the ſpirit to certain queſtions

[2] See p. 227, n. *; and *The Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. 1600, Sign. G. 3.

[3] See p. 137, n. 2.

are

are written down, and reads them aloud. In the old play the anſwers are not here recited by York; but in a ſubſequent ſcene Buckingham reads them to the king; (ſee p. 141, n. 9, and p. 149, n. 3.) and this is one of the many tranſpoſitions that Shakſpeare made in new-modelling theſe pieces, of which I ſhall ſpeak more fully hereafter.

In the old play, when the king pronounces ſentence on the dutcheſs of Gloſter, he particularly mentions the mode of her penance; and the ſentence is pronounced in proſe. "Stand forth dame Eleanor Cobham, dutcheſs of Gloſter, and hear the ſentence pronounced againſt thee for theſe treaſons that thou haſt committed againſt us, our ſtate and peers. Firſt, for thy haynous crimes thou ſhalt *two* daies in London do penance *barefoot in the ſtreets, with a white ſheete about thy bodie, and a wax taper burning in thy hand:* that done, thou ſhalt be baniſhed for ever into the Iſle of Man, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our ſentence irrevocable.—Away with her." But in Shakſpeare's play, (p. 155) the king pronounces ſentence in *verſe* againſt the dutcheſs *and her confederates* at the ſame time; and only ſays in general, that "after *three* days open penance, ſhe ſhall be baniſhed to the Iſle of Man."

In Shakſpeare's play, (p. 175) when the duke of York undertakes to ſubdue the Iriſh rebels, if he be furniſhed with a ſufficient army, *Suffolk* ſays, that he "will ſee that charge performed." But in the old play the queen enjoins *the duke of Buckingham* to attend to this buſineſs, and he accepts the office.

In our author's play Jack Cade is deſcribed as a *clothier*, in the old play he is "the *dyer* of Aſhford." In the ſame piece, when the king and Somerſet appear at Kenelworth, a dialogue paſſes between them and the queen, of which not one word is preſerved in the correſponding ſcene in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 231.) In the old play, Buckingham ſtates to the king the grounds on which York had taken up arms; but in Shakſpeare's piece, (p. 242,) York himſelf aſſigns his reaſons for his conduct.

In the old play near the concluſion, young Clifford, when

when he is preparing to carry off the dead body of his father, is aſſaulted by Richard, and after putting him to flight, he makes a ſpeech conſiſting of four lines. But in Shakſpeare's play (p. 252) there is no combat between them, nor is Richard introduced in that ſcene. The four lines therefore above mentioned are neceſſarily omitted.

In the old play the queen drops her glove, and finding that the dutcheſs of Gloſter makes no attempt to take it up, ſhe gives her a box on the ear:

"Give me my *glove*; *why*, minion, can you not *ſee*?"

But in Shakſpeare's play, (p. 133,) the queen drops not a glove, but a *fan*:

"Give me my *fan*: *What*, minion, can you not?"

In Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 201,) Suffolk diſcovers himſelf to the captain who had ſeized him, by ſhewing his *George*. In the old play he announces his quality by a *ring*, a ſeal-ring we may ſuppoſe, exhibiting his arms. In the ſame ſcene of Shakſpeare's play, he obſerves that the captain threatens more

"Than *Bargulus*, the ſtrong *Illyrian* pirate."

But in the elder drama Suffolk ſays, he

"Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
"The great *Macedonian* pirate."

In the ſame ſcene of the original play the captain threatens to *ſink* Suffolk's ſhip; but no ſuch menace is found in Shakſpeare's play.

In *The True Tragedie of Richarde duke of York*, &c. Richard (afterwards duke of Gloſter) informs Warwick that his *father* the earl of Saliſbury was killed in an action which he deſcribes, and which in fact took place at Ferrybridge in Yorkſhire. But Shakſpeare in his *Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 283) formed upon the piece above-mentioned, has rightly deviated from it, and for *father* ſubſtituted *brother*, it being the natural brother of Warwick, (the

baſtard ſon of Saliſbury) that fell at Ferrybridge. The earl of Saliſbury, Warwick's father, was beheaded at Pomfret.

In the ſame old play a ſon is introduced who has killed his father, and afterwards a father who has killed his ſon. King Henry, who is on the ſtage, ſays not a word till they have both appeared, and ſpoken; he then pronounces a ſpeech of ſeven lines. But in Shakſpeare's play (p. 290.) this ſpeech is enlarged, and two ſpeeches formed on it; the firſt of which the king ſpeaks after the ſon has appeared, and the other after the entry of the father.

In our author's play, (p. 322,) after Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, his brothers enter, and converſe on that event. The king, queen, &c. then join them, and Edward aſks Clarence how he approves his choice. In the elder play there is no previous dialogue between Gloſter and Clarence; but the ſcene opens with the entry of the king, &c. who deſires the opinion of his brothers on his recent marriage.

In our author's play (p. 311,) the following line is found:

"And ſet the *murderous Machiavel* to ſchool."

This line in *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. ſtood thus:

"And ſet the *aſpiring Cataline* to ſchool."

Cataline was the perſon that would naturally occur to Peele or Greene, as the moſt ſplendid *claſſical* example of inordinate ambition; but Shakſpeare, who was more converſant with Engliſh books, ſubſtituted Machiavel, whoſe name was in ſuch frequent uſe in his time that it became a ſpecifick term for a conſummate politician[4]; and accordingly he makes his hoſt in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, when he means to boaſt of his own ſhrewdneſs, exclaim, "Am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel?*"

Many other variations beſide thoſe already mentioned might be pointed out; but that I may not weary the reader, I will only refer in a note to the moſt ſtriking diverſities that

4 See p. 104, n. 5. of this volume.

are

are found between Shakſpeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* and the elder dramas printed in quarto [5].

The ſuppoſition of imperfect or ſpurious copies cannot account for ſuch numerous variations in the *circumſtances* of theſe pieces; (not to inſiſt at preſent on the *language* in which they are clothed;) ſo that we are compelled (as I have already obſerved) to maintain, either that Shakſpeare wrote *two* plays on the ſtory which forms his *Second Part of King Henry VI.* a haſty ſketch, and an entirely diſtinct and more finiſhed performance; or elſe we muſt acknowledge that he formed that piece on a foundation laid by another writer, that is, upon the quarto copy of *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c.—And the ſame argument preciſely applies to *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* which is founded on *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in quarto, 1600.

Let us now advert to the *Reſemblances* that are found in theſe pieces as exhibited in the folio, to paſſages in our author's undiſputed plays; and alſo to the *Inconſiſtencies* that may be traced between them; and, if I do not deceive myſelf, both the one and the other will add conſiderable ſupport to the foregoing obſervations.

In our author's genuine plays, he frequently borrows from himſelf, the ſame thoughts being found in nearly the ſame expreſſions in different pieces. In *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* as in his other dramas, theſe coincidencies with his other works may be found [6]; and this was one of the circumſtances that once weighed much in my mind, and convinced me of their authenticity. But a collation of theſe plays with the old pieces on which they are founded, has ſhewn me the fallacy by which I was de-

5 See p. 127, n. 2; p. 137, n. 1; p. 139, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 154, n. *; p. 170, n. 2; p. 174, n. 5; p. 178, n. 2; p. 199, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; p. 205, n. 6; p. 227, n. 7; p. 231, n. 4; p. 242, n. 9, and n. *; p. 255, n. 6; p. 265, n. 7; p. 267, n. 2; p. 268, n. 7; p. 272, n. 9; p. 274, n. 2; p. 275, n. 4; p. 278, n. 4; p. 283, n. 8; p. 286, n. 4; p. 290, n. 5; p. 311, n. 9; p. 321, n. 4; p. 328, n. 8, and n. 9; p. 350, n. 8.

6 See p. 127, n. 7; p. 131, n. 7; p. 193, n. 1; p. 197, n. *; p. 206, n. 8; p. 227, n. 7; p. 256, n. 9; p. 287, n. 8; p. 300, n. 6; p. 358, n. 8; and p. 363, n. 9.

ceived;

ceived; for the paſſages of theſe two parts of *K. Henry VI.* which correſpond with others in our author's undiſputed plays, exiſt *only* in the *folio* copy, and not in the *quarto*; in other words, in thoſe parts of theſe new-modelled pieces, which were of Shakſpeare's writing, and not in the originals by another hand, on which he worked. This, I believe, will be found invariably the caſe, except in three inſtances.

The firſt is, "You have no children, butchers;" which is, it muſt be acknowledged, in *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. 1600; (as well as in *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.*) and is alſo introduced with a ſlight variation in *Macbeth*[7].

Another inſtance is found in *K. John*. That king, when charged with the death of his nephew, aſks,

"Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
"Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?"

which bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the words of Cardinal Beaufort in *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes*, &c. which Shakſpeare has introduced in his *Second Part of King Henry VI.*

"——Died he not in his bed?
"Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?"

The third inſtance is found in *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. In that piece are the following lines, which Shakſpeare adopted with a very ſlight variation, and inſerted in his *Third Part of King Henry VI.*:

"—— doves will peck in reſcue of their brood.—
"Unreaſonable creatures feed their young;
"And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
"Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
"Who hath not ſeen them even with thoſe ſame wings
"Which they have ſometime uſed in fearful flight,
"Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
"Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"

So, in our author's *Macbeth*:

"—— the poor wren—
"The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
"Her young ones in the neſt, againſt the owl."

[7] See p. 364, of this volume, and Vol. IV. p. 411.

But whoever recollects the various thoughts that Shakſpeare has borrowed from preceding writers, will not be ſurpriſed that in a *ſimilar* ſituation, in *Macbeth*, and *King John*, he ſhould have uſed the expreſſions of an old dramatiſt, with whoſe writings he had been particularly converſant; expreſſions too, which he had before embodied in former plays: nor can, I think, theſe three inſtances much diminiſh the force of the foregoing obſervation. That it may have its full weight, I have in the preſent edition diſtinguiſhed by aſteriſks all the lines in *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* of which there is no trace in the old quarto plays, and which therefore I ſuppoſe to have been written by Shakſpeare. Though this has not been effected without much trouble, yet, if it ſhall tend to ſettle this long-agitated queſtion, I ſhall not conſider my labour as wholly thrown away.

Perhaps a ſimilar coincidency in *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* may be urged in oppoſition to my hypotheſis relative to that play. "Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire," are in that piece called the attendants on the brave lord Talbot; as in Shakſpeare's *King Henry V.* "famine, ſword, and fire, are leaſh'd in like hounds, crouching under the martial Henry for employment." If this image had proceeded from our author's imagination, this coincidency might perhaps countenance the ſuppoſition that he had ſome hand at leaſt in that ſcene of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* where theſe attendants on war are perſonified. But that is not the caſe; for the fact is, that Shakſpeare was furniſhed with this imagery by a paſſage in *Holinſhed*, as the author of the old play of *King Henry VI.* was by *Hall's* Chronicle: "The Goddeſſe of warre, called Bellonas—hath theſe three hand-maides ever of neceſſitie attendynge on her; *bloud, fyre*, and *famine*[8]."

In our preſent inquiry, it is undoubtedly a very ſtriking circumſtance that *almoſt* all the paſſages in The *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* which reſemble others in Shakſpeare's undiſputed plays, are not found in the original pieces in quarto, but in his *Rifacimento* publiſhed in

[8] Hall's *Chron.* Henry VI. fol. xxix.

folio.

folio. As theſe *Reſemblances* to his other plays, and a peculiar Shakſpearian phraſeology, aſcertain a *conſiderable portion* of theſe diſputed dramas to be the production of Shakſpeare, ſo on the other hand certain paſſages which are *diſcordant* (in matters of fact) from his other plays, are proved by this *Diſcordancy*, not to have been compoſed by him; and theſe diſcordant paſſages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that thoſe pieces were compoſed by another writer.

Thus, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 303,) Sir John Grey is ſaid to have loſt "his life in quarrel of the houſe of *York*;" and king Edward ſtating the claim of his widow, whom he afterwards married, mentions, that his lands after the battle of Saint Albans (February 17, 1460-1) "were ſeized on by the conqueror." Whereas in fact they were ſeized on by Edward himſelf after the battle of Towton, (in which he was conqueror,) March 29, 1461. The conqueror at the ſecond battle of Saint Albans, the battle here meant, was Queen Margaret. This ſtatement was taken from the old quarto play; and, from careleſſneſs was adopted by Shakſpeare without any material alteration. But at a ſubſequent period when he wrote his *King Richard III.* he was under a neceſſity of carefully examining the Engliſh chronicles; and in that play, Act I. ſc. iii. he has repreſented this matter truly as it was:

"In all which time, you, and your huſband Grey,
"Were *factious for the houſe of Lancaſter*;—
"(And, Rivers, ſo were you;)—Was not your huſband
"In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans ſlain?"

It is called "Margaret's battle," becauſe ſhe was there victorious.

An equally deciſive circumſtance is furniſhed by the ſame play. In *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 320.) Warwick propoſes to marry his *eldeſt* daughter (*Iſabella*) to Edward prince of Wales, and the propoſal is accepted by Edward; and in a ſubſequent ſcene Clarence ſays, he will marry the *younger* daughter (*Anne*). In theſe particulars Shakſpeare has implicitly followed the elder drama. But the fact is, that the prince of Wales married Anne the *younger* daughter of the earl of Warwick, and the duke of

Clarence married the *elder*, Iſabella. Though the author of *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. was here inaccurate, and though Shakſpeare too negligently followed his ſteps,—when he wrote his *King Richard III.* he had gained better information; for there Lady ANNE is rightly repreſented as the widow of the prince of Wales, and the *youngeſt* daughter of the earl of Warwick:

" Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
" And leave the world to me to buſtle in.
" For then I'll marry Warwick's *youngeſt* daughter;
" What though I kill'd her huſband, and her father," &c.

i. e. Edward prince of Wales, and king Henry VI.
King Richard III. Act I. ſc. i.

I have ſaid that certain paſſages in *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* are aſcertained to be Shakſpeare's by a peculiar phraſeology. This peculiar phraſeology, without a ſingle exception, diſtinguiſhes ſuch parts of theſe plays as are found in the folio, and not in the *elder* quarto dramas, of which the phraſeology, as well as the verſification, is of a different colour. This obſervation applies not only to the new original matter produced by Shakſpeare, but to his alteration of the old. Our author in his undoubted compoſitions has fallen into an inaccuracy, of which I do not recollect a ſimilar inſtance in the works of any other dramatiſt. When he has occaſion to quote the ſame paper twice, (not from memory, but *verbatim*,) from negligence he does not always attend to the words of the paper which he has occaſion to quote, but makes one of the perſons of the drama recite them with variations, though he holds the very paper quoted before his eyes. Thus, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. ſc. iii. Helena ſays,

" —here's your letter; This it ſays:
" *When from my finger you can get this ring*,
" *And are by me with child*,"—

Yet, as I have obſerved in Vol. IV. p. 55, n. 6. Helena in Act III. ſc. ii. *reads* this very letter aloud, and there the

the words are different, and in plain proſe: "When thou canſt get the ring from my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body," &c. In like manner, in the firſt ſcene of *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* Suffolk preſents to the duke of Gloſter, protector of the realm, the articles of peace concluded between France and England. The protector begins to read the articles, but when he has proceeded no further than theſe words,—"Item, that the *dutchy* of Anjou and the *county* of Maine ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the king her father,"—he is ſuddenly taken ill, and rendered incapable of proceeding: on which the biſhop of Wincheſter is called upon to read the remainder of the paper. He accordingly reads the whole of the article, of which the duke of Gloſter had only read a part: "Item, *It is further agreed between them*, that *the dutchies of Anjou and Maine* ſhall be releaſed and delivered *over* to the king her father, and ſhe ſent," &c. Now though Maine in our old chronicles is ſometimes called a county, and ſometimes a dutchy, yet words cannot thus change their form under the eyes of two readers: nor do they in the original play, entitled *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes*, &c for there the article as recited by the protector correſponds with that recited by the biſhop, without the moſt minute variation. "Item, it is further agreed between them, that the *dutchies of Anjou and of Maine* ſhall be releaſed and delivered *over* to the king her father, and ſhe ſent," &c. Thus in the old play ſays the duke, and ſo ſays the cardinal after him. This one circumſtance, in my apprehenſion, is of ſuch weight, that though it ſtood alone, it might decide the preſent queſtion. Our author has fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy in the fourth ſcene of the ſame act, where the duke of York recites from a paper the queſtions that had been put to the Spirit, relative to the duke of Suffolk, Somerſet[9], &c.

Many minute marks of Shakſpeare's hand may be traced in ſuch parts of the old plays as he has new-modelled. I at preſent recollect one that muſt ſtrike every

[9] See p. 142, n. [9].

reader who is converſant with his writings. He very frequently uſes adjectives adverbially; and this kind of phraſeology, if not peculiar to him, is found more frequently in his writings than thoſe of any of his contemporaries. Thus,—"I am myſelf *indifferent* honeſt;"—"as *diſhonourable* ragged as an old faced ancient;"—*equal* ravenous;"—"leaves them *inviſible*[1];" &c. In *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. the king, having determined to marry Lady Grey, injoins his brethen to uſe her *honourably*. But in Shakſpeare's play the words are,—"uſe her *honourable*." So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Young man, thou could'ſt not die more *honourable*."

In like manner, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* we find this line:

"Is either ſlain, or wounded *dangerous*."

but in the old play the words are—"wounded *dangerouſly*."

In the ſame play the word *handkerchief* is uſed; but in the correſponding ſcene in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 270.) Shakſpeare has ſubſtituted the northern term *napkin*, which occurs ſo often in his works, in its room.

The next circumſtance to which I wiſh to call the attention of thoſe who do not think the preſent inveſtigation wholly incurious, is, the *Tranſpoſitions* that are found in theſe plays. In the preceding notes I have frequently obſerved that not only ſeveral lines, but ſometimes whole ſcenes[2], were tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare.

In p. 270, a Meſſenger, giving an account of the death of the duke of York, ſays,

"Environed he was with many foes;
"And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
"Againſt the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
"But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;"—

When this paſſage was printed, not finding any trace

[1] See Vol. V. p. 233, n. 3; Vol. IV. p. 564, n. 6; Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2.

[2] See p. 335, n. 9; p. 340, n. 6; p. 344, n. 5.

of

of the laſt three lines in the correſponding part of the old play, I marked them inadvertently as Shakſpeare's original compoſition; but I afterwards found that he had borrowed them from a ſubſequent ſcene on a quite different ſubject, in which Henry, taking leave of Warwick, ſays to him,

"Farewell my Hector, and *my Troy's true hope!*"

and the laſt line, "But Hercules," &c. is ſpoken by Warwick near the concluſion of the piece, after he is mortally wounded in the battle of Barnet.

So, in *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. after the duke has ſlain Clifford, he ſays,

"*Now, Lancaſter, ſit ſure*:—thy ſinews ſhrink."

Shakſpeare has not made uſe of that line in that place, but availed himſelf of it afterwards, where Edward brings forth Warwick wounded; *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. ſc. ii.

"*Now*, Mountague, *ſit faſt*: I ſeek for thee," &c.

Many other tranſpoſitions may be traced in theſe plays, to which I ſhall only refer in a note [3].

Such tranſpoſitions as I have noticed, could never have ariſen from any careleſſneſs or inaccuracy of tranſcribers or copyiſts; and therefore are to be added to the many other circumſtances which prove that *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*, as exhibited in the folio, were formed from the materials of a preceding writer.

It is alſo obſervable, that many lines are *repeated* in Shakſpeare's *Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* [4], but no ſuch repetitions are found in the old quarto plays. The repetition undoubtedly aroſe from Shakſpeare's not always following his original ſtrictly, but introducing expreſſions which had ſtruck him in other parts of the old plays; and afterwards, forgetting that he had before uſed ſuch expreſſions, he ſuffered them to remain in their original places alſo.

[3] See p. 193, n. 9; p. 211, n. 5; p. 245, n. 8; p. 330, n. 4; p. 354, n. 8, and n. 9; p. 359, n. 9.

[4] See p. 287, n. 6; p. 301, n. 9; p. 313, n. 2; p. 317, n. *.

Another proof that Shakſpeare was not the author of *The Contention of the two houſes*, &c. is furniſhed by the inconſiſtencies into which he has fallen, by ſometimes adhering to, and ſometimes deviating from, his original: an inaccuracy which may be ſometimes obſerved in his undiſputed plays.

One of the moſt remarkable inſtances of this kind of inconſiſtency is found in *The Second Part of K. Henry VI.* p. 217, where he makes Henry ſay,

"I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to entreat," &c.

a circumſtance which he took from Holinſhed's Chronicle; whereas in the old play no mention is made of a biſhop on this occaſion. The king there ſays, he will himſelf come and parley with the rebels, and in the mean time he orders Clifford and Buckingham to gather an army. In a ſubſequent ſcene, however, Shakſpeare forgot the new matter which he had introduced in the former; and *Clifford* and *Buckingham* only parley with Cade, &c. *conformably to the old play* [5].

In *Romeo and Juliet* he has fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy. In the poem on which that tragedy is founded, Romeo, in his interview with the Friar, after ſentence of baniſhment has been pronounced againſt him, is deſcribed as paſſionately lamenting his fate in the following terms:

"Firſt *nature* did he blame, the *author of his life*,
"In which his joys had been ſo ſcant, and ſorrows aye ſo rife;
"The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;
"He cryed out with open mouth againſt *the ſtarr above*.—
"On *fortune* eke he *rail'd*," &c.

The friar afterwards reproves him for want of patience. In forming the correſponding ſcene Shakſpeare has *omitted* Romeo's invective againſt his fate, but inadvertently copied the friar's remonſtrance *as it lay before him*:

"Why *rail'ſt* thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?"

[5] See alſo p. 239, n. 6; p. 316, n. 6; and p. 317, n. 9.

If

If the following ſhould be conſidered as a trifling circumſtance, let it be remembered, that circumſtances which, ſeparately conſidered, may appear unimportant, ſometimes acquire ſtrength, when united to other proofs of more efficacy: in my opinion, however, what I ſhall now mention is a circumſtance of conſiderable weight. It is obſervable that the prieſt concerned with Eleanor Cobham Dutcheſs of Gloceſter, in certain pretended operations of magick, for which ſhe was tried, is called by Hall, John *Hum.* So is he named in *The firſt part of the Contention of the two Houſes of Yorke*, &c. the original, as I ſuppoſe, of *The* Second *Part of K. Henry VI.* Our author probably thinking the name harſh or ridiculous, ſoftened it to *Hume*; and by that name this prieſt is called in *his* play printed in folio. But in Holinſhed he is named *Hun*; and ſo undoubtedly, or perhaps for ſoftneſs, *Hune*, he would have been called in the original quarto play juſt mentioned, if Shakſpeare had been the author of it; for Holinſhed and not Hall was his guide, as I have ſhewn inconteſtably in a note on *King Henry V.* Vol. V. p. 40. But Hall was undoubtedly the hiſtorian who had been conſulted by the original writer of *The Contention of the two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*; as appears from his having taken a line from thence, "That *Alexander Iden, an eſquire of Kent*[6]," and from the ſcene in which Cardinal Beaufort is exhibited on his death-bed. One part of the particular deſcription of the Cardinal's death and dying words, in the old quarto play, is founded on a paſſage in Hall, which Holinſhed, though in general a ſervile copyiſt of the former chronicler, has omitted. The paſſage is this. "Dr. John Baker, his pryvie counſailer and hys chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death-bed he [Cardinal Beaufort] ſaid theſe words: 'Why ſhould I dye, havyng ſo much riches? If the whole realme would ſave my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye! will not death be hyered, nor will money

[6] See Hall, Henry V. fol. lxxix. Holinſhed ſays, "a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited ſo his time," &c.

do

do nothynge?" From this the writer of the old play formed theſe lines:

O death, if thou will let me live
But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
As will purchaſe ſuch another iſland.

which Shakſpeare new-modelled thus:

If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

If Shakſpeare had been the author of *The firſt part of the Contention*, &c. finding in his Holinſhed the name *Hun*, he would either have preſerved it, or ſoftened it to *Hune*. Working on the old play, where he found the name of *Hum*, which ſounded ridiculous to his ear, he changed it to *Hume*. But whoever the original writer of the old play was, having uſed the name of *Hum*, he muſt have formed his play on Hall's Chronicle, where *alone* that name is found. Shakſpeare therefore having made Holinſhed, and not Hall, his guide, could not have been the writer of it.

It may be remarked, that by the alteration of this prieſt's name he has deſtroyed a rhyme intended by the author of the original play, where Sir John begins a ſoliloquy with this jingling line:

"Now, Sir John *Hum*, no word but *mum*:
"Seal up your lips, for you muſt ſilent be."

which Shakſpeare has altered thus:

"—But how now, Sir John *Hume*?
"Seal up your lips, and give no words but *mum*.

Lines rhiming in the middle and end, ſimilar to that above quoted, are often found in our old Engliſh plays, (previous to the time of Shakſpeare,) and are generally put into the mouths of prieſts and friars.

It has already been obſerved, that in the original play on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* is founded, "*Abradas*, the *Macedonian* pirate," is mentioned. This

This hero does not appear in Shakſpeare's new-modelled play, "*Bargulus*, the ſtrong *Illyrian* pirate," being introduced in his room. *Abradas* is ſpoken of (as Mr. Steevens has remarked) by Robert Greene, the very perſon whom I ſuppoſe to have been one of the joint authors of the original plays, in a pamphlet, entitled *Penelope's Web*, 1589:—"*Abradas*, the great *Macedonean pirate*, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare ſayles in the ocean." Of this pirate or his atchievements, however celebrated he may have been, I have not found the ſlighteſt trace in *any book* whatſoever, except that above quoted: a ſingular circumſtance, which appears to me ſtrongly to confirm my hypotheſis on the preſent ſubject; and to ſupport my interpretation of Greene's words in his *Groat/worth of Witte*, in a former part of the preſent diſquiſition.

However this may be, there are certainly very good grounds for believing that *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of York and Lancaſter*, &c. *and the True Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. were written by the author or authors of the old *King John*, printed in 1591.

In *The true Tragedie*, &c. we find the following lines:

"*Let England be true within itſelf*,
"We need not France, nor any alliance with her."

The firſt of theſe lines is found, with a very minute variation, in the old *King John*, where it runs thus:

"Let England *live but* true within itſelf,—".

Nor is this the only coincidence. In the deſervedly admired ſcene in which Cardinal Beaufort's death is repreſented, in the original play, (as well as in Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.*) he is called upon to hold up his hand, as a proof of his confidence in God:

"Lord Cardinal,
"If thou dieſt aſſured of heavenly bliſſe,
"Hold up thy hand, and make ſome ſign to us.
[*The Cardinal dies.*
"O ſee, he dies, and makes no ſign at all:
"O God, forgive his ſoule!"

I quote

I quote from the original play.—It is remarkable that a ſimilar proof is demanded in the old play of *King John* alſo, when that king is expiring:

"Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
"Lift up your hand, in token you forgive."

Again:

"——in token of thy faith,
"And ſigne thou dieſt the ſervant of the Lord,
"Lift up thy hand, that we may witneſſe here
"Thou dieſt the ſervant of our Saviour Chriſt.—
"Now joy betide thy ſoul!"

This circumſtance appears to me to add conſiderable ſupport to my conjecture.

One point only remains. It may be aſked, if *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* was not written by Shakſpeare, why did Heminge and Condell print it with the reſt of his works? The only way that I can account for their having done ſo, is by ſuppoſing, either that their memory at the end of thirty years was not accurate concerning our author's pieces, (as appears indeed evidently from their omitting *Troilus and Creſſida*, which was not recollected by them, till the whole of the firſt folio, and even the table of contents, (which is always the laſt work of the preſs,) had been printed; or, that they imagined the inſertion of this hiſtorical drama was neceſſary to underſtanding the two pieces that follow it; or laſtly, that, Shakſpeare, for the advantage of his own theatre, having written a few lines in *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* after his own *Second* and *Third* Part had been played, they conceived this a ſufficient warrant for attributing it, along with the others, to him, in the general collection of his works. If Shakſpeare was the author of any part of this play, perhaps the ſecond and the following ſcenes of the fourth act were his; which are for the moſt part written in rhyme, and appear to me ſomewhat of a different complexion from the reſt of the play. Nor is this the only inſtance of their proceeding on this ground; for is it poſſible to conceive that they could have

have any other reaſon for giving *Titus Andronicus* a place in their edition of Shakſpeare's works, than his having written twenty or thirty lines in that piece, or having retouched a few verſes of it, if indeed he did ſo much?

Shakſpeare's referring in the Epilogue to *K. Henry V.* which was produced in 1599, to theſe three parts of *King Henry VI.* of which the firſt, by whom ſoever it was written, appears from the teſtimony of a contemporary to have been exhibited with great applauſe[7]; and the two latter, having been, as I conceive, eight years before new-modelled and almoſt re-written by our author, we may be confident were performed with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs; his ſupplicating the favour of the audience to his new play of *King Henry V.* "*for the ſake*" of theſe old and *popular* dramas, which were ſo cloſely connected with it, and in the compoſition of which, as they had for many years been exhibited, he had ſo conſiderable a ſhare; the connexion between the laſt ſcene of *King Henry VI.* and the firſt ſcene of *K. Richard III.*; the Shakſpearian diction, verſification, and figures, by which the *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* are diſtinguiſhed; "the eaſineſs of expreſſion and the fluency of numbers," which, it is acknowledged, are found here, and were poſſeſſed by no other author of that age; all theſe circumſtances are accounted for by the theory now ſtated, and all the objections[8] that have been founded upon them, in my apprehenſion, vaniſh away.

On the other hand, the entry on the Stationers' books of the old play, entitled *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. without the name of the author; that piece, and *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. being printed in 1600, anonymouſly; their being founded on the Chronicle of *Hall*, who was not Shakſpeare's hiſtorian, and repreſented by the ſervants of Lord Pembroke, by whom

7 See p. 390, of this Diſſertation.

8 See theſe ſeveral objections ſtated by Dr. Johnſon in the notes at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

none

none of his uncontefted dramas were repreſented; the colour, diction, and verſification of theſe old plays; the various circumſtances, lines, and ſpeeches, that are found in them, and not in our author's new-modification of them, as publiſhed in folio by his original editors; the reſemblances that have been noticed between his other works and ſuch parts of theſe dramas as are *only* exhibited in their folio edition; the diſcordances (in matters of fact) between certain parts of the old plays printed in quarto and Shakſpeare's undoubted performances; the tranſpoſitions that he has made in theſe pieces; the repetitions, and the peculiar Shakſpearian inaccuracies, and phraſeology, which may be traced in the folio, and not in the old quarto plays; theſe and other circumſtances, which have been ſtated in the foregoing pages, form, when united, ſuch a body of argument and proofs, in ſupport of my hypotheſis, as appears to me, (though I will not venture to aſſert that "the probation bears no hinge nor loop to hang a doubt on,) to lead directly to the door of *truth*."

It is obſervable that ſeveral portions of the Engliſh Hiſtory had been dramatized *before* the time of Shakſpeare. Thus, we have *King John* in two parts, by an anonymous writer; *Edward I.* by George Peele; *Edward II.* by Chriſtopher Marlowe; *Edward III.* anonymous; *Henry IV.* containing the depoſition of *Richard II.* and the acceſſion of *Henry* to the crown, anonymous[8]; *Henry V.* and *Richard III.* both by anonymous authors[9]. Is it not then highly probable, that the *whole* of the ſtory of *Henry VI.* had alſo been brought upon the ſcene? and that the firſt of the plays now in queſtion, formerly (as I believe) called *The hiſtorical play of King Henry VI.* and now named *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.*, as well as *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. (which three pieces comprehend the entire reign of that king from his birth to his death,)

[8] See Vol. V. p. 4, n. 1.

[9] Entered on the Stationers' books in 1594.

were

were the compoſition of ſome of the authors, who had produced the hiſtorical dramas above enumerated?

In conſequence of an haſty and inconſiderate opinion formed by Mr. Pope, without any minute examination of the ſubject, *K. John* in two parts, printed in 1591, and *The old Taming of a Shrew*, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and printed in 1607, paſſed for half a century for the compoſitions of Shakſpeare. Further inquiries have ſhown that they were the productions of earlier writers; and perhaps a more profound inveſtigation of this ſubject than I have been able to make, may hereafter prove deciſively, that the *firſt* of the three *Henries* printed in folio, and both the parts of *The Whole Contention of the two famous houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, as exhibited in quarto, and printed in 1600, ought to be claſſed in the ſame predicament with the two old plays above mentioned. For my own part, if it ſhould ever be thought proper to reprint the old dramas on which Shakſpeare founded ſome of his plays, which were publiſhed in two volumes a few years ago, I have no doubt that *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. ſhould be added to the number.

Gildon ſomewhere ſays, that "in a converſation between Shakſpeare and Ben Jonſon, Ben aſked him the reaſon why he wrote his hiſtorical plays." Our author (we are told) replied, that "finding the nation generally very ignorant of hiſtory, he wrote them in order to inſtruct the people in that particular." This anecdote, like many other traditional ſtories, ſtands on a very weak foundation; or to ſpeak more juſtly, it is certainly a fiction. The malignant Ben does indeed, in his *Devil's an Aſs*, 1616, ſneer at our author's hiſtorical pieces, which for twenty years preceding had been in high reputation, and probably were *then* the only hiſtorical dramas that had poſſeſſion of the theatre; but from the liſt above given, it is clear that Shakſpeare was not the *firſt* who dramatized our old chronicles; and that the principal events of the Engliſh Hiſtory were familiar to the ears of his

his audience, before he commenced a writer for the ſtage[1]: though undoubtedly at this day whatever knowledge of our annals is diſperſed among the people, is derived from the frequent exhibition of our author's hiſtorical plays.

[1] This point is eſtabliſhed not only by the liſt referred to, but by a paſſage in a pamphlet already quoted, entitled *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, written by Thomas Naſhe, quarto, 1592: "Whereas the afternoone being the eldeſt time of the day, wherein men that are their owne maſters (as gentlemen of the Court, the Inns of court, and the number of captaines and ſoldiers about London) do wholly beſtow themſelves upon pleaſure, and that pleaſure they divide (how virtuouſly it ſkilles not,) into gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or *ſeeing a play*; is it not then better, ſince of foure extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will chooſe one, that they ſhould betake them to the leaſt, which is *Playes?* Nay, what if I prove playes to be no extreame, but a rare exerciſe of vertue? Firſt, for the *ſubject* of them; *for the moſt part it is borrowed* out of our ENGLISH CHRONICLES, wherein our fore-fathers' valiant acts, that have been long buried in ruſtic braſſe and worme-eaten bookes, are revived, and they themſelves raiſed from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open preſence; than which, what can be a ſharper reproofe to theſe degenerate dayes of ours?"

After an elogium on the brave Lord Talbot, and on the actor who had perſonated him in a popular play of that time, "before ten thouſand ſpectators at the leaſt;" (which has already been printed in a former page,) and after obſerving "what a glorious thing it is to have King Henry the Fifth repreſented on the ſtage, leading the French king priſoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to ſwear fealty,"—the writer adds theſe words:

"In playes, all couſenages, all cunning drifts, over-guilded with outward holineſſe, all ſtratagems of warre, all the canker-wormes that breed in the ruſt of peace, are moſt lively anatomized. They ſhew the ill ſucceſſe of treaſon, the fall of haſty climbers, *the wretched end of uſurpers, the miſerie of civil diſſention*, and how juſt God is evermore in puniſhing *murder*. And to prove every one of theſe allegations, could I propound the circumſtances *of this play and that*, if I meant to handle this theame otherwiſe than *obiter*."

It is highly probable that the words, "*the miſerie of civil diſſention*," allude to the very plays which are the ſubjects of the preſent diſquiſition, *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*; as, by "the wretched end of *Uſurpers*", and the juſtice of God in "*puniſhing murder*," old plays on the ſubject of *King Richard III.* and that of *Hamlet*, prior to thoſe of Shakſpeare, were, I believe, alluded to.

He

He certainly did not conſider writing on fables that had already been formed into dramas, as any derogation from his fame; if indeed fame was ever an object of his thoughts. We know that plays on the ſubjects of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, *King Richard II.* *King Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, I ſtrongly ſuſpect, on thoſe of *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, *and Julius Cæſar*[2], exiſted before he commenced a dramatick author; and perhaps in proceſs of time it may be found, that many of the fables of his *other* plays alſo had been unſkilfully treated, and produced upon the ſtage, by preceding writers.

Such are the only lights that I am able to throw on this very dark ſubject. The arguments which I have ſtated have entirely ſatisfied my own mind; whether they are entitled to bring conviction to the minds of others, I ſhall not preſume to determine. I produce them, however, with the more confidence, as they have the approbation of one who has given ſuch deciſive proofs of his taſte and knowledge, by aſcertaining the extent of *Shakſpeare's learning*, that I have no doubt his thoughts on the preſent queſtion alſo, will have that weight with the publick to which they are undoubtedly entitled. It is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that I mean my friend Dr. Farmer; who many years ago delivered it as his opinion, that theſe plays were not written *originally* by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[2] See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

KING RICHARD III.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Edward *the Fourth.*
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* K. Edward V. } *Sons to the king.*
Richard, *duke of* York, }
George, *duke of* Clarence,
Richard, *duke of* Gloſter, *afterwards* King Richard III. } *Brothers to the king.*
A young ſon of Clarence.
Henry, *earl of* Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.
Cardinal Bourchier, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.
Archbiſhop of York. *Biſhop of* Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk: *Earl of* Surrey, *his ſon.*
Earl Rivers, *brother to* K. Edward's *Queen:*
Marquis of Dorſet, *and Lord* Grey, *her ſons.*
Earl of Oxford.
Lord Haſtings.
Lord Stanley.
Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan. *Sir* Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Cateſby. *Sir* James Tyrrel.
Sir James Blount. *Sir* Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Chriſtopher Urſwick, *a Prieſt. Another Prieſt.*
Lord Mayor of London. *Sheriff of* Wiltſhire.

Elizabeth, *Queen of* K. Edward IV.
Margaret, *widow of* K. Henry VI.
Dutcheſs of York, *mother to* K. Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Gloſter.
Lady Anne, *widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *ſon to* K. Henry VI.; *afterwards married to the duke of* Gloſter.
A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Purſuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Meſſengers, Ghoſts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our diſcontent[2]
Made glorious ſummer by this ſun of York[3];

And

[1] This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at moſt, but the laſt eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and cloſes with the death of Richard at Boſworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of Auguſt, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.

It appears that ſeveral dramas on the preſent ſubject had been written before Shakſpeare attempted it. See the notes at the concluſion of this play, which was firſt enter'd at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wiſe, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence.* Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A Tragical report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad.* It may be neceſſary to remark that the words, *ſong, ballad, book, enterlude* and *play*, were often ſynonymouſly uſed. STEEVENS.

This play was written, I imagine, in the ſame year in which it was firſt printed,—1597. The *Legend of King Richard III.* by Francis Seagars, was printed in the firſt edition of *the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1559, and in that of 1575; and 1587, but Shakſpeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a ſubſequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inſerted, by Richard Nichols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was publiſhed, Nichols, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, was but thirteen years old. *Hiſt. of Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 267.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years; (not eight years, as Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed;) for the ſecond ſcene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who was murdered on the 21ſt of May, 1471. The impriſonment of Clarence, which is repreſented previouſly in the firſt ſcene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8. MALONE.

[2] — *the winter of our diſcontent*—] So, in an old play entitled *Wily Beguil'd*:

"Preſaging ſome good future hap ſhall fall,
"After theſe *bluſt'ring blaſts of diſcontent.*"

And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our houſe,
In the deep boſom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments;
Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds[4],
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,—
He capers[5] nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I,—that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glaſs;
I, that am rudely ſtamp'd, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

Wily beguil'd had appeared before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in a pamphlet entitled *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, which was publiſhed in that year. MALONE.

[3] — *this ſun of York*;] Alluding to the cogniſance of Edward IV. which was *a ſun*, in memory of the *three ſuns*, which are ſaid to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancaſtrians at Mortimer's Croſs. STEEVENS.

See p. 268, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] *Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,*
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds, &c.] Shakſpeare ſeems to have had the following paſſage from Lily's *Alexander and Campaſpe*, 1584, before him, when he wrote theſe lines: "Is the warlike ſound of drum and trump turn'd to the ſoft noiſe of lyre and *lute*? The neighing of *barbed ſteeds*, whoſe loudneſs filled the air with terror, and whoſe breaths dimned the ſun with ſmoak, converted to delicate tunes, and amorous glances?" &c. REED.

The *Meaſures* were in our author's time a ſpecies of dance. See Vol. II. p. 406, n. 4. A *barbed* ſteed is a horſe covered with a capariſon or trappings. *Barbed* and *barded* are (as Mr. Steevens has ſuggeſted) ſynonymous; or rather, *barbed* is a corruption of *barded*. See "A *Barbed* horſe," and "*Bardes*," in Minſheu's DICT. 1617, the latter of which he defines "*horſe-trappings*." MALONE.

[5] *He* capers—] War *capers*. This is poetical, though a little harſh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at ſuch a diſtance, that it is almoſt forgotten. JOHNSON.

Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature[6],
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to paſs away the time;
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity[7]:
And therefore,—ſince I cannot prove a lover[8],
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,

[6] *Cheated of feature by* diſſembling *nature,*] By *diſſembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a diſſimilar kind, as a brave ſoul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.

Diſſembling is here put very licentiouſly for *fraudful, deceitful.* JOHNSON.

I once thought that Dr. Johnſon's interpretation was the true one. *Diſſimulation* neceſſarily includes *fraud*, and this might have been ſufficient to induce Shakſpeare to uſe the two words as ſynonymous, though fraud certainly may exiſt without diſſimulation. But the following lines in the old *K. John*, 1591, which our authour muſt have carefully read, were perhaps in his thoughts, and ſeem rather in favour of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

"Can *nature* ſo *diſſemble* in her frame,
"To make the one ſo like as like may be,
"And in the other print no character
"To challenge any mark of true deſcent?

Feature is uſed here, as in other pieces of the ſame age, for *beauty* in general. See Vol. VII. p. 484. n. 6. MALONE.

[7] *And* deſcant *on mine own deformity:*] *Deſcant* is a term in muſick, ſignifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphraſe on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without ſuch an idea of the nature of *deſcant*, could not be diſcerned. SIR J. HAWKINS.

That this is the original meaning of the term, is certain. But I believe the word is here uſed in its ſecondary and colloquial ſenſe, without any reference to muſick. MALONE.

[8] *And therefore,—ſince I cannot prove a lover,*] Shakſpeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedneſs of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that roſe at the compariſon of his own perſon with others, and which incited him to diſturb the pleaſures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

And hate the idle pleaſures[9] of theſe days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous[1],
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To ſet my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and juſt[2],
As I am ſubtle, falſe, and treacherous,
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which ſays—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer ſhall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my ſoul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majeſty,
Tendering my perſon's ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cauſe?

Clar. Becauſe my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He ſhould, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhall be new-chriſten'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I proteſt,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after propheſies, and dreams[3];

And

[9] *And* hate *the idle pleaſures*—] Perhaps we might read:
And bate *the idle pleaſures*—. JOHNSON.

[1] —*inductions dangerous*,] Preparations for miſchief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

Marſton has put this line, with little variation, into the mouth of Fame:

"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous?" STEEVENS.

[2] —*Edward be as* true and juſt,] The meaning is, if Edward keeps his word. JOHNSON.

[3] *He hearkens after propheſies, and dreams*;] From Holinſhed: "Some have reported that the cauſe of this nobleman's death roſe of a fooliſh propheſie, which was, that after king Edward ſhould raign one whoſe firſt letter of his name ſhould be a G; wherewith the king and the queene were ſore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge againſt

And from the croſs-row plucks the letter G,
And ſays—a wizard told him, that by G
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
Theſe, as I learn, and ſuch like toys as theſe[4],
Have mov'd his highneſs to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king, that ſends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there[5],
That made him ſend lord Haſtings to the Tower;
From whence this preſent day he is deliver'd?
We are not ſafe, Clarence, we are not ſafe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man ſecure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and miſtreſs Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliverý?

Glo. Humbly complaining[6] to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herſelf[7],

againſt this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end." Philip de Comines, a contemporary hiſtorian, ſays that the Engliſh at that time were never unfurniſhed with ſome prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event. MALONE.

4 —*toys*—] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.
So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iv:
"The very place puts *toys* of deſperation
"Without more motive into every brain—." REED.

5 —*her brother* there,] *There* is in this place, according to our authour's uſual practice, a diſſyllable. MALONE.

6 *Humbly complaining*, &c.] I think theſe two lines might be better given to Clarence. JOHNSON.

7 *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herſelf*,] That is, the queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

Since

Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me;
His majeſty hath ſtraitly given in charge,
That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with his brother.

Glo. Even ſo? an pleaſe your worſhip, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man;—We ſay, the king
Is wiſe, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well ſtruck in years [8]; fair, and not jealous:—
We ſay, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How ſay you, ſir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myſelf have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with miſtreſs Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt to do it ſecretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her huſband, knave:—Would'ſt thou betray me?

Brak. I beſeech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects [9], and muſt obey.
Brother,

[8] *Well* ſtruck *in years*;] This odd expreſſion in our language was preceded by one as uncouth though of a ſimilar kind.

"*Well* ſhot *in years be ſeem'd*," &c. Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. vi: The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr. Warton has obſerved in his Eſſay on the *Faery Queen*, by an imperceptible progreſſion from one kindred ſenſe to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original etymology. STEEVENS.

[9] — *the queen's abjects*—] That is, not the queen's *ſubjects*, whom ſhe might protect, but her *abjects*, whom ſhe drives away. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Caſe is altered. How? Art Dalio, and Mills*, 1604: "This ougly *object* or rather *abject* of nature." HENDERSON.

I cannot approve of Dr. Johnſon's explanation. *The queen's abjects* means the moſt ſervile of her ſubjects, who muſt of courſe obey all her commands;

Brother, farewel: I will unto the king;
And whatſoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—ſiſter[1],—
I will perform it, to enfranchiſe you.
Mean time, this deep diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaſeth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long;
I will deliver you, or elſe lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I muſt perforce[2]; farewel.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou ſhalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoul to heaven,
If heaven will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Haſtings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Haſt. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

commands, which would not be the caſe of thoſe whom ſhe had driven away from her. In the preceding page Gloceſter had ſaid of Shore's wife—

" —— I think, it is our way,
" If we will keep in favour with the king,
" To be her men, and wear her livery."

In Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo ſays to Shift, " I'll make thee ſtoop, thou *abject.*" MASON.

[1] *Were it to call king Edward's widow—ſiſter,*] This is a very covert and ſubtle manner of inſinuating treaſon. The natural expreſſion would have been, *were it to call king Edward's* wife, *ſiſter.* I will ſolicit for you, though it ſhould be at the expence of ſo much degradation and conſtraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a ſiſter. But by ſlipping, as it were caſually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique propoſal to kill the king. JOHNSON.

King Edward's widow is, I believe, only an expreſſion of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey*, whom Edward had choſen for his queen. Gloſter has already called her, *the jealous o'erworn widow.* STEEV.

[2] *I muſt perforce;*] Alluding to the proverb, " Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

Well

Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience, noble lord, as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and ſo ſhall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Haſt. More pity, that the eagle ſhould be mew'd[3],
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Haſt. No news ſo bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his phyſicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by ſaint Paul[4], this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much conſum'd his royal perſon;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and muſt not die,
Till George be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well ſteel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buſtle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngeſt daughter:
What though I kill'd her huſband, and her father?

[3] —*ſhould be* mew'd,] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. So, in *Albumazar*:
"Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*
"From brown ſear feathers of dull yeomanry,
"To the glorious bloom of gentry." STEEVENS.

[4] *Now, by ſaint Paul,*—] The folio reads—*Now, by ſaint* John. STEEVENS.

The

The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her huſband, and her father:
The which will I; not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes; Edward ſtill lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Street.

Enter the corſe of King Henry *the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady* Anne *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,—
If honour may be ſhrouded in a hearſe,—
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament [5]
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaſter.—
Poor key-cold [6] figure of a holy king!
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter!
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughter'd ſon,
Stabb'd by the ſelf-ſame hand that made theſe wounds!
Lo, in theſe windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes:—
O, curſed be the hand, that made theſe holes!

5 — obſequiouſly *lament*] *Obſequious*, in this inſtance, means *funereal*. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. ii:
"*To do* obſequious *ſorrow*." STEEVENS.

6 — *key-cold*—] A key, on account of the coldneſs of the metal of which it is compoſed, was anciently employed to ſtop any ſlight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers. So, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:
"The *key-cold* figure of a man." STEEVENS.
Again, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:
"And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding ſtream
"He falls—." MALONE.

Curſed

Curſed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Curſed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnatural aſpect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappineſs*!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, towards Chertſey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, ſtill as you are weary of the weight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament king Henry's corſe.

[*The Bearers take up the corpſe, and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corſe, and ſet it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, ſet down the corſe; or, by ſaint Paul,
I'll make a corſe of him that diſobeys[7].

1. *Gent.* My lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! ſtand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breaſt,
Or, by ſaint Paul, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.

[*The bearers ſet down the coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

* — *to his unhappineſs!*] To his miſchievous diſpoſition. See Vol. II. p. 187, n. 8, and p. 234, n. 2. MALONE.

7 *I'll make a corſe of him that diſobeys.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"*I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me.*" JOHNSON.

Avaunt,

Avaunt, thou dreadful miniſter of hell!
Thou hadſt but power over his mortal body,
His ſoul thou canſt not have; therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet ſaint, for charity, be not ſo curſt.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's ſake, 'hence, and trouble us not;
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries[8]:—
O, gentlemen, ſee, ſee! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh[9]!—
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul deformity;

[8] — pattern *of thy butcheries*:] *Pattern* is *inſtance*, or *example*. JOHNSON.

Holinſhed ſays: "The dead corps on the Aſcenſion even was conveied with billes and glaives pompouſlie (if you will call that a funerall pompe) from the Tower to the church of ſaint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced; the ſame in the preſence of the beholders did bleed; where it reſted the ſpace of one whole daie. From thenſe he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewiſe;" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] — *ſee, dead Henry's wounds*
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh!—] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was ſo much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reaſon. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"The more I found his name, the more he bleeds;
"This blood condemns me, and in guſhing forth
"Speaks as it falls, and aſks me why I did it."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"The captain will aſſay an old concluſion often approved; that at the murderer's ſight the blood revives again and boils afreſh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty againſt the murderer."

Mr. Tollet obſerves that this opinion ſeems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we deſcend; for they practiſed this method of trial in dubious caſes, as appears from Pitt's *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. STEEVENS.

See alſo *Demonologie*, quarto, 1603, p. 79, and Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Hiſtories*, tranſlated by Grimeſton, quarto, 1607, p. 422. REED.

For

For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge moſt unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning ſtrike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes.

Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt no law of God nor man;
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are ſo angry.—
Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed evils, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf.

Anne. Vouchſafe, diffus'd infection of a man[1],
For theſe known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelf.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe myſelf.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe current, but to hang thyſelf.

Glo. By ſuch deſpair, I ſhould accuſe myſelf.

[1] *Vouchſafe*, diffus'd *infection of a man*,] I believe, *diffus'd* in this place ſignifies *irregular*, *uncouth*; ſuch is its meaning in other paſſages of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a peſtilence, that infects the air by its diffuſion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

" —— ruſh at once
" With ſome *diffuſed* ſong."

Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I have ſeen an Engliſh gentleman ſo *defuſed* in his ſutes; his doublet being for the weare of Caſtile, his hoſe for Venice," &c. STEEVENS.

Anne.

Anne. And, by deſpairing, ſhalt thou ſtand excus d;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyſelf,
That didſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I ſlew them not?
Anne. Why then, they are not dead*;
But dead they are, and, deviliſh ſlave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your huſband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and ſlain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy ſoul's throat thou ly'ſt; queen Margaret ſaw
Thy murderous faulchion ſmoking in his blood;
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breaſt,
But that thy brothers beat aſide the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her ſtand'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders[2].
Anne. Thou waſt provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didſt thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Doſt grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him[3].
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou ſhalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to ſend him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place elſe, if you will hear me name it.

* *Why then, they are not dead*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: *Then ſay, they are not ſlain.* MALONE.

[2] *That laid their guilt*—] The crime of my brothers. He has juſt charged the murder of lady Anne's huſband upon Edward. JOHNSON.

[3] *O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.*
Glo. *The fitter for the king of heaven,* &c.] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* 1609:
"I'll do't: but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.
"*Dion.* The fitter then the gods ſhould have her." STEEV.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope ſo.

Glo. I know ſo.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower method[4];—
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd effect[5].

Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
Theſe nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. Theſe eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheered by the ſun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-ſhade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

4 — *a* ſlower *method*;—] As *quick* was uſed for *ſprightly*, *ſo ſlow* was put for *ſerious*. In the next ſcene lord Grey deſires the queen to
—— cheer his grace with *quick* and merry words. STEEVENS.

5 *Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd effect.*] *Effect*, for executioner. He aſks, was not the *cauſer* as ill as the *executioner*? She anſwers, Thou waſt both. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608:

" —— thou art the *cauſe*,
" *Effect*, quality, property; thou, thou."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. " I have read the *cauſe* of his *effects* in Galen." STEEVENS.

Our authour, I think, in another place uſes *effect*, for *efficient* cauſe. MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my huſband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy huſband,
Did it to help thee to a better huſband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*She ſpits at him.*] Why doſt thou ſpit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poiſon, for thy ſake!
Glo. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poiſon on a fouler toad.
Out of my ſight! thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, ſweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. 'Would they were baſiliſks, to ſtrike thee dead[6]!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death[7].
Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears,
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:

[6] *'Would they were baſiliſks*, &c.] So, in *the Winter's Tale*:
"Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk;
"I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
"By my regard, but kill'd none ſo."
See alſo *K. Henry VI.* P. II. p. 181, n. *. MALONE.

[7] — *they kill me with a living death.*] In imitation of this paſſage, and, I ſuppoſe, of a thouſand more, Pope writes:
"——— *a* living death *I bear*,
"*Says Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.*" JOHNSON.
So, in Watſon's Sonnets, printed about 1580:
"Love is a ſowre delight, a ſugred griefe,
"A *living death*, an ever dying life."
We have again the ſame expreſſion in *Venus and Adonis*:
"For I have heard it [love] is a *life in death*,
"That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath."
MALONE.

Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear[8],—
Not, when my father[9] York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford ſhook his ſword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death;
And twenty times made pauſe, to ſob, and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedaſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear;
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſu'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſoothing word[*];
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeak.
[*She looks ſcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip ſuch ſcorn; for it was made
For kiſſing, lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed ſword;
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breaſt,
And let the ſoul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breaſt open; ſhe offers at it with his ſword.*
Nay, do not pauſe; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty[1] that provoked me.
Nay, now diſpatch; 'twas I that ſtabb'd young Edward;—
[*She again offers at his breaſt.*

[8] *Theſe eyes, which never,* &c.] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the firſt editions. POPE.

They were added with many more. JOHNSON.

[9] Not, *when my father*—] The old copies read—*No*, when, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. MALONE.

[*] —*ſweet* ſoothing *word*;] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has—ſweet *ſmoothing* word. MALONE.

[1] *But 'twas thy beauty*—] Shakſpeare countenances the obſervation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNSON.

But

But 'twas thy heavenly face that ſet me on.

[*She lets fall the ſword.*

Take up the ſword again, or take up me.

Anne. Ariſe, diſſembler; though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myſelf, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are falſe.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your ſword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That ſhall you know hereafter.

Glo. But ſhall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live ſo.

Glo. Vouchſafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*

Glo. Look, how this ring encompaſſeth thy finger,
Even ſo thy breaſt encloſeth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted ſervant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm his happineſs for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repair to Croſby-place[2]:

[2] — *Croſby-place:*] A houſe near Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, belonging to the duke of Gloſter. JOHNSON.

Croſby-place is now *Croſby*-ſquare in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet; part of the houſe is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a preſbyterian congregation. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Where—after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At Chertſey monaſt'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty[3] ſee you:
For divers unknown reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.—
Treſſel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewel.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deſerve:
But, ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have ſaid farewel already[4].

[*Exeunt Lady* ANNE, *and two* Gentlemen.

Glo. Take up the corſe, ſirs.

2. *Gent.* Towards Chertſey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the reſt, with the corſe.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her huſband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremeſt hate;
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of her hatred by;
With God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil, and diſſembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave prince,

3 — *with all* expedient *duty*—] See Vol. V. p. 35, n. 4. MALONE.

4 *Imagine, I have ſaid farewel already.*] Cibber, who altered *King Richard III.* for the ſtage, was ſo thoroughly convinced of the ridiculouſneſs and improbability of this ſcene, that he thought himſelf obliged to make Treſſel ſay:

When future chronicles ſhall ſpeak of this,
They will be thought romance, not hiſtory. STEEVENS.

Edward,

Edward, her lord, whom I, ſome three months ſince,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkſbury [4]?
A ſweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature [5],
Young, valiant, wiſe, and, no doubt, right royal [6],—
The ſpacious world cannot again afford:
And will ſhe yet abaſe her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this ſweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whoſe all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am miſhapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier [7],
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life, ſhe finds, although I cannot,
Myſelf to be a marvellous proper man [8].
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs;
And entertain a ſcore or two of tailors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt.

[4] —*whom I, ſome three months ſince,*
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkſbury?] Here we have the exact time of this ſcene aſcertained, namely Auguſt 1471. King Edward however is in the ſecond act introduced dying. That king died in April 1483; ſo there is an interval between this and the next act of almoſt twelve years. Clarence, who is repreſented in the preceding ſcene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till ſeven years afterwards, March, 1477-8. MALONE.

[5] *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or laviſh mood. WARBURTON.

[6] —*and, no doubt, right royal,*—] Richard means to repreſent *Edward* as *full of all the noble properties of a king. No doubt, right royal*, may, however, be ironically ſpoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother. STEEVENS.

[7] —*a beggarly* denier,] A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French ſous, and appears to have been the uſual requeſt of a beggar. So, in *the Cunning Northern Beggar*, b. l. an ancient ballad:

"For ſtill will I cry, good your worſhip, good ſir,
"Beſtow one poor denier, ſir." STEEVENS.

[8] —*a* marvellous proper *man.*] *Marvellous* is here uſed adverbially. *Proper* in old language was *handſome.* See Vol. III. p. 249, n. 7. MALONE.

But, firſt, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair ſun, till I have bought a glaſs,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *Lord* RIVERS, *and Lord* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majeſty
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe:
Therefore, for God's ſake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Grey. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loſs of ſuch a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bleſs'd you with a goodly ſon,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the truſt of Richard Gloſter,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he ſhall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet[9]:
But ſo it muſt be, if the king miſcarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley[1].
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Stan. God make your majeſty joyful as you have been!

[9] *It is* determin'd, *not* concluded *yet:*] *Determin'd* ſignifies the final concluſion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reaſon of ſome act, conſequent on the final judgment. WARBURTON.

[1] — *and Stanley.*] The old copies all have *Derby*, inſtead of *Stanley*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who has ſhewn the neceſſity of the change by obſerving that "Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of Edward the Fourth's houſhold, (the perſon here meant) was not created Earl of Derby till after the acceſſion of Henry the ſeventh. Accordingly in the fourth and fifth acts of this play, before the battle of Boſworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stanley." MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. The counteſs Richmond*, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will ſcarcely ſay—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithſtanding ſhe's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe accuſers;
Or, if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from viſiting his majeſty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace ſpeaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he deſires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloſter and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them[2] to his royal preſence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear, our happineſs is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with ſuch diſſentious rumours.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and ſpeak fair,
Smile in men's faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apiſh courteſy,

* *The counteſs Richmond,*—] Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, firſt duke of Somerſet. After the death of her firſt huſband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to K. Henry VI. by whom ſhe had only one ſon, afterwards K. Henry VII. ſhe married firſt Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and ſecondly, Thomas lord Stanley. MALONE.

[2] *—to warn them—*] i. e. to *ſummon*. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:
"They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here." STEEVENS.

I muſt

I muſt be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd
By ſilken, ſly, inſinuating Jacks[3]?

Grey. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preſerve better than you would wiſh!—
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloſter, you miſtake the matter:
The king, of his own royal diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any ſuitor elſe;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews itſelf,
Againſt my children, brothers, and myſelf,
Makes him to ſend; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and ſo remove it[4].

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens may prey[5] where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloſter;
You envy my advancement, and my friends:

3 — *inſinuating* Jacks?] See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

4 *Of your ill-will,* &c.] This line is reſtored from the firſt edition. POPE.

By the firſt edition Mr. Pope, as appears from his *Table of Editions*, means the quarto of 1598. But that and the ſubſequent quartos read — and *to* remove. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. The folio has only—

Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground—.

Here clearly a line was omitted; yet had there been no quarto copy, it would have been thought hardy to ſupply the omiſſion: but of all the errors of the preſs omiſſion is the moſt frequent; and it is a great miſtake to ſuppoſe that theſe *lacunæ* exiſt only in the imagination of editors and commentators. MALONE.

5 — may *prey*—] The quarto 1598 and the folio read—*make* prey. The correction, which all the modern editors have adopted, is taken from the quarto, 1602. MALONE.

God

od grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
ur brother is impriſon'd by your means,
yſelf diſgrac'd, and the nobility
eld in contempt; while great promotions
re daily given, to enoble thoſe
hat ſcarce, ſome two days ſince, were worth a noble.
Q. Eliz. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height
rom that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
never did incenſe his majeſty
gainſt the duke of Clarence, but have been
n earneſt advocate to plead for him.
y lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
alſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe
f my lord Haſtings' late impriſonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for—
Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not ſo?
ie may do more, ſir, than denying that:
he may help you to many fair preferments;
nd then deny her aiding hand therein,
nd lay thoſe honours on your high deſert.
hat may ſhe not? She may,—ay, marry, may ſhe,—
Riv. What, marry, may ſhe?
Glo. What, marry, may ſhe? marry with a king,
bachelor, a handſome ſtripling too:
wis, your grandam had a worſer match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloſter, I have too long borne
our blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
y heaven, I will acquaint his majeſty,
ith thoſe groſs taunts I often have endur'd.
had rather be a country ſervant-maid,
han a great queen, with this condition—
o be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at:
mall joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And leſſen'd be that ſmall, God, I beſeech thee!
hy honour, ſtate, and ſeat, is due to me.

Glo.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and ſpare not; look, what I have ſaid[5]
I will avouch in preſence of the king:
I dare adventure to be ſent to the Tower.
'Tis time to ſpeak, my pains[6] are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil[7]! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my huſband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor ſon, at Tewkſbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your huſband king,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize[8] his blood, I ſpilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your huſband Grey,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter;—
And, Rivers, ſo were you:—Was not your huſband
In Margaret's battle at ſaint Albans ſlain[9]?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and ſo ſtill thou art.

[5] *Tell him, and ſpare not; look, what I have ſaid*—] This verſe I have reſtored from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

Here we have another proof of a line being paſſed over by the tranſcriber, or the compoſitor at the preſs, when the firſt folio was printed, for the ſubſequent line is not ſenſe without this. MALONE.

[6] —*my pains*—] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

[7] Out, *devil!*] Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon Field*, that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, moſt frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. It occurs again in Act IV:

"—*out* on ye, owls!" STEEVENS.

[8] —*royalize*,] i. e. to make royal. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Who means to-morrow for to *royalize*
"The triumphs," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —*Was not your huſband,*
In Margaret's battle, &c.] It is ſaid in *King Henry VI.* that he died *in quarrel of the houſe of York*. JOHNSON.

The account here given is the true one. See this inconſiſtency accounted for in p. 303, and in the *Diſſertation* at the end of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* p. 415. MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forſake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forſwore himſelf,—Which Jeſu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's ſoft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childiſh-fooliſh for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloſter, in thoſe buſy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king[1];
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates[2], that fall out
In ſharing that which you have pill'd from me[3]:

[1] — *our* lawful *king*;] So the quarto 1598, and the ſubſequent quartos. The folios has—*ſovereign* king.

In this play the variations between the original copy in quarto, and the folio, are more numerous than, I believe, in any other of our authour's pieces. The alterations, it is highly probable, were made, not by Shakſpeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious. The text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio, and the early quarto; from which the preceding editors have in every ſcene ſelected ſuch readings as appeared to them fit to be adopted. To enumerate every variation between the copies would encumber the page with little uſe. MALONE.

[2] *Hear me, you wrangling pirates*, &c.] This ſcene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Caſſandra, for the following tragick revolutions. WARBURTON.

[3] — *which you have* pill'd *from me*:] To *pill* is to pillage. So, in the *Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

"He has not *pill'd* the rich, nor flay'd the poor." STEEVENS.

Which

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like ſubjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain [4], do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?[5]

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not baniſhed, on pain of death*?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in baniſhment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A huſband, and a ſon, thou ow'ſt to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This ſorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleaſures you uſurp, are mine.

Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didſt crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy ſcorns drew'ſt rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'ſt the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curſes, then from bitterneſs of ſoul
Denounc'd againſt thee, are all fallen upon thee;

4 *Ah, gentle villain,*] *Gentle* is *high-born*. An oppoſition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. So before:

Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman,
There's many a gentle *perſon made a Jack.* JOHNSON.

Gentle appears to me to be taken in its common acceptation, but to be uſed ironically. MASON.

5 — *what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?*] An obſolete expreſſion for—*what* doſt *thou in my ſight*. So, in *Othello*:

" Ancient, what *makes* he here?"

Margaret in her anſwer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation. MALONE.

* *Wert thou not baniſhed, on pain of death?*] Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham in 1464, and Edward ſoon afterwards iſſued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his ſubjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, ſhould ſhe attempt to revifit England. She remained abroad till the 14th of April 1471, when ſhe landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewkſbury, in May 1471, ſhe was confined in the Tower, where ſhe continued a priſoner till 1475, when ſhe was ranſomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where ſhe died in 1482. The preſent ſcene is in 1477-8. MALONE.

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed [5].
Q. Eliz. So juſt is God, to right the innocent.
Haſt. O, 'twas the foulеſt deed, to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſs, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but propheſy'd revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it [6].
Q. Mar. What! were you ſnarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me [7]?
Did York's dread curſe prevail ſo much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loſs, my woeful baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeviſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curſes!—
Though not by war, by ſurfeit die your king [8],
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy ſon, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſon, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyſelf a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched ſelf!
Long may'ſt thou live, to wail thy children's loſs;
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine!

[5] — *hath* plagu'd *thy bloody deed.*] To *plague* was uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries in the ſenſe of to *puniſh*. See Vol. IV. p. 470, n. 2. MALONE.

[6] *Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.*] Alluding to a line in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"What weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?" STEEVENS.

[7] *And turn you all your hatred now on me?*] Perhaps we ought rather to point thus:

And turn you, all, your hatred now on me?

to ſhew that *all* is not to be joined in conſtruction with *hatred*. That the poet did not intend that it ſhould be connected with *hatred*, ſeems to be indicated by the foregoing line:

What! were you ſnarling *all*, &c.

The quarto reads, perhaps better:

And turn you now your hatred, all on me? MALONE.

[8] — *by ſurfeit die your king!*] Alluding to his luxurious life. JOHNS.

Long

Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorſet,—you were ſtanders by,—
And ſo waſt thou, lord Haſtings,—when my ſon
Was ſtabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by ſome unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? ſtay, dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy ſins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy ſoul!
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends!
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elviſh-mark'd[9], abortive, rooting hog[1]!

Thou

9 —*elviſh*-mark'd,—] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*) have ſtill an averſion to thoſe who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for miſchief. STEEVENS.

1 —*rooting hog!*] She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *bear*, as he is elſewhere termed from his enſigns armorial. JOHNSON.

In the *Mirror for Magiſtrates* is the following *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime.*

"*For where I meant the king by name of hog,*
"*I only alluded to his badge the bore:*
"*To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;*
"*Becauſe moſt dogs have borne that name of yore.*
"*Theſe metaphors I us'd with other more,*
"*As cat and rat, the half-names of the reſt,*
"*To hide the ſenſe that they ſo wrongly wreſt.*"

That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog, may be likewiſe known from a paſſage in *The Hiſtorie of Jacob and Eſau*, an interlude, 1568:

"Then

i that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity
ſlave of nature [2], and the ſon of hell!
. ſlander of thy mother's heavy womb!
i loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
i rag of honour [3]! thou deteſted—
o. Margaret.
Mar. Richard!
». Ha?

" Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
" Fette *lovell my bounde*, and my horne to blowe."
ıime for which Collingbourne ſuffered, was:
" A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,
" Rule all England under a hog." STEEVENS.
: perſons levelled at by this rhime were the king, Cateſby, Rat-
ınd Lovel, as appears in *the Complaint of Collingbourn:*
" Cateſbye was one whom I called a cat,
" A craftie lawyer catching all he could;
" The ſecond Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat,
" A cruel beaſt to gnaw on whom he ſhould:
" Lord Lovel barkt and byt whom Richard would,
" Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,
" Wherewith to ryme I cald the king a hog." MALONE.
he ſlave of nature,] The expreſſion is ſtrong and noble, and al-
:o the ancient cuſtom of maſters branding their profligate ſlaves
ich it is inſinuated that his miſhapen perſon was the mark that
had ſet upon him to ſtigmatize his ill conditions. Shakſpeare
es the ſame thought in *The Comedy of Errors:*
" *He is deformed, crooked,* &c.
" *Stigmatical in making,*—"
ı the ſpeaker riſes in her reſentment, ſhe expreſſes this contemp-
thought much more openly, and condemns him to a ſtill worſe
f ſlavery:
" *Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their* marks *on him.*"
WARBURTON.
t of Dr. Warburton's note is confirm'd by a line in our authour's
of Lucrece, from which it appears he was acquainted with the
:e of marking ſlaves:
" Worſe than a *ſlaviſh wipe*, or birth-hour's blot." MALONE.
hou rag of honour! &c.] This word of contempt is uſed again in
:
" If thou wilt curſe, thy father, that poor *rag*,
" Muſt be the ſubject."
ain, in this play:
" Theſe over-weening *rags* of France." STEEVENS.

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'ſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, ſo I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curſe againſt yourſelf.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune[4]!
Why ſtrew'ſt thou ſugar on that bottled ſpider[5],
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'ſt a knife to kill thyſelf.
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me
To help thee curſe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Haſt. Falſe-boding woman, end thy frantick curſe;
Leſt, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul ſhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my ſubjects:
O, ſerve me well, and teach yourſelves that duty.

Dor. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, maſter marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current[6]:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable!

[4] —*flouriſh of my fortune!*] This expreſſion is likewiſe uſed by Maſſinger in the *Great Duke of Florence*:

" — I allow theſe
" As *flouriſhings of fortune.*" STEEVENS.

[5] —*bottled ſpider,*] A ſpider is called bottled, becauſe, like other inſects, he has a middle ſlender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a ſpider. JOHNSON.

[6] *Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current:*] Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorſet, A. D. 1476. PERCY.

The preſent ſcene, as has been already obſerved, is in 1477-8. MALONE.

They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.

Glo. Good counſel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun.

Q. Mar. And turns the ſun to ſhade;—alas! alas!—
Witneſs[7] my ſon, now in the ſhade of death;
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's neſt[8]:—
O God, that ſee'ſt it, do not ſuffer it;
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo!

Buck. Peace, peace, for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,—
And in my ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle-ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,

[7] *Witneſs my* ſon,—] Thus the quarto of 1598, and the folio. The modern editors, after the quarto of 1612, read—*ſun*. MALONE.

[8] *Your* aiery *buildeth in our* aiery's *neſt*:—] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's neſt. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"It is a ſubtle bird that breeds among the *aiery* of hawks."
STEEVENS.

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell[9], have ſet their marks on him;
And all their miniſters attend on him.

Glo. What doth ſhe ſay, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, doſt thou ſcorn me for my gentle counſel?
And ſooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow;
And ſay, poor Margaret was a propheteſs.—
Live each of you the ſubjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's[1]! [*Exit.*

Haſt. My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her curſes.

Riv. And ſo doth mine; I muſe, why ſhe's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains[2];—

God

[9] *Sin, death, and hell,*—] Poſſibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. BLACKSTONE.

[1] *Live each of you the ſubjects to his hate,*
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!] It is evident from the conduct of Shakſpeare, that the houſe of Tudor retained all their Lancaſtrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In his play of *Richard the Third*, he ſeems to deduce the woes of the houſe of York from the curſes which queen Margaret had vented againſt them; and he could not give that weight to her curſes, without ſuppoſing a right in her to utter them. WALPOLE.

[2] *He* is frank'd up *to fatting for his pains*;] A *frank* is an old Engliſh word for a *bog-ſty*. 'Tis poſſible he uſes this metaphor to Clarence, in alluſion to the creſt of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate thoſe famous old verſes on Richard III:

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under a hog.

He uſes the ſame metaphor in the laſt ſcene of Act IV. POPE.

A *frank*

God pardon them that are the cauſe thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcathe to us[3].

Glo. So do I ever, being well adviſ'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cateſ. Madam, his majeſty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Cateſby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but* Gloſter.

Glo. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret miſchiefs that I ſet abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkneſs,—
I do beweep to many ſimple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Haſtings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That ſtir the king againſt the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I ſigh, and, with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, ſtol'n forth of holy writ;
And ſeem a ſaint, when moſt I play the devil.

A *frank* was not a common *hog-ſtye*, but the pen in which thoſe hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. STEEVENS.
From the manner in which the word is uſed in *King Henry IV.* a *frank* ſhould ſeem to mean a pen in which *any* hog is *fatted*. "Does the old boar feed in the old *frank?*" So alſo, as Mr. Bowle obſerves to me, in Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Britaine*, B. III. p. 1096. "The huſbandmen and farmers never *fraunke* them above three or four months, in which time he is dyeted with otes and peaſon, and lodged on the bare planches of an uneaſie coate."
"He feeds like a boar in a frank," as the ſame gentleman obſerves, is one of Ray's proverbial ſentences. MALONE.

3 — *done* ſcathe *to us.*] *Scathe* is harm, miſchief. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:
"Millions of men oppreſt with ruin and *ſcath.*" STEEVENS.

Enter two Murderers.

But ſoft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, ſtout, reſolved mates?
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing *?

1. *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[*gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Croſby-place.
But, ſirs, be ſudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well ſpoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to uſe our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-ſtones, when fools' eyes drop tears †:
I like you, lads;—about your buſineſs ſtraight;
Go, go, diſpatch.

1. *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE, *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace ſo heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have paſs'd a miſerable night,

* — *to diſpatch* this thing?] Seagars in his *Legend of Richard the Third*, ſpeaking of the *murder* of Gloſter's nephews, makes him ſay,

"What though he refuſed, yet be ſure you may,
"That other were as ready to take in hand *that thing*."

The coincidence was, I believe, merely accidental. MALONE.

† *Your eyes drop mill-ſtones, when fools' eyes drop tears:*] This, I believe, is a proverbial expreſſion. It is uſed again in the tragedy of *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

"Men's eyes muſt *mill ſtones* drop, when fools ſhed tears."

STEEVENS.

So

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly ſights[5],
That, as I am a chriſtian faithful man[6],
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of diſmal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſs to Burgundy[*];
And, in my company, my brother Gloſter:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaſter
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloſter ſtumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to ſtay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of water in mine ears!
What ſights of ugly death[7] within mine eyes!
Methought, I ſaw a thouſand fearful wrecks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

5 *So full of fearful dreams, of ugly ſights,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598:

So full of ugly ſights, of ghaſtly dreams. MALONE.

6 — *faithful man,*] Not an infidel. JOHNSON.

* — *to Burgundy*;] Clarence was deſirous to aſſiſt his ſiſter Margaret againſt the French king, who invaded her jointure-lands after the death of her huſband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at the ſiege of Nancy, in January 1476-7. Iſabel the wife of Clarence being then dead, (taken off by poiſon, adminiſtered by the duke of Gloſter, as it has been conjectured,) he wiſhed to have married Mary the daughter and heir of the duke of Burgundy; but the match was oppoſed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers; and this circumſtance has been ſuggeſted as the principal cauſe of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however choſe a huſband for herſelf, having married in Auguſt 1477 Maximilian, ſon of the Emperor Frederick. MALONE.

7 *What ſights of ugly death*—] Thus the folio. The quarto has—What ugly ſights of death. MALONE.

Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels[8],
All ſcatter'd in the bottom of the ſea.
Some lay in dead men's ſkulls; and, in thoſe holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
(As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom [9] of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon theſe ſecrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt: but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul[1], and would not let it forth
To ſeek the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air[2];
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk[3],
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempeſt to my ſoul!
I paſs'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman[4] which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,— *What ſcourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford falſe Clarence?

[8] *Ineſtimable ſtones*, unvalued *jewels*,] *Unvalu'd* is here uſed for *invaluable*. So, in Lovelace's *Poſthumous Poems*, 1659:

" — the *unvalew'd* robe ſhe wore,
" Made infinite lay lovers to adore." MALONE.

[9] *That* woo'd *the ſlimy bottom*—] By ſeeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now ſay, to *ogle* it. JOHNSON.

[1] Kept *in my ſoul*,] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Stopt* in. MALONE.

[2] *To ſeek the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air*;] Perhaps we ſhould point thus:

To ſeek the empty vaſt, and wand'ring air,

that is, to ſeek the immenſe vacuity. *Vaſt* is uſed by our authour as a ſubſtantive in other places. See Vol. IV. p. 122, n. 4.

Seek is the reading of the quarto, 1598; the folio has *find*. MALONE.

[3] — *within my panting* bulk,] *Bulk* is often uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries for *body*. So again, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— it did ſeem to ſhatter all his *bulk*,
" And end his being." MALONE.

[4] — grim *ferryman*—] The folio reads—*four* ferryman. STEEV.

And

And ſo he vaniſh'd: Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he ſhriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—falſe, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence[5],—
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkſbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me[6], and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noiſe,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a ſeaſon after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done theſe things,—
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,—
For Edward's ſake; and, ſee, how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee[7],
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, ſpare my guiltleſs wife[*], and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, ſtay by me[8];

[5] — fleeting, *perjur'd Clarence,*] *Fleeting* is the ſame as *changing ſides.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——— now the *fleeting* moon
"No planet is of mine."

Clarence broke his oath with the earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother king Edward IV. STEEVENS.

See p. 371. MALONE.

[6] — *a legion of foul fiends*
Environ'd me, &c.] Milton ſeems to have thought on this paſſage where he is deſcribing the midnight ſufferings of *Our Saviour,* in the 4th book of *Paradiſe Regain'd:*

"——— nor yet ſtay'd the terror there,
"Infernal ghoſts, and helliſh furies, round
"Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd—". STEEVENS.

[7] *O God! if my deep prayers,* &c.] This and the three following lines are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. MALONE.

[*] — *my guiltleſs wife*] The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See p. 487, n. *. MALONE.

[8] *I pray thee, gentle keeper,* &c.] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads; Keeper, I pry'thee, ſit by me a while. MALONE.

My

My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good reſt!— [Clarence *repoſes himſelf on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks ſeaſons, and repoſing hours [9],
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil [1];
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares [2]:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1. *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'ſt thou, fellow? and how cam'ſt thou hither?

1. *Murd.* I would ſpeak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, ſo brief?

2. *Murd.* O, ſir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious:— Shew him our commiſſion, talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to* Brackenbury, *who reads it.*

[9] *Sorrow breaks ſeaſons*, &c.] In the common editions, the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing theſe words; which ſeem to me a reflection naturally reſulting from the foregoing converſation, and therefore continued to be ſpoken by the ſame perſon, as it is accordingly in the firſt edition. POPE.

The keeper introduced in the quarto 1598, was, in fact, Brackenbury, who was lieutenant of the Tower. There can be no doubt therefore that the text, which is regulated according to the quarto, is right. MALONE.

[1] *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*
An outward honour for an inward toil;] The firſt line may be underſtood in this ſenſe, *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles:* but it would more impreſs the purpoſe of the ſpeaker, and correſpond better with the following lines, if it were read:
Princes have but their titles for their troubles. JOHNSON.

[2] —*for unfelt imaginations,*
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:] They often ſuffer real miſeries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications. JOHNSON.

Brak.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there ſits the duke aſleep[3]:
I'll to the king; and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge.

1. *Murd.* You may, ſir; 'tis a point of wiſdom: Fare you well. [*Exit* Brakenbury.

2. *Murd.* What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1. *Murd.* No; he'll ſay, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he ſhall never wake until the great judgment day.

1. *Murd.* Why, then he'll ſay, we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2. *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1. *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2. *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1. *Murd.* I thought, thou had'ſt been reſolute.

2. *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloſter, and tell him ſo.

2. *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine[4] will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1. *Murd.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now?

[3] *Here are the keys*, &c.] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:
There lies the duke aſleep, and there the keys. MALONE.

[4] —*this* holy *humour of mine*—] Thus the early quarto. The folio has—this *paſſionate* humour of mine, for which the modern editors have ſubſtituted *compaſſionate*, unneceſſarily. *Paſſionate*, though not ſo good an epithet as that which is furniſhed by the quarto, is ſufficiently intelligible. See Vol. IV. p. 487, n. *.

The ſecond murderer's next ſpeech proves that *holy* was the authour's word. The player editors probably changed it, as they did many others, on account of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. A little lower, they, from the ſame apprehenſion, omitted the word, '*faith*. MALONE.

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* 'Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1. *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2. *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *Murd.* Where's thy conſcience now?

2. *Murd.* In the duke of Gloſter's purſe.

1. *Murd.* So, when he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2. *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-faced ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom; it fills one full of obſtacles: it made me once reſtore a purſe of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1. *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the duke.

2. *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would inſinuate with thee[5], but to make thee figh.

1. *Murd.* I am ſtrong-fram'd[6], he cannot prevail with me.

[5] *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe* him *not:* he *would inſinuate with thee,* &c.] One villain ſays, *Conſcience* is at his elbows, perſuading him not to kill the duke. The other ſays, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind,* who will be a match for thy conſcience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text ſhould be *it,* namely, conſcience. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare ſo frequently uſes both theſe pronouns indiſcriminately, that no correction is neceſſary. STEEVENS.

In the *Merchant of Venice* we have a long *dialogue* between Launcelot, his *Conſcience,* and the Devil. But though conſcience were not here perſonified, Shakſpeare would have uſed *him* inſtead of *it.* He does ſo in almoſt every page of theſe plays. MALONE.

[6] *I am ſtrong-fram'd,*—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—I am *ſtrong in frame.* MALONE.

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow [7], that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1. *Murd.* Take him over the coſtard [8] with the hilts of thy ſword, and then throw him into the malmſey-butt, in the next room.

2. *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a ſop of him.

1. *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2. *Murd.* Strike.

1. *Murd.* No, we'll reaſon [9] with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *Murd.* You ſhall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1. *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men [1],

To

[7] *Spoke like a* tall *fellow,*] The meaning of *tall,* in old Engliſh, is *ſtout, daring, fearleſs,* and *ſtrong.* JOHNSON.

[8] — *the* coſtard—] i. e. the head. See Vol. II. p. 350, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[9] — *we'll reaſon*—] We'll talk. JOHNSON.
See Vol. I. p. 136, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] *Are you* call'd *forth from out a world of men,*] I think it may be better read: *Are ye* cull'd *forth*—. JOHNSON.
The folio reads:
Are you *drawn* forth *among* a world of men.

I adhere

To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawful queſt[2] have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law *,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption[3]
By Chriſt's dear blood ſhed for our grievous ſins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2. *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vaſſal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2. *Murd.* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For falſe forſwearing, and for murder too:

I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598:

"Art thou *call'd* forth amongſt a thouſand men,
"To miniſter this ſoveraigne antidote?" STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1598. MALONE.

2 *What lawful* queſt—] *Queſt* is *inqueſt* or jury. JOHNSON.

* *Before I be convict*, &c.] Shakſpeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in ſuppoſing that Clarence was impriſoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried, and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards paſſed againſt him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by *Edward*; but he does not *aſſert* that the duke of Gloſter was the inſtrument. Polydore Virgil ſays, though he talked with ſeveral perſons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death. See p. 487, n. *. MALONE.

3 — *as you hope* to have redemption—] The folio reads—as you hope *for any goodneſs*. STEEVENS.

This arbitrary alteration was made, and the ſubſequent line was omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. MALONE.

Thou

lidſt receive the ſacrament, to fight
rrel of the houſe of Lancaſter.
lurd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
›reak that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
dſt the bowels of thy ſovereign's ſon.
lurd. Whom thou waſt ſworn to cheriſh and defend.
lurd. How canſt thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
thou haſt broke it in ſuch dear degree?
-. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
lward, for my brother, for his ſake:
ıds you not to murder me for this;
that ſin he is as deep as I.
I will be avenged for the deed,
ow you yet, he doth it publickly;
not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
eds no indirect nor lawleſs courſe,
t off thoſe that have offended him.
lurd. Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
gallant-ſpringing[4], brave Plantagenet,
princely novice[5], was ſtruck dead by thee?
r. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
ke us hither now to ſlaughter thee.
r. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
his brother, and I love him well.
ı are hir'd for meed[6], go back again,
I will ſend you to my brother Gloſter;
ſhall reward you better for my life,
Edward will for tidings of my death.

-*ſpringing Plantagenet,*] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in *ing* of life. JOHNSON.
in Spenſer's *Shepherds Calender*, 1579:
" That wouldeſt me my *ſpringing youth* to ſpill." MALONE.
ın *gallant*, ſpringing,] This ſhould be printed as one word, *ſ*
;—*gallant-ſpringing.* Shakſpeare is fond of theſe compound
s, in which the firſt adjective is to be conſidered as an adverb.
this play he uſes *childiſh-fooliſh*, *ſenſeleſs-obſtinate* and *mortal*-
. TYRWHITT.
-*novice*,] Youth; one yet *new* to the world. JOHNSON.
"*you are bir'd for* meed,] Thus the folio. The quarto 1598,
If you *be* hired for *need*; which is likewiſe ſenſe: If it be *neceſ*
ıich induces you to commit this murder. MALONE.

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloſter hates you*.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear: Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, ſo we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York Bleſs'd his three ſons with his victorious arm, And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other, He little thought of this divided friendſhip: Bid Gloſter think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, mill-ſtones[7]; as he leſſon'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not ſlander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.* Right, as ſnow in harveſt.—Come, you deceive yourſelf;
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune, And hugg'd me in his arms, and ſwore, with ſobs, That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, ſo he doth, when he delivers you From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my lord.

Clar. Haſt thou that holy feeling in thy ſoul,

* — *your brother Gloſter hates you*] Mr. Walpole ſome years ago, ſuggeſted, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cauſe of Gloſter's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to ſhare with his brother that moiety of the eſtate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Gloſter became entitled on his marriage with the younger ſiſter of the dutcheſs of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward prince of Wales. This account of the matter is fully confirmed by a letter, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, which has been lately publiſhed. *Paſton Letters*, Vol. II. p. 91. "Yeſterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Glouceſter, went to Shene to pardon; men ſay, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Glouceſter; and, as it is ſaid, he anſwereth, that he may well have my lady his ſiſter-in-law, but *they ſhall part no livelihood*, as he ſaith; ſo, what will fall, can I not ſay." MALONE.

7 — *he will weep.*
1. *Murd. Ay*, millſtones;] So, in Maſſinger's *City Madam*:
"—— He, good gentleman,
"Will weep when he hears how we are uſed.—
"Yes, *millſtones*." STEEVENS.

To

To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own ſoul ſo blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, ſirs, conſider, he, that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2. *Murd.* What ſhall we do?
Clar. Relent, and ſave your ſouls.
Which of you[8], if you were a prince's ſon,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two ſuch murderers as yourſelves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in my diſtreſs,—
1. *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womaniſh.
Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.—
My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not[9]?
2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.
1. *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmſey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*

[8] *Which of you*, &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. I think with Mr. Tyrrwhitt that they have been inſerted in a wrong place. MALONE.

I believe this paſſage ſhould be regulated thus.

Clar. Relent and ſave your ſouls.
1. *Murd.* Relent; 'tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Clar. Not to relent is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
Which of you, if you were a prince's ſon,
Being pent——
If two ſuch——
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I ſpy——
O, if thine eye——
Come then on my ſide, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my diſtreſs.
A begging prince what beggar pities not? TYRWHITT.

[9] *A begging prince what beggar pities not?*] To this, in the quarto, the murderer replies:

I, thus and thus: if this will not ſerve,
I'll chop thee in the malmeſey but in the next roome.

and then ſtabs him. STEEVENS.

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter firſt Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt me not?
By heaven, the duke ſhall know how ſlack you have been.

2. *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me that the duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*

1. *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, *(led in ſick,) Queen* ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, ſo:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embaſſage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace[1] my ſoul ſhall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Haſtings, take each other's hand;
Diſſemble not your hatred[2], ſwear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my ſoul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I ſeal my true heart's love.

[1] *And* now in *peace*—] So the quarto. The folio has—And *not* to peace—. MALONE.

[2] *Diſſemble not your hatred*, &c.] I ſuppoſe he means, Diveſt yourſelves of that concealed hatred which you have heretofore ſecretly borne to each other. Do not merely, ſays Edward, conceal and cover over your ſecret ill will to each other by a ſhew of love, but eradicate hatred altogether from your boſoms. MALONE.

Haſt.

1ſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!
. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
he, that is the ſupreme King of kings,
ound your hidden falſhood, and award
er of you to be the other's end.
2ſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!
v. And I, as I love Haſtings with my heart!
. Edw. Madam, yourſelf are not exempt in this,—
your ſon Dorſet,—Buckingham, nor you;—
have been factious one againſt the other.
:, love lord Haſtings, let him kiſs your hand;
what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Eliz. There, Haſtings;—I will never more remember
former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!
. Edw. Dorſet, embrace him,—Haſtings, love lord
marquis.
or. This interchange of love, I here proteſt,
n my part, ſhall be inviolable.
aſt. And ſo ſwear I. [*embraces* Dorſet.
. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, ſeal thou this
league
h thy embracements to my wife's allies,
make me happy in your unity.
uck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
n your grace, [*to the* Queen.] but with all duteous love
h cheriſh you, and yours, God puniſh me
h hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love!
:n I have moſt need to employ a friend,
l moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
p, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
ıe unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
:n I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
[*embracing* Rivers, &c.
. Edw. A pleaſing cordial, princely Buckingham,
ıis thy vow unto my ſickly heart.
:re wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
make the bleſſed period of this peace.
uck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke[1].

[1] — *here comes the noble duke.*] So the quarto. The folio reads:
And in good time
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke. MALONE.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my ſovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have ſpent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong-incenſed peers.

Glo. A bleſſed labour, my moſt ſovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage [4],
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and deſire all good men's love.—
Firſt, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my duteous ſervice;—
Of you, my noble couſin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without deſert have frown'd on me [*];—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman alive [5],

With

4 *If I unwittingly, or in my rage,*] So the quarto. Folio—*unwillingly*. This line and the preceding hemiſtick are printed in the old copies, as one line; a miſtake that has very frequently happened in the early editions of theſe plays. Mr. Pope, by whoſe licentious alterations our authour's text was much corrupted, omitted the words—*or in my rage*; in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

* —*frown'd on me*;] I have followed the original copy in quarto. The folio here adds:

Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;—.

The eldeſt ſon of earl Rivers was lord Scales: but there was no ſuch perſon as lord Woodville. MALONE.

5 *I do not know*, &c.] Milton in his EIKONOKΛΑΣΤΗΣ, has this obſervation. "The poets, and ſome Engliſh, have been in this point ſo mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any perſon, than of a tyrant. I ſhall not inſtance an abſtruſe author,

With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day ſhall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all ſtrifes were well compounded,—
My ſovereign lord, I do beſeech your highneſs
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be ſo flouted in this royal preſence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all ſtart;*
You do him injury, to ſcorn his corſe.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-ſeeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I ſo pale, lord Dorſet, as the reſt?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your firſt order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand [6],

thor, wherein the king might be leſs converſant, but one whom we well know was the cloſet-companion of theſe his ſolitudes, William Shakſpeare; who introduced the perſon of Richard the Third, ſpeaking in as high a ſtrain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any paſſage in this book, and ſometimes to the ſame ſenſe and purpoſe with ſome words in this place; *I intended*, ſaith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.* The like ſaith Richard, Act II. ſc. i:

I do not know that Engliſhman alive
With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Other ſtuff of this ſort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet uſed not much licence in departing from the truth of hiſtory, which delivers him a deep diſſembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." STEEVENS.

[6] *— ſome tardy cripple*, &c.] This is an alluſion to a proverbial expreſſion which Drayton has verſified in the ſecond canto of the *Barons' Wars*:

"Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
"Comfort's a *cripple*, and comes ever ſlow." STEEVENS.

That came too lag to ſee him buried:—
God grant, that ſome, leſs noble, and leſs loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerve not worſe than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from ſuſpicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my ſovereign, for my ſervice done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my ſoul is full of ſorrow.

Stan. I will not riſe, unleſs your highneſs hear me.

K. Edw. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ſt.

Stan. The forfeit[7], ſovereign, of my ſervant's life;
Who ſlew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death[8],
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſu'd to me for him[9]? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be adviſ'd[1]?
Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake

[7] *The forfeit*—] He means the *remiſſion* of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

[8] *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no leſs naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

[9] *Who ſu'd to me for him?* &c.] This pathetick ſpeech is founded on this ſlight hint in Sir Thomas More's *Hiſtory of Edward V.* inſerted by Holinſhed in his Chronicle: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were conſenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his ſudden execution. Inſomuch that when any perſon ſued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accuſtomablie ſay, and openly ſpeake, O infortunate brother, for whoſe life not one would make ſuite! openly and apparently meaning by ſuche words that by the means of ſome of the nobilitie he was deceived, and brought to his confuſion." MALONE.

[1] —*be* adviſ'd?] i. e. deliberate; conſider what I was about to do. So, in the *Letters of the Paſton Family*, Vol. II. p. 279: "Written in haſte with ſhort *adviſement*," &c. See alſo *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 137, n. 8. MALONE.

The

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkſbury,
When Oxford had me down, he reſcu'd me,
And ſaid, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himſelf,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting vaſſals,
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeak,—
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeak unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul.—The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Haſtings, help me to my cloſet[a]. O,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HAST. RIV. DOR. *and* GRET.

Glo. This is the fruit of raſhneſs!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Come, Haſtings, help me to my cloſet.*] Haſtings was Lord Chamberlain to king Edward IV. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter the Dutcheſs of York[3], *with a ſon and daughter of* Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
Dutch. No, boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your breaſt?
And cry,—O Clarence, *my unhappy ſon!*
Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, caſt-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Dutch. My pretty couſins[4], you miſtake me both;
I do lament the ſickneſs of the king,
As loth to loſe him, not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow, to wail one that's loſt.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.]
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and ſhallow innocents[5],
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloſter
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,

[3] *Enter the Dutcheſs of York,*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville firſt earl of Weſtmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She ſurvived her huſband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495. MALONE.

[4] — *my pretty couſins,*] The dutcheſs is here addreſſing her grandchildren, but *couſin* was the term uſed in Shakſpeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grandchildren, &c. It ſeems to have been uſed inſtead of our *kinſman*, and *kinſwoman*, and to have ſupplied the place of both. MALONE.

[5] Incapable *and ſhallow innocents,*] *Incapable* is *unintelligent*. See p. 122, n. 8. MALONE.

Devis'd

Devis'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiſs'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my ſon, ay, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did diſſemble[6], grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noiſe is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *diſtractedly*; RIVERS, *and* DORSET, *after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myſelf?
I'll join with black deſpair againſt my ſoul,
And to myſelf become an enemy.

Dutch. What means this ſcene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy ſon, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their ſap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our ſwift-winged ſouls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient ſubjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual reſt[7].

Dutch. Ah, ſo much intereſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble huſband!
I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images[8]:

[6] —*my uncle did* diſſemble,] Shakſpeare uſes *diſſemble* in the ſenſe of acting fraudulently, feigning what we do not feel or think; though ſtrictly it means to conceal our real thoughts or affections. So alſo Milton in the paſſage quoted in p. 500, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] —*of* perpetual reſt.] So the quarto. The folio reads—*of ne'er changing night.* MALONE.

[8] —*his images:*] The children by whom he was repreſented. JOHNSON.

So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*, Lucretius ſays to his daughter,
"O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou haſt torn." MALONE.

But

But now, two mirrors of his princely ſemblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death [9];
And I for comfort have but one falſe glaſs,
That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatch'd my huſband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewiſe be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon [1],
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my huſband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What ſtay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What ſtay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dutch. What ſtays had I, but they? and they are gone.

9 *But now, two* mirrors *of his princely ſemblance*
Are crack'd *in pieces by malignant* death;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Poor *broken glaſs*, I often did behold
"In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new born;
"But now, that fair freſh *mirror*, dim and old,
"Shows me a bare-bon'd *death* by time out-worn."

Again, in his Third Sonnet:

"Thou art thy mother's *glaſs*," &c. MALONE.

1 — *being govern'd by the watry moon,*] That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural. JOHNSON.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had ſo dear a loſs.
Chil. Were never orphans, had ſo dear a loſs.
Dutch. Was never mother, had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas! I am the mother of theſe griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a Clarence weep, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe babes for Clarence weep, and ſo do I[2]:
I for an Edward weep, ſo do not they[3]:—
Alas! you three, on me, threefold diſtreſs'd,

[2] — *and ſo do I*;] So the quarto. The variation of the folio is remarkable. It reads—ſo *do not they*. MALONE.

[3] *I for an Edward weep, ſo do not they*:—] The text is here made out partly from the folio and partly from the quarto. In the quarto this and the preceding line ſtand thus:

Theſe babes for Clarence weep, and ſo do I;
I for an Edward weep, *and ſo do they*.

The end of the ſecond line is evidently corrupted. In the Mſ. from which the folio was printed, or in a corrected quarto copy, the two lines undoubtedly were right:

Theſe babes for Clarence weep, [*and ſo do I*;
I for an Edward weep,] ſo do NOT they.

But the compoſitor's eye paſſing over two half lines, the paſſage was printed thus in the folio, in one line:

Theſe babes for Clarence weep, ſo do not they.

I have ſtated this matter thus particularly, becauſe it confirms an obſervation that I have more than once had occaſion to make in reviſing theſe plays; that there is reaſon to ſuſpect that many of the difficulties in our authour's works have ariſen from the omiſſion of either ſingle words, ſingle lines, or the latter half of one line with the half of the next: a ſolution which readers are very ſlow to admit, and generally conſider as chimerical. One week's acquaintance with the buſineſs of the preſs (without thoſe proofs which a collation of the quartos with each other and with the firſt folio affords) would ſoon convince them that my ſuppoſition is not a mere offspring of imagination. In the plays of which there is no authentick copy but the firſt folio, there is no means of *proving* ſuch omiſſions to have happened; but the preſent and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lay ſurely a reaſonable ground for conjecturing that ſimilar errors have happened in thoſe pieces of which there is only a ſingle ancient copy extant, and entitle ſuch conjectures to indulgence. See Vol. II. p. 4. n. 4; Vol. IV. p. 322, n. 1; Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5, and p. 228, n. 8; Vol. VI. p. 202, n. 5; and Vol. VII. p. 216, n. 4, and p. 555, n. 9. MALONE.

Pour

Pour all your tears; I am your ſorrow's nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother[4]; God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with unthankfulneſs his doing:
In common wordly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingneſs to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus oppoſite with heaven[5],
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your ſon: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown deſperate ſorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and Others.*

Glo. Siſter, have comfort: all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining ſtar;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your bleſſing.

Duteh. God bleſs thee; and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's bleſſing; [*Aſide.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-ſorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have ſpent our harveſt of this king,
We are to reap the harveſt of his ſon.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwoln hearts,

[4] *Comfort, dear mother,* &c.] This line and the following eleven lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

[5] —*to be thus* oppoſite *with heaven,*] This was the phraſeology of the time. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5. MALONE.

But

But lately ſplinted, knit, and join'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſh'd, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that, with ſome little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd[6]
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with[7] ſome little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, leſt, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice ſhould break out;
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinon, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And ſo in me[8]; and ſo, I think, in all:
Yet, ſince it is but green, it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I ſay, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the prince.

Haſt. And ſo ſay I.

[6] *The* broken rancour *of your high-ſwoln hearts,*
But lately ſplinted, *knit, and join'd together,*
Muſt be preſerv'd, &c.] Their broken *rancour* recently *ſplinted* and *knit*, the poet conſiders as a *new league of amity and concord*; and this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preſerve. MALONE.

[6] *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd*—] Edward the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demiſe, kept his houſhold at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's ſide. The intention of his being ſent thither was to ſee juſtice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his preſence, to reſtrain the Welſhmen, who were wild, diſſolute, and ill-diſpoſed, from their accuſtomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinſhed, &c. THEOBALD.

[7] *Why with* &c.] This line and the following ſeventeen lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

[8] Riv. *And ſo in me*;] This ſpeech (as a modern editor has obſerved) ſeems rather to belong to Haſtings, who was of the duke of Gloſter's party. The next ſpeech might be given to Stanley.

MALONE

Glo.

Glo. Then be it ſo; and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtraight ſhall poſt to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your cenſures[9] in this weighty buſineſs?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's ſake, let not us two ſtay at home:
For, by the way, I'll ſort occaſion,
As index to the ſtory we late talk'd of[1],
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other ſelf, my counſel's conſiſtory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear couſin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then[2], for we'll not ſtay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away ſo faſt?

2. *Cit.* I promiſe you, I ſcarcely know myſelf:
Hear you the news abroad?

1. *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; ſeldom comes the better[3]:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter

9 —*your* cenſures—] To *cenſure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion.* So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Cinna affirms the ſenate's *cenſure* juſt,
"And faith, let Marius lead the legions forth." STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

1 *As* index *to the ſtory*—] i. e. preparatory,—by way of prelude. So, in *Hamlet:*

"That ſtorms ſo loud, and thunders in the *index.*"

See the note on that paſſage. MALONE.

2 *Towards* Ludlow *then*,] The folio here and a few lines higher, for *Ludlow* reads—*London.* Few of our authour's plays ſtand more in need of the aſſiſtance furniſhed by a collation with the quartos, than that before us. MALONE.

3 —*ſeldom comes the better.*] A proverbial ſaying, taken notice of in *The Engliſh Courtier and Country Gentleman*, quarto, bl. l. 1586, Sig.

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God ſpeed!
1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, ſir.
3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?
2. *Cit.* Ay, ſir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3. *Cit.* Then, maſters, look to ſee a troublous world.
1. *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his ſon ſhall reign.
3. *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child[4]!
2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him[5],
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himſelf,
No doubt, ſhall then, and till then, govern well.
1. *Cit.* So ſtood the ſtate, when Henry the ſixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3. *Cit.* Stood the ſtate ſo? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famouſly enrich'd
With politick grave counſel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1. *Cit.* Why, ſo hath this, both by his father and mother.
3. *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who ſhall be neareſt,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

Sig. B. " — as the proverb ſayth, *ſeldome comes the better.* VALL. That proverb indeed is auncient, and for the moſt part true," &c. REED.

The modern editors read—*a* better. The paſſage quoted above proves that there is no corruption in the text; and ſhews how very dangerous it is to diſturb our authour's phraſeology, merely becauſe it is not familiar to our ears at preſent. MALONE.

4 *Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!*] " Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." *Eccleſiaſtes*, ch. x. STEEVENS.

5 That, *in his nonage, council under him,*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*Which* in his nonage.—*Which* is frequently uſed by our authour for *who*, and is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear ſenſe. Dr. Johnſon thinks a line loſt before this. I ſuſpect that one was rather omitted after it. MALONE.

O, full

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloſter;
And the queen's ſons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This ſickly land might ſolace as before.

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worſt; all will be well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are ſeen, wiſe men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the ſun ſets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely ſtorms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more than we deſerve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reaſon[6] almoſt with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change[7], ſtill is it ſo:
By a divine inſtinct, men's minds miſtruſt
Enſuing danger; as, by proof, we ſee
The water ſwell before a boiſt'rous ſtorm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were ſent for to the juſtices.

3. *Cit.* And ſo was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *You cannot reaſon*—] i. e. converſe. See Vol. IV. p. 546, n. 1. MALONE.

[7] *Before the days of change*, &c.] This is from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721. "Before ſuch great things, men's hearts of a ſecret inſtinct of nature miſgive them; as the ſea without wind ſwelleth of himſelf ſome time before a tempeſt." TOLLET.

It is evident in this paſſage that both Holinſhed and Shakſpeare allude to St. Luke. See Chap. xxi. 25, &c. HENLEY.

It is manifeſt that Shakſpeare here followed Holinſhed, having adopted almoſt his words. Being very converſant with the ſacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangeliſt in his thoughts when he wrote, above,

"Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York *, *the young Duke of* York, *Queen* ELIZABETH, *and the Dutcheſs of* York.

Arch. Laſt night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night †:

To-

* — *Archbiſhop of York*—] was Thomas Rotheram. He was made Lord Chancellor by King Edward IV. in 1475. MALONE.

† *Laſt night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;*
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:

Laſt night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do reſt to-night.

An anonymous Remarker, who appears not to have inſpected a ſingle quarto copy of any of theſe plays, is much ſurprized that editors ſhould preſume to make ſuch changes in the text, (without authority, as he intimates,) and aſſures us the reading of the folio is right, the fact being, that "the prince and his company did in their way to London actually lye at Stony-Stratford one night, and were the next morning taken back by the duke of Glocester to Northampton, where they lay the following night. See Hall, Edw. V. fol. 6."

Shakſpeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumſtance, or did not think it worth attending to.—According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the archbiſhop is ſpeaking the king had not reached Stony-Stratford, and conſequenly his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the authour's contemplation. Shakſpeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore in the firſt copy the young king is made to ſleep on one night at Northampton, and the archbiſhop very naturally ſuppoſes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is ſpeaking, the king would reach Stony Stratford. It is highly improbable that the editor of the folio ſhould have been apprized of the hiſtorical fact above ſtated; and much more likely that he made the alteration for the ſake of improving the metre, regardleſs of any other circumſtance. How little he attended to topography appears from a preceding ſcene, in which Gloſter, though in London, talks of ſending a meſſenger to that town, inſtead of Ludlow. See p. 510, n. 2.

By neither reading can the truth of hiſtory be preſerved, and therefore we may be ſure that Shakſpeare did not mean in this inſtance to adhere to it. According to the preſent reading, the ſcene is on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of courſe the meſſenger's account of the peers being ſeized, &c.

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to ſee the prince;
I hope, he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they ſay, my ſon of York
Hath almoſt overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it ſo.

Dutch. Why, my young couſin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloſter,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And ſince, methinks, I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flowers are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did object the ſame to thee:

which was on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the ſcene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was ſeized; but the archbiſhop is ſuppoſed to be apprized of a fact which *before the entry of the Meſſenger* he manifeſtly does not know, and which Shakſpeare did not intend he ſhould appear to know; namely, the duke of Gloſter's coming to Stony-Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forceably back to Northampton, and ſeizing the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herſelf, the perſon moſt materially intereſted in the welfare of her ſon, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered him by his uncle. See Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. Hiſtorical truth being thus deviated from, we have a right to preſume that Shakſpeare in this inſtance did not mean to pay *any* attention to it, and that the reading furniſhed by the quarto was that which came from his pen: nor is it poſſible that *he* could have made the alteration which the folio exhibits, it being utterly inconſiſtent with the whole tenour and ſcope of the preſent ſcene. If the archbiſhop had known that the young king was carried back to Northampton, he muſt alſo have known that the lords who accompanied him, were ſent to priſon; and inſtead of eagerly aſking the Meſſenger in p. 515, "*What news?*" might have informed him of the whole tranſaction.

The truth of hiſtory is neglected in another inſtance alſo. The meſſenger ſays, the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been ſent by Gloſter to *Pomfret*, whither they were not ſent till ſome time afterwards, they being ſent at firſt, according to Sir Thomas More, (whoſe relation Hall and Holinſhed tranſcribed) "into the North country, into diverſe places to priſon, and *afterwards* all to Pontefract." MALONE.

He

He was the wretched'ſt thing[9], when he was young,
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That, if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
Arch. And ſo, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd[1],
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they ſay, my uncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jeſt.
Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurſe.
Dutch. His nurſe! why, ſhe was dead ere thou waſt born.
York. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy[2]:—Go to, you are too ſhrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Meſſenger[3].

Arch. Here comes a meſſenger: What news?
Meſ. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Meſ. Well, madam, and in health.
Dutch. What is thy news?
Meſ. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are ſent to Pomfret,
With them ſir Thomas Vaughan, priſoners.
Dutch. Who hath committed them?
Meſ. The mighty dukes, Gloſter, and Buckingham.

9 — *the* wretched'ſt *thing*,] *Wretched* is here uſed in a ſenſe yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry*, *pitiful*, being below expectation. JOHNSON.

1 — *been remember'd*,] *To be remembered* is in Shakſpeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

2 *A* parlous *boy*:] *Parlous* is keen, ſhrewd. So, in *Law Tricks*, 1608: "A *parlous* youth, ſharp and ſatirical." STEEVENS.

3 *Enter a Meſſenger.*] The quarto reads—*Enter Dorſet.* STEEVENS.

Q. Eliz. For what offence[4]?

Meſ. The ſum of all I can, I have diſclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I ſee the ruin of my houſe!
The tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle hind[5];
Inſulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awleſs[6] throne:—
Welcome, deſtruction, blood, and maſſacre!
I ſee, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch: Accurſed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My huſband loſt his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my ſons were toſt,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loſs:
And being ſeated, and domeſtick broils
Clean over-blown, themſelves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themſelves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, ſelf againſt ſelf:—O, prepoſterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned ſpleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more[7]!

[4] *For what offence?*] This queſtion is given to the archbiſhop in former copies, but the meſſenger plainly ſpeaks to the queen or dutcheſs. JOHNSON.

The queſtion is given in the quarto to the archbiſhop, (or cardinal, as he is there called,) where alſo we have in the following ſpeech, my gracious *lady*. The editor of the folio altered *lady* to *lord*; but it is more probable that the compoſitor prefixed *Car.* (the deſignation there of the archbiſhop) to the words, "For what offence?" inſtead of *Qu.* than that *lady* ſhould have been printed in the ſubſequent ſpeech inſtead of *lord*. Compoſitors always keep the names of the interlocutors in each ſcene ready-compoſed for uſe; and hence miſtakes ſometimes ariſe. MALONE.

[5] *The tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle* hind;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"——— while ſhe, the picture of pure piety,
"Like a white *hind* under the gripe's ſharp claws——." MALONE.

[6] —*awleſs*—] Not producing awe, not reverenced. To *jut upon* is to *encroach*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*on* death—] So the quarto 1598, and the ſubſequent quartos. The folio reads—*earth*. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuary.—
Madam, farewel.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cauſe.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, [*to the* Queen.
And thither bear your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, I'll reſign unto your grace
The ſeal I keep; And ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the ſanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street.

The trumpets ſound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal* Bourchier*, *and Others.*

Buck. Welcome, ſweet prince, to London, to your chamber[8].

Glo. Welcome, dear couſin, my thoughts' ſovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our croſſes on the way
Have made it tedious, weariſome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,

* *Cardinal Bourchier,*] Thomas Bourchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbiſhop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in 1486. MALONE.

8 —*to your* chamber.] London was anciently called *Camera regia.* POPE.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1633, 2d Part:

"This city, *our great chamber.*" STEEVENS.

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conqueſt. See *Coke's* 4 Inſt. 243, where it is ſtyled *Camera regis*; Camden's *Britannia*, 374; Ben Jonſon's Account of King James's Entertainment in paſſing to his coronation, &c. REED.

Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart[9].
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.— [*Exeunt* Mayor, &c.
I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time[1], here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

[9] — jumpeth *with the heart.*] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599: "Wert thou my friend, thy mind would *jump* with mine." Steevens.

[1] — *in good time,*] A la bonne heure. Fr. Steevens.

Card.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if ſhe be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy privilege
Of bleſſed ſanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of ſo deep a ſin.

Buck. You are too ſenſeleſs-obſtinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional[2]:
Weigh it but with the groſſneſs of this age[3],
You break not ſanctuary in ſeizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And thoſe who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of ſanctuary men[4];
But ſanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Haſtings, will you go with me?

[2] *Too* ceremonious, *and* traditional:] *Ceremonious* for ſuperſtitious; *traditional* for adherent to old cuſtoms. WARBURTON.

[3] *Weigh it but with the* groſſneſs *of* this *age*,] That is, compare the act of ſeizing him with the *groſs* and licentious practices of *theſe times*, it will not be conſidered as a violation of ſanctuary, for you may give ſuch reaſons as men are now uſed to admit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton reads—with the *greenneſs* of *his* age; and endeavours to ſtrengthen his emendation by aſſerting, in general terms, that "the old quarto" reads—*greatneſs*; from which he conſiders *greenneſs* as no great deviation. The truth is, the quarto 1598, and the two ſubſequent quartos, as well as the folio, all read—*groſſneſs*. *Greatneſs* is the corrupt reading of a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1622. MALONE.

[4] *Oft have I heard of ſanctuary men*; &c.] Theſe arguments againſt the privilege of ſanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's *Life of King Edward the Fifth*, publiſhed by Stowe: "— And verily, I have often heard of ſanctuary men, but I never heard earſt of ſanctuary children," &c. STEEVENS.

More's *Life of K. Edward V.* was publiſhed alſo by Hall and Holinſhed, and in the Chronicle of Holinſhed Shakſpeare found this argument. MALONE.

Haſt. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, *and* HASTINGS.

Say, uncle Gloſter, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your royal ſelf.
If I may counſel you, ſome day, or two,
Your highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæſar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, ſince, ſucceeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But ſay, my lord, it were not regiſter'd;
Methinks, the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all poſterity [5],
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wiſe ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long [6]. [*Aſide.*

Prince. What ſay you, uncle?

Glo. I ſay, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word [7]. } [*Aſide.*

Prince.

[5] *As 'twere* retail'd *to all poſterity,*] *Retail'd* may ſignify diffuſed, diſperſed. JOHNSON.

Minſhew in his Dictionary, 1617, beſides the verb *retail* in the mercantile ſenſe, has the verb "to *retaile* or *retell*, G. *remembrer*, a Lat. renumerare;" and in that ſenſe, I conceive, it is employed here. MALONE.

Richard uſes the word *retailed* in the ſame ſenſe in the fourth act, that he does in this place, when ſpeaking to the queen of her daughter, he ſays,

"To whom I will *retail* my conqueſts won." MASON.

[6] *So wiſe ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.*]

Is cadit ante ſenem, qui ſapit ante diem,

a proverbial line. STEEVENS.

[7] *Thus, like the formal* vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.] Dr. Warburton reads—like the

Prince. That Julius Cæſar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His

the formal-*wiſe antiquity*, and has endeavoured to ſupport this capricious and violent alteration of the text by a very long note, which I have not preſerved, as in my apprehenſion it carries neither conviction, nor information with it. To accommodate the next line to his reading, he altered the punctuation of it thus:

——like the formal-wiſe antiquity,
I moralize;—two meanings in one word.

which has been adopted, I think, improperly, by the ſubſequent editors, who yet did not adopt the reading to ſtrengthen which this alteration was made.

The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be ſaid to *moralize* in general; but in the old Moralities he, like Richard, did often "*moralize two meanings* in one word."

Our authour has again uſed *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Nor could ſhe *moralize* his wanton ſight,
"More than his eyes were open to the light."

In which paſſage it means, "to interpret or inveſtigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks," as in the preſent paſſage, it ſignifies either to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or ſentence, or to couch two meanings under one word or ſentence. So *moral* is uſed by our authour in *Much ado about Nothing*, for a *ſecret meaning*. "There is ſome *moral* in this Benedictus." See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7; and Vol. V. p. 601, n. 5. The word which Richard uſes in a double ſenſe is *live*, which in his former ſpeech he had uſed literally, and in the preſent is uſed metaphorically. Mr. Maſon conceives, becauſe what we now call a motto, was formerly denominated the *met* or *word*, that *word* may here ſignify a whole ſentence. But the argument is defective. Though in tournaments the motto on a knight's ſhield was formerly called *The word*, it never at any period was called "*One* word."

The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave's Dict. "*Badin*, A foole or *Vice* in a play.—*Mime*, A *vice*, foole, jeſter, &c. in a play."] whoſe chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpoſe was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In theſe moral repreſentations, *Fraud*, INIQUITY, *Covetouſneſs*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. Mr. Upton in a diſſertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of this play, has ſhewn, from Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*, and *the Devil's an Aſs*, that *Iniquity* was *ſometimes* the *Vice* of the Moralities. Mr. Steevens's note in the ſubſequent page, ſhews, that he was not always ſo.

The *formal* Vice perhaps means, the *ſhrewd*, the *ſenſible* Vice.—

His wit ſet down, to make his valour live:
Death makes no conqueſt of this conqueror[8];
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my couſin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a ſoldier, as I liv'd a king.

In the *Comedy of Errors*, "a *formal* man" ſeems to mean, one in his ſenſes; a rational man. Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 56. "—this is evident to any *formal* capacity." MALONE.

This alteration [of Dr. Warburton's] Mr. Upton very juſtly cenſures. Dr. Warburton, has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really neceſſary. See the diſſertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a queſtion, to what equivocation Richard refers? The poſition immediately preceding, that *fame lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, ſeems to have no ambiguity. He muſt allude to the former line:

So young, ſo wiſe, they ſay, do ne'er live long,

in which he conceals under a proverb, his deſign of haſtening the prince's death. JOHNSON.

From the following ſtage-direction, in an old dramatick piece, entituled, *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player whipt*, 1610, it appears, that *the Vice* and *Iniquity* were ſometimes diſtinct perſonages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewiſe makes the diſtinction in his firſt ſpeech:

"*Ho, ho, ho! theſe babes mine are all,*
"*The Vice, Iniquitie, and Child Prodigal.*"

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmeſtone near Saliſbury. "I know no writer who gives ſo complete an account of this obſolete character, as archbiſhop Harſnet, in his *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, p. 114, Lond. 1603: 'It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-playes, when the nimble *Vice* would ſkip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a courſe, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to ſee the devil ſo *vice*-haunted.' STEEVENS.

[8] —*of* this *conqueror*;] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. Theobald, who probably derived it from the original edition in 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies read corruptly—*of his* conqueror. MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. Short ſummers lightly have a forward ſpring[9]. [*Aſide.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord[1]; ſo muſt I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died[2], that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much majeſty.

Glo. How fares our couſin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You ſaid, that idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.

York. Then is he more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my ſovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinſman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little couſin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

9 *Short ſummers lightly have a forward ſpring.*] That is, ſhort ſummers are uſually *preceded* by a forward ſpring; or in other words, and more appoſitely to Gloſter's latent meaning, a premature ſpring is uſually followed by a ſhort ſummer. MALONE.

—lightly—] Commonly, in ordinary courſe. JOHNSON.

So, in the old proverb: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130, edit. 3. Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*: "He is not *lightly* within to his mercer." STEEVENS.

1 —*dread lord*;—] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much diſputed. In ſome of our old ſtatutes, the king is called *Rex metuendiſſimus*. JOHNSON.

2 *Too* late *he died*;] i. e. too lately, the loſs is too freſh in our memory. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" ——— I did give that life,
" Which ſhe too early, and *too late* hath ſpill'd."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

" The mercy that was quick in us but *late*," &c. MALONE.

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give [3].

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my couſin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the ſword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle couſin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I ſee, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll ſay a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier [4].

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will ſtill be croſs in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Becauſe that I am little like an ape [5],
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.

Buck.

[3] —*which is no* grief *to give.*] *Which to give*, or the gift of which, induces no *regret*. Thus the authentick copies, the quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio. A quarto of no authority changed *grief* to *gift*, and the editor of the ſecond folio capriciouſly altered the line thus:

And being a toy, *it is* no grief to give. MALONE.

[4] *I weigh it lightly*, &c.] i. e. I ſhould ſtill eſteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. WARBURTON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

"You *weigh* me not,—O that's, you care not for me." STEEV.

[5] *Becauſe that I am little like an ape,*] The reproach ſeems to conſiſt in this: at country ſhews it was common to ſet the monkey on the back of ſome other animal, as a *bear*. The duke therefore, in calling himſelf *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*. JOHNSON.

To this cuſtom there ſeems to be an alluſion in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Gipſies*:

"A gypſy in his ſhape,
"More calls the beholder,
"Than *the fellow with the ape*,
"Or *the ape on his ſhoulder*."

Again, in *the firſt part of the eighth liberal ſcience, entituled Ars adulandi, &c. deviſed and compiled by Ulpial Fulwel*, 1576: "—thou haſt an excellent *back* to carry my lord's *ape*."

York alſo alludes to the hump on Gloſter's back, which was commodious for carrying burthens, as it ſerved inſtead of a porter's knot. STEEVENS.

I don't

Buck. With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf:
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord[5], will't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf, and my good couſin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it ſo*.

York. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what ſhould you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghoſt;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* Prince, York, Haſt. *Card. and Attendants.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incenſed[6] by his ſubtle mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable[7];

I don't believe that the reproach is what Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high ſhoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was *the ſcorn* he meant to *give his uncle*. In the third act of the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* the ſame thought occurs to Richard himſelf, where deſcribing his own figure, he ſays,

"To make an envious mountain on my back,
"Where ſits deformity, to mock my body." Mason.

[5] *My* gracious *lord,*] For the inſertion of the word *gracious*, I am anſwerable. Gloſter has already uſed the ſame addreſs. The defect of the metre ſhews that a word was omitted at the preſs. Malone.

* — needs *will have it ſo.*] The word *needs* was added, to complete the metre, by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[6] *Was not* incenſed—] i. e. incited. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "—how Don John your brother *incenſed* me to ſlander the lady here." Mason.

[7] —*capable*;] here, as in many other places in theſe plays, means intelligent, quick of apprehenſion. See p. 504, n. 5. Malone.

He's

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them reſt.—Come hither, Catesby; thou art ſworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſy matter
To make William lord Haſtings of our mind,
For the inſtalment of this noble duke
In the ſeat royal of this famous iſle?

Cate. He for his father's ſake ſo loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught againſt him.

Buck. What think'ſt thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Haſtings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Cateſby,

And, as it were far off, ſound thou lord Haſtings,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe;
And ſummon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To ſit about the coronation.
If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too; and ſo break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils [8],
Wherein thyſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.

[8] —divided *councils*,] That is, a *private conſultation*, *ſeparate* from the known and publick council. So, in the next ſcene, Haſtings ſays: *Bid him not fear the* ſeparated *councils*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Reed has ſhewn from Hall's Chronicle that this circumſtance is founded on the hiſtorical fact. But Holinſhed, Hall's copyiſt, was our authour's authority: "But the protectoure and the duke after that they had ſent to the lord Cardinal,—the lord Stanley and the lord Haſtings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and deviſe about the coronation *in one place*, as faſt were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protectour king." "—the lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wiſely miſtruſted it, and ſayde unto the lorde Haſtings, that he much miſlyked *theſe two ſeveral councels*." MALONE.

Gle.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Cateſby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adverſaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-caſtle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give miſtreſs Shore one gentle kiſs the more.

Buck. Good Cateſby, go, effect this buſineſs ſoundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Cateſby, ere we ſleep?

Cate. You ſhall, my lord.

Glo. At Croſby-place, there ſhall you find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.

Buck. Now, my lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceive
Lord Haſtings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—ſomewhat we will do[9]:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was poſſeſs'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promiſe at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come, let us ſup betimes; that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II[1].

Before Lord Haſtings' *Houſe.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, my lord,— [*knocking.*

Haſt. [*within.*] Who knocks?

Meſ. One from the lord Stanley.

Haſt. [*within.*] What is't o'clock?

Meſ. Upon the ſtroke of four.

[9] —*will do:*] The folio reads—will *determine.* STEEVENS.

[1] Scene II.] Every material circumſtance in the following ſcene is taken from the *Chronicles*, except that it is a *knight* with whom Haſtings converſes, inſtead of *Buckingham.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter HASTINGS.

Haſt. Cannot thy maſter ſleep the tedious nights?
Meſ. So it ſhould ſeem by that I have to ſay.
Firſt, he commends him to your noble lordſhip.
Haſt. And then,—
Meſ. And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to-night the boar had raſed his helm[2]:
Beſides, he ſays, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he ſends to know your lordſhip's pleaſure,—
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him toward the north,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoul divines.
Haſt. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the ſeparated councils:
His honour[3], and myſelf, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Cateſby[4];
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are ſhallow, wanting inſtance[5]:

And

[2] — *the* boar *had* raſed *his helm.*] So Holinſhed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More: "The ſelfe night next before his death the lorde Stanley ſent a truſtie ſecret meſſenger unto him at midnight in all haſte, requiring him to riſe and ride away with him, for he was diſpoſed utterlie no longer to byde, he had ſo fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a *boare* with his tuſkes ſo *raſed* them both by the heades that the bloud ran about both their ſhoulders. And forſmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognizance, this dreame made ſo fearful an impreſſion in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horſe readie, if the lorde Haſtings woold go with him," &c. MALONE.

[3] *His* honour—] This was the uſual addreſs to noblemen in Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

[4] *And, at the other, is my good friend Cateſby*; &c.] So, in the Legend of Lord Haſtings, *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575:

"I fear'd the end; my Cateſby being there
"Diſcharg'd all doubts; him held I moſt entyre." MALONE.

[5] — *wanting inſtance:*] That is, *wanting* ſome *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be juſtified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any *immediate* ground or reaſon. JOHNSON.

This

And for his dreams—I wonder, he's ſo fond
To truſt the mockery of unquiet ſlumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the boar to follow us,
And make purſuit, where he did mean no chaſe.
Go, bid thy maſter riſe and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he ſhall ſee, the boar will uſe us kindly.
Meſ. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you ſay.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Haſt. Good morrow, Cateſby; you are early ſtirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never ſtand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Haſt. How! wear the garland? doſt thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Haſt. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my ſhoulders,
Before I'll ſee the crown ſo foul miſplac'd.
But canſt thou gueſs that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he ſends you this good news,—
That, this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Becauſe they have been ſtill my adverſaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's ſide,
To bar my maſter's heirs in true deſcent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordſhip in that gracious mind!
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—

This is the reading of the quarto, except that it has—*inſtancie*. MALONE.

The folio reads—*without* inſtance. STEEVENS.

That they, who brought me in my maſter's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Cateſby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll ſend ſome packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and ſo 'twill do
With ſome men elſe, who think themſelves as ſafe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'ſt, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aſide.*

Haſt. I know, they do; and I have well deſerv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-ſpear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go ſo unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Cateſby:—
You may jeſt on, but by the holy rood [6],
I do not like theſe ſeveral councils [*], I.

Haſt. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my life, I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they, indeed, had no cauſe to miſtruſt;
But yet, you ſee, how ſoon the day o'er-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of rancour I miſdoubt;
Pray God, I ſay, I prove a needleſs coward!
What, ſhall we toward the Tower? the day is ſpent.

[6] —*the holy* rood,] i. e. the croſs. So, in the old myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

"Whan hir ſwete ſone ſhall on a *rood* deye." STEEVENS.

[*] *I do not like theſe ſeveral councils,*—] See p. 526, n. 8. MALONE.

Haſt.

Haſt. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than ſome, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Purſuivant.

Haſt. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt* STANLEY, *and* CATESBY.
How now, ſirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purſ. The better, that your lordſhip pleaſe to aſk.

Haſt. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt where now we meet:
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyſelf,)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate than ere I was.

Purſ. God hold it[8], to your honour's good content!

Haſt. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.
[*throwing him his purſe.*

Purſ. I thank your honour. [*Exit* Purſuivant.

Enter a Prieſt.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to ſee your honour.

Haſt. I thank thee, good ſir John[9], with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your laſt exerciſe[1];
Come the next ſabbath, and I will content you.

[7] *They, for their truth,*] That is, with reſpect to their *honeſty*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*hold it,*] That is, *continue* it. JOHNSON.

[9] —*good ſir John,*] *Sir* was formerly the uſual addreſs to the inferior clergy. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] —*exerciſe;*] Performance of divine ſervice. JOHNSON.
I rather imagine it meant—for attending him in private to hear his confeſſion. So, in p. 547:
"To draw him from his holy *exerciſe*." MALONE.

I ſhall retu
Haſt. Na
Buck. An
Come, will
Haſt. I'll

Enter RATC
GR
Rat. Come
Riv. Sir Ri
To-day ſhalt
For truth, for
Grey. God k
A knot you are

* *Enter* Buckin
nicle, 1543, when
is tranſcribed with
this converſation w
troduced in the laſt
"The ſame mo
where Shore's wife
Thomas Haward, [
of courteſaie, to acc
as the lord Haſtings
haſted him away. T
a while commonyng
brake the lordes ſale

Vaugh. You live, that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Diſpatch; the limit * of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody priſon,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls,
Richard the ſecond here was hack'd to death:
And, for more ſlander to thy diſmal ſeat,
We give thee up our guiltleſs blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curſe is fallen upon our heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on Haſtings, you, and I,
For ſtanding by when Richard ſtabb'd her ſon.
Riv. Then curs'd ſhe Haſtings, then curs'd ſhe Buckingham,
Then curs'd ſhe Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſons,—
Be ſatisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt!
Rat. Make haſte, the hour of death is expiate [4].
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Biſhop of* Ely [5], CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others, ſitting at a table: Officers of the council attending.*

Haſt. Now, noble peers, the cauſe why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:
In

* —*the limit*—] for *the limited time.* See Vol. V. p. 112, n. 8. MALONE.

4 *Make haſte, the hour of death is* expiate.] Thus the folio. The quarto furniſhes a line that has occurred already:

Diſpatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Expiate is uſed for *expiated*; ſo *confiſcate, contaminate, conſummate*, &c. &c. It ſeems to mean *fully completed*, and *ended.* Shakſpeare has again uſed the word in the ſame ſenſe in his 22d Sonnet:

"Then look I death my *days* ſhould *expiate.*"

So, in *Locrine*, 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet, to *expiate* my wrath."

In God's name, ſpeak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are, and want but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, ſhould ſoonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Haſtings, you and he are near in love.
Haſt. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpoſe in the coronation,
I have not ſounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I preſume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himſelf.
Glo. My noble lords and couſins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a ſleeper; but, I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſign,
Which by my preſence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord[6],
William lord Haſtings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

The editor of the ſecond folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads arbitrarily,

"Diſpatch; the hour of death is *now expir'd*,

and he has been followed by all the modern editors. MALONE.

[5] *Biſhop of Ely,*] Dr. John Morton; who was elected to that ſee in 1478. He was advanced to the ſee of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, firſt deviſed the ſcheme of putting an end to the long conteſt between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter of Edward IV. and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpoſe. MALONE.

[6] *Had you not come upon your* cue—] This expreſſion is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a ſpeech, conſiſts of the laſt words, which are the token for an entrance or anſwer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

Glo. Than my lord Haſtings, no man might be bolder;
His lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holborn,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there[7];
I do beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* ELY.

Glo. Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*takes him aſide.*
Cateſby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſs;
And finds the teſty gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his head, ere give conſent,
His maſter's child, as worſhipfully he terms it,
Shall loſe the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourſelf awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet ſet down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too ſudden;
For I myſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have ſent
For theſe ſtrawberries.

Haſt. His grace looks cheerfully and ſmooth this morning;

[7] *I ſaw good ſtrawberries*—] The reaſon why the biſhop was diſpatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinſhed, from whom Shakſpeare adopted the circumſtance, than in this ſcene, where it is introduced. Nothing ſeems to have happened which might not have been tranſacted with equal ſecurity in the preſence of the reverend cultivator of *theſe ſtrawberries*, whoſe complaiſance is likewiſe recorded by the author of the Latin play on the ſame ſubject, in the Muſeum:

Elienſis antiſtes venis? ſenem quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga plurimum producere.
EPISCOPUS ELIENSIS.
Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit; eſſet lautius vellem mihi,
Quo ſim tibi gratus.

This circumſtance of aſking for the ſtrawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the hiſtorians merely to ſhew the unuſual affability and good humour which the diſſembling Gloſter affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Haſtings. STEEVENS.

There's ſome conceit or other likes him well[8],
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Chriſtendom,
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood[9] he ſhew'd to-day?

Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had ſhewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve[1],
That do conſpire my death with deviliſh plots

Of

[8] *There's ſome* conceit *or other likes him well,*] *Conceit* is *thought.* So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

" Here is a thing, too young for ſuch a place,
" Who, if it had *conceit,* would die." MALONE.

[9] — *likelihood*—] Semblance; appearance. JOHNSON.

So, in another of our authour's plays:

" ——poor *likelihoods,* and modern ſeemings." STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*livelihood.* MALONE.

[1] *I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve.* &c.] This ſtory was originally told by Sir Thomas More, who wrote about thirty years after the time. His *Hiſtory of King Richard III.* was inſerted in Hall's Chronicle, from whence it was copied by Holinſhed, who was Shakſpeare's authority:

" Between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them with a wonderful ſoure, angrie, countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and ſo ſette him downe in his place.—Then when he had ſitten ſtill awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have that compaſſe and imagine the deſtruction of me, being ſo neere of bloud unto the king, and protectour of his royal perſon and his realme?—Then the lord Chamberlaine, as he that for the love betweene them thought he might be bolde'd with him, anſwered and ſayd, that they were worthie to be puniſhed for hainous traytors, whatſoever they were; and all the other affirmed the ſame. That is, quoth he, yonder ſorcereſſe, my brother's wife, and other with her, meaning the queene:—ye ſhall all ſee in what wiſe that ſorcereſſe, and that other witch of her counſell, Shore's wife, with their affinitie, have by their ſorcerie and witchcraft waſted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet ſlieve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he ſhewed a weriſh withered arme and ſmall, as it was never other.—No man but was there preſent, but well knew his arme was ever ſuch ſince his birth. Naytheleſſe the

lord

Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their helliſh charms?
Haſt. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence
To doom the offenders: Whoſoe'er they be,
I ſay, my lord, they have deſerved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſs of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blaſted ſapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot, ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haſt. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Glo. If! thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by ſaint Paul I ſwear,
I will not dine until I ſee the ſame.—

lord Chamberlaine (which from the death of king Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he ſomewhat doted in the kings life, ſaving, as it is ſaide, he that while forbare her of reverence toward the king, or elſe of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) aunſwered and ſaid, Certainly, my lord, *if they have ſo heinouſly done, they be worthy heinous puniſhment.* What, quoth the protectour, thou ſerveſt me I wene with *ifs* and with *ands*: I tell thee they have ſo done; and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitour; and therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fiſt upon the boord a great rap. At which token given, one cried, traiſon, without the chamber. Therewith a dore clapped, and in came there ruſhing men in harneſſe, as many as the chamber might holde. And anone the protectour ſayd to the lord Haſtings, I arreſt thee traitor.—Then were they all quickely beſtowed in diverſe chambers, except the lord Chamberlaine, whom the protectour bade *ſpeede him and ſhrive him apace, for by S. Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I ſee thy head off.*—So was he brought forth into the greene beſide the chappell within the Tower, and his head laid downe upon a long log of timber, and there ſtricken off; and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windſor, beſide the body of king Edward."

M. D. i. e. *Maiſter* John *Delmon*, the authour of the Legend of Lord Haſtings, in *the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575, has thrown the ſame circumſtances into verſe.

Morton, Biſhop of Ely, was preſent at this council, and from him Sir Thomas More, who was born in 1480, is ſuppoſed to have had his information. Polydore Virgil, who began his hiſtory in 1505, tells the ſtory differently. MALONE.

Lovel,

Lovel, and Cateſby, look, that it be done[2];—
The reſt, that love me, riſe, and follow me[*].
[*Exeunt Council, with* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Haſt. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did raſe his helm;
But I diſdain'd it, and did ſcorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horſe did ſtumble[3],
And

[2] *Lovel, and* Cateſby, *look, that it be done*;] In former copies: *Lovel, and* Ratcliff, *look, that it be done.*
The ſcene is here in the Tower; and lord Haſtings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan ſuffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkſhire and the Tower? In the ſcene preceding this, we find him conducting thoſe gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Cateſby with Haſtings.* And in the next ſcene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Cateſby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Haſtings. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald ſhould have added, that, *in the old quarto*, no names are mentioned in Richard's ſpeech. He only ſays—"*ſome* ſee it done." Nor, *in that edition*, does *Lovel* appear in the next ſcene; but only *Cateſby*, bringing the head of Haſtings. The confuſion ſeems to have ariſen, when it was thought neceſſary, that *Cateſby* ſhould be employed *to fetch* the mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been ſent for. As ſome other perſon was then wanted to bring the head of Haſtings, the poet, or the players, appointed *Lovel* and *Ratcliff* to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another ſervice on the ſame day at Pomfret. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation, becauſe in *one* ſcene at leaſt it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfortunately, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved, this very impropriety is found in the next ſcene, where *Ratcliffe* is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are juſtifiable. For there, in conſequence of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, inſtead of—"Here comes the Mayor," the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

Rich. But what, is *Cateſby* gone?
Buck. He is, and ſee he brings the Mayor along.

Cateſby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Haſtings; nor can that office be aſſigned to *Lovel* only; becauſe Gloſter in the folio mentions *two* perſons:

Be patient, they are friends; *Ratcliff*, and Lovel. MALONE.

[*] *The reſt that love me, riſe, and follow me.*] So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:
"And they that love my honour, follow me." MALONE.

[3] *Stanley did dream, the boar did raſe his helm*;—
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horſe did ſtumble,] So Holinſhed, after Sir Thomas More: "A marvellous caſe is it to heare, either the warnings

ınd ſtartled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
ıs loth to bear me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
), now I want the prieſt that ſpake to me:
now repent I told the purſuivant,
ıs too triumphing, how mine enemies,
'o-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
ınd I myſelf ſecure in grace and favour.
), Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curſe
s lighted on poor Haſtings' wretched head.

Cate. Diſpatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.

Haſt. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks[4],
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
nto the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, diſpatch; 'tis bootleſs to exclaim.

Haſt. O, bloody Richard!—miſerable England!
I prophecy the fearful'ſt time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block[5], bear him my head;
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead[6]. [*Exeunt.*

warnings of that he ſhould have voided, or the tokens of that he could ıot voide; for the ſelfe night next before his death the L. Stanley ſent truſtie ſecret meſſenger unto him at midnight, in all the haſte, &c. See p. 528, n. 2.]—Certain it is alſo, that in riding towards the Tower he ſame morning in which he [Haſtings] was beheaded, his horſe twiſe or thriſe *ſtumbled* with him, almoſt to the falling: which thing, al-ıeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no ſuch niſchance is toward; yet hath it beene of an old rite and cuſtome obſerved as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing ſome great misfortune."

A *footcloth*, it has been already obſerved, ſignified the houſings of a ıorſe. See p. 223, n. 3. MALONE.

4 *Who builds his hope in* air, &c.] So, Horace:

Neſcius auræ *fallacis.* JOHNSON.

5 *Come, lead me to the block,*] William lord Haſtings was beheaded ın the 13th of June, 1483. His eldeſt ſon by Catharine Neville, laughter of Richard Neville earl of Saliſbury, and widow of William ord Bonville, was reſtored to his honours and eſtate by K. Henry VII. n the firſt year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Haſtings by her irſt huſband was married to the Marquis of Dorſet, who appears in he preſent play. MALONE.

6 *They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead.*] i. e. thoſe who now mile at me, ſhall be ſhortly dead themſelves. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The ſame. The Tower-walls.

Enter GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in ruſty armour*[4], *marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come couſin, canſt thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou wert diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion[5]: ghaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice, like enforced ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my ſtratagems.
But what, is Cateſby gone?

Glo. He is; and, ſee, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Cateſby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reaſon we have ſent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

4 — *in ruſty armour*, &c.] Thus Holinſhed: "The protector immediately after dinner, intending to ſet ſome colour upon the matter, ſent in all haſte for many ſubſtantial men out of the citie into the Tower; and at their coming, himſelfe, with the duke of Buckingham, ſtood harneſſed in old ill-faring briganders, ſuch as no man ſhould weene that they would vouchſafe to have put upon their backes, except that ſome ſudden neceſſitie had conſtreined them." STEEVENS.

5 Intending *deep ſuſpicion:*] *Intending* is here, and elſewhere in theſe plays, uſed for *pretending*. See Vol. III. p. 317, n. 7. MALONE.

Enter

ter LOVEL, *and* RATCLIFF[6], *with* HASTINGS's *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
he dangerous and unſuſpected Haſtings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep.
ook him for the plaineſt harmleſs creature,
hat breath'd upon the earth a chriſtian[7];
ade him my book, wherein my ſoul recorded
he hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts:
ſmooth he daub'd his vice with ſhew of virtue,
hat, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
nean, his converſation[8] with Shore's wife,—
liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd traitor
hat ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
ould you imagine, or almoſt believe,
Were't not, that by great preſervation
e live to tell it you,) the ſubtle traitor
his day had plotted, in the council-houſe,
murder me, and my good lord of Gloſter?
May. What! had he ſo?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
that we would, againſt the form of law,
oceed thus raſhly in the villain's death;
t that the extreme peril of the caſe,
he peace of England, and our perſons' ſafety,

Enter Lovel, and Ratcliff,—] The quarto has—"Enter *Cateſby*, h Haſtings' head," and Gloſter, on his entry, ſays—"O, O, be quiet, Cateſby." For this abſurd alteration, by which Ratcliffe is repre-ed at Pomfret and in London at the ſame time, I have no doubt t the player-editors are anſwerable. See p. 538, n. 2. MALONE.

— *the earth a chriſtian*;] Here the quarto adds:

Look you, my lord mayor,

is hemiſtick I have inſerted in the following ſpeech of Buckingham, which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with imperfect verſe.

Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, &c. STEEVENS.

— *his converſation*—] i. e. familiar intercourſe. The phraſe—*ſinful converſation*, is yet in daily uſe. MALONE.

Enforc'd

Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befal you! he deſerv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with miſtreſs Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your lordſhip came to ſee his end;
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Somewhat againſt our meaning, hath prevented:
Becauſe, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak, and timorouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his treaſons;
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word ſhall ſerve,
As well as I had ſeen, and heard him ſpeak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.

Glo. And to that end we wiſh'd your lordſhip here,
To avoid the cenſures of the carping world.

Buck. But ſince you came too late of our intent,
Yet witneſs what you hear we did intend:
And ſo, my good lord mayor, we bid farewel.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, couſin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all poſt:—
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the baſtardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen[9],
Only for ſaying—he would make his ſon
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his houſe,
Which, by the ſign thereof, was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of luſt;

[9] — *put to death a citizen,*] This perſon was one *Walker*, a ſubſtantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapſide. GREY.

Which

Which ſtretch'd unto their ſervants, daughters, wives,
Even where his luſtful eye, or ſavage heart,
Without controul, liſted [1] to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perſon:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that inſatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by juſt computation of the time,
Found, that the iſſue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off;
Becauſe, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myſelf: and ſo, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's caſtle;
Where you ſhall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned biſhops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all ſpeed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to* Cat.] to friar Penker [2];—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's caſtle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL, *and* CATESBY.

Now will I in, to take ſome privy order

[1] —*his luſtful eye—liſted*—] So the quarto. The folio has *raging* and *luſted*. MALONE.

[2] —*to doctor Shaw,*—] This and the two following lines are not in the quarto. Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers.—Inſtead of a pamphlet being publiſhed by the Secretary of the Treaſury, to furniſh the advocates for the adminiſtration of the day, with plauſible topicks of argument on great political meaſures, (the eſtabliſhed mode of the preſent time) formerly it was cuſtomary to publiſh the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Croſs. As Richard now employed doctor Shaw to ſupport his claim to the crown, ſo, about fifteen years before, the great earl of Warwick employed his chaplain doctor Goddard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be reſtored, and that Edward IV. was an uſurper. MALONE.

[2] —*to friar* Penker;—] This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Auguſtine* friars. See *Speed*. STEEVENS.

To

To draw the brats of Clarence [3] out of ſight;
And to give notice, that no manner of perſon
Have, any time, recourſe unto the princes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Haſtings;
Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd [4],
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by Cateſby was it ſent me;
The precedent [5] was full as long a doing:
And yet within theſe five hours Haſtings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is ſo groſs,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays—he ſees it not?

3 — *the brats of Clarence*—] Edward earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Boſworth, was ſent by Richmond from Sheriff-hutton Caſtle (where Gloſter had confined him) to the Tower, without even the ſhadow of an allegation againſt him, and executed with equal injuſtice on Tower-hill on the 21ſt of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard de la Pole, the laſt princeſs of the houſe of Lancaſter; who was created by King Henry VIII. counteſs of Saliſbury, and in the 31ſt year of his reign, (1540) at the age of ſeventy, was put to death by the ſanguinary king then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII. MALONE.

4 *Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd,*] So Holinſhed, after Sir Thomas More: "Now was this proclamation made within two houres after that he was beheaded, and it was ſo curiouſly indited, and ſo faire written in parchment, in ſo well a ſet hand, and therewith of itſelf ſo long a proceſſe, that every child might well perceive that it was prepared before, for all the time between his death and the proclaiming could ſcant have ſufficed unto the bare writing alone, had it been but in paper, and ſcribbled forth in haſte." A by-ſtander obſerved, that it muſt have been dictated by a ſpirit of prophecy. MALONE.

5 *The precedent*—] The original draft from which the engroſſment was made. MALONE.

Bad

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſeen in thought [6]. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. Court of Baynard's *Caſtle* [*].

Enter GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what ſay the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, ſay not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the baſtardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy [7],
And his contract by deputy in France:
The inſatiate greedineſs of his deſires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own baſtardy,—
As being got, your father then in France [8],

And

[6] — *ſeen in thought.*] That is, ſeen in ſilence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

[7] — *with his contract with lady Lucy,*] This objection to king Edward's marriage with lady Grey, is ſaid by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the dutcheſs dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averſe to the match, before he eſpouſed that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being ſworn to ſpeak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though ſhe owned ſhe had been his concubine. Philip de Comines, a contemporary hiſtorian, ſays that Edward, previous to his marriage with lady Grey, was married to an Engliſh lady by the biſhop of Bath, who revealed the ſecret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this lady was lady Eleanor Butler, widow of lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great earl of Shrewſbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament aſſembled by K. Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

Shakſpeare followed Holinſhed, who copied Hall, as Hall tranſcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More. MALONE.

[*] — *Baynard's Caſtle.*] A caſtle in Thames-ſtreet, which had belonged to Richard duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandſon King Edward V. MALONE.

[8] — *his own baſtardy,—*
As being got, your father then in France,] This tale is ſuppoſed to have been firſt propagated by the duke of Clarence, ſoon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law the earl of Warwick, reſtored King Henry VI. to the throne; at which time he obtained a ſettlement of

And his reſemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpoſe,
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled, in diſcourſe.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God ſave Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they ſo?

Buck. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a word;
But, like dumb ſtatues, or unbreathing ſtones*,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
And aſk'd the mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence:
His anſwer was,—the people were not us'd
To be ſpoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus ſaith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And ſome ten voices cry'd, *God ſave king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of thoſe few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applauſe, and cheerful ſhout,

the crown on himſelf and his iſſue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More ſays, that the duke of Gloceſter ſoon after Edward's death revived this tale; but Mr. Walpole very juſtly obſerves, that it is highly improbable that Richard ſhould have urged ſuch a topick to the people; that he ſhould "ſtart doubts concerning his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be toſſed and bandied about before the multitude." The ſame ingenious writer has alſo ſhewn, that Richard "lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time." *Hiſtorick Doubts*, quarto, 1768. MALONE.

* —unbreathing *ſtones.*] The quarto 1598, and the folio, have —*breathing*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Argues your wiſdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.
Glo. What tongueleſs blocks were they; Would they not ſpeak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand; Intend ſome fear[9];
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And ſtand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy deſcant:
And be not eaſily won to our requeſts;
Play the maid's part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.
Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee[1] for myſelf,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy iſſue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *Aldermen, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be ſpoke withal.—

Enter, from the Caſtle, CATESBY.

Now, Cateſby? what ſays your lord to my requeſt?
Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To viſit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly ſuit would he be mov'd,

[9] —intend *ſome fear*;] Perhaps, *pretend*; though *intend* will ſtand in the ſenſe of giving attention. JOHNSON.

One of the ancient ſenſes of to *intend* was certainly to *pretend*. So, in ſc. v. of this act:

Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion. STEEVENS.

[1] *As I can ſay nay to thee,*] I think it muſt be read:

—— *if you plead as well for them*
As I muſt ſay, nay *to* them *for myſelf.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not neceſſary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and *if* (ſays Richard) *you ſpeak for them as plauſibly as I in my own perſon, or for my own purpoſes, ſhall ſeem to deny your ſuit, there is no doubt but we ſhall bring all to a happy iſſue.* STEEVENS.

To draw him from his holy exerciſe.

Buck. Return, good Cateſby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myſelf, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep deſigns, in matter of great moment,
No leſs importing than our general good,
Are come to have ſome conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll ſignify ſo much unto him ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not ſleeping, to engroſs[a] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful ſoul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himſelf the ſovereignty thereof;
But, ſure, I fear, we ſhall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace ſhould ſay us nay[b]!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Cateſby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Cateſby, what ſays his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have aſſembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And ſo once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit* CATE.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.

[a] — *to engroſs*—] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

[b] — *God defend his grace ſhould ſay us nay!*] This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at St. Paul's Croſs. MALONE.

Enter

Enter GLOSTER, *in a balcony, above, between two Biſhops*[3]. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace ſtands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a chriſtian prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity:
And, ſee, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man*.—
Famous Plantagenet, moſt gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requeſts;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-chriſtian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no ſuch apology;
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who, earneſt in the ſervice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleaſure?

Buck Even that, I hope, which pleaſeth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd iſle.

Glo. I do ſuſpect, I have done ſome offence,
That ſeems diſgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might pleaſe your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you reſign
The ſupreme ſeat, the throne majeſtical,
The ſcepter'd office of your anceſtors,

[3] — *between two biſhops.*] "At the laſt he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to theim, but in a galary over theim, with a biſhop on every hande of hym, where they beneth might ſee him and ſpeake to him, as though he would not yet come nere theim, til he wiſt what they meant." *Hall's Chronicle.* FARMER.

So alſo Holinſhed after him. The words "*with a biſhop on every hande of hym,*" are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton, (See his Continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 75,) not being found in Sir Thomas More's *Hiſtory of King Richard III.* folio 1557, from whom the reſt of the ſentence is tranſcribed. MALONE.

* — *to know a holy man.*] i. e. to know a holy man *by*. See Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8, and p. 237, n. 6; where ſeveral inſtances of a ſimilar phraſeology are given. MALONE.

Your ſtate of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd ſtock:
Whilſt, in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble iſle doth want her proper limbs *;
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants †,
And almoſt ſhoulder'd in the ſwallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulneſs and deep oblivion ‡.

* —her *proper limbs*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has —*his* limbs; an error which I ſhould not mention, but that it juſtifies corrections that I have made in other places, where, for want of more ancient copies than one, conjectural emendation became neceſſary. See Vol. III. p. 229, n. 3. MALONE.

† *Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants,*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable ſermon at St. Paul's Croſs: "Baſtard ſlips ſhall never take deep root." MALONE.

‡ *And almoſt* ſhoulder'd *in the ſwallowing gulf*
Of dark forgetfulneſs—] I believe we ſhould read:
And almoſt ſmoulder'd *in the ſwallowing gulph,*
That is, almoſt *ſmother'd*, covered and loſt. JOHNSON.

Shoulder'd is, I believe, the true reading;—not, thruſt in by the ſhoulders, but, immerſed *up to the ſhoulders*. So, in *Othello*:

"*Steep'd* me in poverty *to the very lips.*"

"This paſſage in *Othello*," ſays Mr. Maſon, "is nothing to the purpoſe. Had Othello uſed the word *lipp'd*, to ſignify *immerſed up to the lips*, that indeed would juſtify our ſuppoſing that *ſhoulder'd* might mean immerſed up to the ſhoulders." But the critick miſtook the purpoſe for which the paſſage was adduced. It was quoted, not to ſupport the *word*, "*ſhoulder'd*," but to ſhew that the ſame *idea* had been elſewhere introduced by Shakſpeare; that, as in *Othello* he had ſpoken of being plunged in *poverty* to the *lips*, ſo here he might have intended to deſcribe the royal ſtock as immerged up to the *ſhoulders* in *oblivion*.

The word *ſhoulder'd*, in the following lines in Spenſer's *Ruins of Rome*, 1591, may certainly only have been uſed in its more ordinary ſignification; but I am not ſure that the authour did not employ it as it is here uſed by Shakſpeare:

"Like as ye ſee the wrathfull ſea from farre,
"In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noiſe,
"Eftſoones of thouſand billows *ſhoulder'd* narre,
"Againſt a rock to break with dreadful poyſe—."

However the word may have been employed in the foregoing paſſage, its exiſtence in our authour's time is aſcertained by it. The word, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, is likewiſe uſed by Drayton in his *Barons' Wars*, Canto III. MALONE.

Which

Which to recure [6], we heartily ſolicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, ſteward, ſubſtitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as ſucceſſively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, conſorted with the citizens,
Your very worſhipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt ſuit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to anſwer *,—you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of ſovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me;
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other ſide, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt;
And then, in ſpeaking, not to incur the laſt,—
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks; but my deſert
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth [7];

[6] *Which to* recure,] To *recure* is to *recover*. This word is frequently uſed by Spenſer; and both as a verb and a ſubſtantive in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591. STEEVENS.

* If, *not to anſwer*,—] If I ſhould take the former courſe, and depart in ſilence, &c. So below: "*If*, to reprove," &c. The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*For* not to anſwer; and his capricious alteration of the text has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors.

This and the nine following lines are not in the quarto. MALONE.

[7] *As the* ripe *revenue, and due* of *birth*;] So the folio. The quarto thus:

As my *right*, revenue, and due *by* birth.

A preceding line ſeems rather to favour the original reading:

"Your *right* of birth, your empery, your own." MALONE.

Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty, and ſo many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatneſs,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty ſea,—
Than in my greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you[8], if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the ſeat of majeſty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy ſtars,—
Which, God defend, that I ſhould wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conſcience in your grace;
But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial[9],
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that Edward is your brother's ſon;
So ſay we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For firſt he was contráct to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witneſs to his vow;
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To Bona, ſiſter to the king of France[1].
Theſe both put by, a poor petitioner[*],
A care-craz'd mother to a many ſons,
A beauty-waning and diſtreſſed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye,

[8] *And much I need to help you*, &c.] And I *want much* of the ability requiſite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

9 —*are* nice *and trivial*,] *Nice* is generally uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of minute, trifling, of petty import. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge." MALONE.

[1] *To Bona, ſiſter to the king of France.*] See *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. ſc. iii. Bona was daughter to the duke of Savoy, and ſiſter to Charlotte, wife to Lewis XI. King of France. MALONE.

[*] —*a poor petitioner*,—] See *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. p. 303. MALONE.

Seduc'd

'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
ıſe declenſion and loath'd bigamy[2]:
r, in his unlawful bed, he got
Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
bitterly could I expoſtulate,
that, for reverence to ſome alive[3],
: a ſparing limit to my tongue.
, good my lord, take to your royal ſelf
proffer'd benefit of dignity:
to bleſs us and the land withal,
ɔ draw forth your noble anceſtry
the corruption of abuſing time,
a lineal true-derived courſe.
y. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
:k. Refuſe not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
'e. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.
:. Alas, why would you heap thoſe cares on me?
unfit for ſtate and majeſty:—
ɔeſeech you, take it not amiſs;
not, nor I will not yield to you.
:k. If you refuſe it,—as in love and zeal,
to depoſe the child, your brother's ſon;
:ll we know your tenderneſs of heart,

[2] *loath'd bigamy:*] So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holin-
'— the only *widowhead* of Elizabeth Grey, though ſhe were in
:r things convenient for you, ſhould yet ſuffice, as me ſeemeth,
aine you from her marriage, ſith it is an unfitting thing, and a
lemiſh and high diſparagement to the ſacred majeſtie of a prince,
ught as nigh to approach prieſthood in cleanneſs, as he doth in
,) to be defouled with *bigamie* in his firſt marriage." MALONE.
my, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopt-
England by a ſtatute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and in-
. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as
fted in either marrying two virgins ſucceſſively, or once marry-
vidow. BLACKSTONE.

[3] *ſore bitterly could I expoſtulate,*
ave that, for reverence to ſome alive,] The duke here hints at a
which he had touched upon in his addreſs to the citizens, the
ied baſtardy of Edward and Clarence. By "ſome alive," is
the dutcheſs of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.
MALONE.

And

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe[4],
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all eſtates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit or no,
Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our king;
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downfal of your houſe.
And, in this reſolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Citizens.*

Cate. Call them again, ſweet prince, accept their ſuit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of ſtone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATESBY.
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the reſt.*

Couſin of Buckingham,—and ſage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the load:
But if black ſcandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,
Your mere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.

May. God bleſs your grace! we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buck. Then I ſalute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it pleaſe you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you pleaſe, ſince you will have it ſo.

[4] —*effeminate* remorſe,] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 37, n. 5, and p. 112, n. 1; and Vol. IV. p. 295, n. 4. MALONE.

[*] —*I am not made of* ſtone,] The quarto and folio have—*ſtones.* Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And ſo, moſt joyfully, we take our leave.
Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—
[*To the Biſhops.*
Farewel, good couſin;—farewel, gentle friends[5].
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one ſide, Queen ELIZABETH, *Dutcheſs of* York, *and Marquis of* DORSET; *on the other,* Anne *Dutcheſs of* Gloſter[6], *leading Lady* Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's *young daughter.*

Dutch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet[7],
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloſter?
Now, for my life, ſhe's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good ſiſter! Whither away?
Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I gueſs,
Upon the like devotion as yourſelves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind ſiſter, thanks; we'll enter all together:

5 *Farewel, good couſin; farewel, gentle friends.*] To this act ſhould, perhaps, be added the next ſcene, ſo will the coronation paſs between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the concluſion will be more forcible. JOHNSON.

6 —*Anne, dutcheſs of Gloſter,*—] We have not ſeen this lady ſince the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act, in which ſhe promiſed to meet Richard at Croſby-place. She was married about the year 1472. MALONE.

7 —*my* niece *Plantagenet,*] The old dutcheſs of York calls Clarence's daughter her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*. THEOBALD.

So, in *Othello*, *nephews* for *grandchildren*: "—you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horſe, you'll have your *nephews* neigh to you." MALONE.

Enter

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Maſter lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young ſon of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them;
The king hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he ſet bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who ſhall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will ſee them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their ſights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it ſo[8];
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll ſalute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you muſt ſtraight to Weſtminſter,

[*To the dutcheſs of* Gloſter.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace aſunder!
That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Deſpightful tidings! O unpleaſing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorſet, ſpeak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and deſtruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

[8] —*I may not leave it ſo.*] That is, *I may not ſo reſign my office*, which you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

If

If thou wilt out-ſtrip death, go croſs the ſeas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curſe,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, madam:—
Take all the ſwift advantage of the hours;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.

Dutch. O ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!—
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haſte was ſent.

Anne And I with all unwillingneſs will go.—
O, would to God, that the incluſive verge
Of golden metal, that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain[9]!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can ſay—God ſave the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my huſband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſu'd from my other angel huſband,

9 *Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!*] She ſeems to allude to the ancient mode of puniſhing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. In the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631, this puniſhment is introduced:

"Fix on thy maſter's head my *burning crown*."

Again:

"—— was adjudg'd
"To have his head *ſear'd* with a *burning crown*."

In ſome of the monkiſh accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is appropriated to thoſe who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. STEEVENS.

And

To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would ſpeak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I ſay, I would be king.
Buck. Why, ſo you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis ſo: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtill ſhould live,—true, noble prince!—
Couſin, thou waſt not wont to be ſo dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wiſh the baſtards dead;
And I would have it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeak ſuddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleaſure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindneſs freezes:
Say, have I thy conſent, that they ſhall die?
Buck. Give me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe, dear lord,
Before I poſitively ſpeak in this:
I will reſolve your grace immediately. [*Exit* BUCK.
Cate. The king is angry; ſee, he gnaws his lip[9]. [*Aſide.*
K. Rich. I will converſe with iron-witted fools, [*deſcends from his throne.*
And unreſpective boys[1]; none are for me,
That look into me with conſiderate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumſpect.—
Boy,—
Page. My lord.

Again, in the epiſtle of *Mary the French Queen* to *Charles Brandon*, by Drayton:

"Before mine eye, like *touch*, thy ſhape did prove."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iii:

"Though true as *touch*, though daughter of a king." STEEV.

9 —*ſee, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient hiſtorians obſerve, that this was an accuſtomed action of Richard, whether he was penſive or angry. STEEVENS.

1 *And* unreſpective *boys*;—] *Unreſpective* is inattentive, taking no notice, inconſiderate. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

"When diſſolute impiety poſſeſs'd
"The *unreſpective* minds of prince and people." STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a cloſe exploit of death[2]?
Page. I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty[3] Buckingham
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels:
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath?—well, be it ſo.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorſet, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Cateſby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous ſick;
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Enquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is fooliſh[4], and I fear not him.—
Look,

[2] —*cloſe exploit*—] is ſecret act. JOHNSON.

[3] —*witty*—] in this place ſignifies *judicious* or cunning. A *wit* was not at this time employed to ſignify *a man of fancy*, but was uſed for *wiſdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

"Although unwiſe to live, had *wit* to die."

Again, in one of Ben Jonſon's *Maſques*:

"And at her feet do *witty* ſerpents move." STEEVENS.

[4] *The boy is fooliſh*,—] Shakſpeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any hiſtorian that he had then exhibited any ſymptoms of folly. Being confined by Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Boſworth, and his education being conſequently entirely neglected, he is deſcribed by Polydore Virgil at the time of his death (in 1499) as an idiot; and his account (which was copied by Hall and Holinſhed) was certainly a ſufficient authority for Shakſpeare's repreſentation. "Edouardus Varvici comes in carcere ab incunabulis extra

So far in
Tear-fall

Is thy nar

extra homin
non facile in
fet, alieno a
5 —*But*
So far i
occur in *Mac*
" —
" *Ste*
" *Ret*
Again:
" *Thi*
6 *Is thy nam*
much of his fic
particular, and
has left king R
from the follow
Ajax, 1596, t
with Tyrrel, o
(fays Sir John)
Richard the thi
fuppofe, by tha
fometime lord c
was deviſing wit
is added, *he was*
fel." See likew
For Richard's

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your moſt obedient ſubject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Pleaſe you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon*:
Tyrrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And ſoon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet muſick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Riſe, and lend thine ear:
[*Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will diſpatch it ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have conſider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did ſound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that reſt. Dorſet is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's ſon:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford[7], and the moveables,
Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.

K. Rich.

* — deal *upon t*] i. e. act upon. We ſhould now ſay—deal *with*; but the other was the phraſeology of our authour's time. See Vol. VII. p. 523, n. 6. MALONE.

7 *The earldom of Hereford*, &c.] Thomas duke of Gloſter, the fifth ſon of Edward the Third, married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey de Bohun earl of Hereford. The duke of Gloſter's nephew, Henry earl of Derby, (the eldeſt ſon of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſon of Edward the Third,) who was afterwards K. Henry IV. married the other daughter of the earl of Hereford. The

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if ſhe convey
Letters to Richmond, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buck. What ſays your highneſs to my juſt requeſt?
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the ſixth
Did propheſy, that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeviſh boy.
A king!—perhaps—[8]
Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time.
Have told me, I being by[9], that I ſhould kill him?

moiety of the Hereford eſtate, which had been poſſeſſed by that king, was ſeized on by Edward IV. as legally devolved to the crown, on its being transferred from the houſe of Lancaſter to that of York. Henry Stafford duke of Buckingham was lineally deſcended from Thomas duke of Gloſter, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandſon of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his anceſtors had poſſeſſed one half of the Hereford eſtate; and he claimed and *actually obtained* from Richard III. after he uſurped the throne, the reſtitution of the other half, which had been ſeized on by Edward; and alſo the earldom of Hereford, and the office of Conſtable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. See Dugdale's *Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 168, 169. Many of our hiſtorians however aſcribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refuſing to reſtore the moiety of the Hereford eſtate; and Shakſpeare has followed them.

Thomas duke of Gloſter was created earl of Hereford in 1386 by K. Richard II. on which ground the duke of Buckingham had ſome pretenſions to claim a new grant of the *title*; but with reſpect to the moiety of the eſtate, he had not a ſhadow of right to it; for ſuppoſing that it devolved to Edward IV. with the crown, it became, after the murder of his ſons, the joint property of his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV. it belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. MALONE.

[8] *A king! perhaps*—] From hence to the words, *Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever ſince the firſt editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

Mr. Pope is inaccurate; the omiſſion extended only to—*I am not in the giving vein to day.* MALONE.

The alluſions to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of theſe diſputed pieces. JOHNSON.

Theſe alluſions, I truſt, have been ſufficiently accounted for in the *Diſſertation* annexed to the preceding play. MALONE.

[9] — *I being by*,—] The duke of Gloſter was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. See p. 356. Our authour ſeldom took the trouble to turn to the plays to which he referred. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When laſt I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courteſy ſhew'd me the caſtle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I ſtarted;
Becauſe a bard of Ireland told me once,
I ſhould not live long after I ſaw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the ſtroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it ſtrike.

Buck. Why let it ſtrike?

K. Rich. Becauſe that, like a Jack, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke[1]
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then reſolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troubleſt me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD *and Train.*

Buck. Is it even ſo? repays he my deep ſervice

[1] *Becauſe, that, like a Jack,* &c.] An image, like thoſe at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet-ſtreet, and at the market-houſes at ſeveral towns in this kingdom, was uſually called a *Jack of the clock-houſe.* See Cowley's *Diſcourſe on the Government of Oliver Cromwell.* [Vol. II. p. 650, edit. 1710.] Richard reſembles Buckingham to one of thoſe automatons, and bids him not ſuſpend the ſtroke on the clock-bell, but ſtrike, that the hour may be paſt, and himſelf be at liberty to purſue his meditations. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— Is this your *Jack o'the clock*-houſe?
" Will you *ſtrike*, ſir?"

Again, in a pamphlet by Decker, called the *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: " — but howſoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to ſtrike eleven, as ſoon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery conteyne you any longer." STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 101, n. 5. Theſe automatons were called *Jacks* of the clock houſe, becauſe *Jack* in our authour's time was a common appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in ſervile offices. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

With ſuch contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Haſtings; and be gone,
To Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forreſt, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' ſad ſtory.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forreſt, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaſter innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
Which, in their ſummer beauty, kiſs'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay[2];
Which once, quoth Forreſt, *almoſt chang'd my mind*;
But, O, the devil—there the villain ſtopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we ſmothered*
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,

* — *to Brecknock*,] To the Caſtle of Brecknock in Wales, where the duke of Buckingham's eſtate lay. MALONE.

[2] *O thus, quoth* Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forreſt, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaſter innocent arms:—
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;] Theſe circumſtances were probably adopted from the old ſong of *The moſt cruel Murther of Edward V.* in *The Golden Garland of princely delight.* The thirteenth edition of this collection was publiſhed in 1690:

"When theſe ſweet children thus were laid in bed,
"And to the Lord their hearty prayers had ſaid,
"Sweet ſlumb'ring ſleep then cloſing up their eyes,
"Each folded in the other's arms then lies."

It muſt be owned, however, that there is nothing to aſſiſt us in aſcertaining the exact date of this, and many other of our ancient ballads. STEEVENS.

That,

That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeak; and ſo I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my ſovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, ſoon at after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The ſon of Clarence have I pen'd up cloſe [3];
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage [4];
The ſons of Edward ſleep in Abraham's boſom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond* aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?

3 *The ſon of Clarence have I pen'd up cloſe;*] He was confined in Sheriff-Hutton Caſtle, in Yorkſhire.—See p. 544, n. 3. MALONE.

4 *His daughter meanly,* &c.] See p. 554, n. 3. MALONE.

* —*the* Bretagne *Richmond*—] He thus denominates Richmond, becauſe after the battle of Tewkſbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of K. Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable cuſtody. See p. 590, n. 7. MALONE.

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welſhmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his raſh-levied ſtrength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay[5];
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary:
Then firy expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muſter men: My counſel is my ſhield;
We muſt be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now proſperity begins to mellow[6],
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in theſe confines ſlily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction[7] am I witneſs to,
And will to France; hoping, the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *and the Dutcheſs of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unb'own flowers, new-appearing ſweets!
If yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,

5 —*fearful commenting*
Is leaden ſervitor, &c.] Timorous thought and cautious diſquiſition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNSON.

6 —*begins to mellow*, &c.] The ſame thought occurs in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:
"—— now is his fate grown mellow,
"Inſtant to fall into the rotten jaws
"Of chap-fall'n death." STEEVENS.

7 —*dire induction*—] *Induction* is preface, introduction, firſt part. It is ſo uſed by Sackville in our authour's time. JOHNSON.

And

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; ſay, that right for right,[8]
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miſeries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from ſuch gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didſt thou ſleep, when ſuch a deed was done[9]?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry dy'd, and my ſweet ſon.

Dutch. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal-living ghoſt,
Woe's ſcene, world's ſhame, grave's due by life uſurp'd,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a grave,
As thou canſt yield a melancholy ſeat;
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here!
Ah, who hath any cauſe to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverent,

[8] —*ſay, that* right *for* right] This is one of theſe conceits which our authour may be ſuſpected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *juſtice anſwering to the claims of juſtice.* So, in this play:

—— *that forehead*
Where ſhould be branded, if that right were right,— JOHNSON.

In the third ſcene of the firſt act Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her huſband and ſon were imputed to the divine vengeance rouſed by that wicked act. "So juſt is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to ſay, The right of me, an injured mother, whoſe ſon was ſlain at Tewkſbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine juſtice, and has deſtroyed your children in their turn. MALONE.

9 *When didſt thou ſleep*, &c.] That is, When, before the preſent occaſion, didſt thou ever ſleep during the commiſſion of ſuch an action? Thus the only authentick copies now extant; the quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *When* to *Why*, which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors; though Margaret's anſwer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy. MALONE.

Give

Give mine the benefit of ſeniory[1],
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand[2].
If ſorrow can admit ſociety, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a huſband[*], till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didſt kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping ſouls[3],

[1] —*ſeniory,*] for *ſeniority.* JOHNSON.

So, in Stowe's *Chron.* edit. 1615, p. 149: "—the ſon of Edmund, the ſon of Edward the *ſeignior*, the ſon of Alured," &c. STEEVENS.

The word in the quarto is *ſignorie*, in the folio *ſignurie*, and it has been printed *ſigniory* in the late editions: but as in general modern ſpelling has been adopted, I know not why the ancient mode ſhould be adhered to in this particular inſtance. In the *Comedy of Errors*, p. 203, *ſenior* has been properly printed by all the modern editors, though the words in the old copy are—"We'll draw cuts for the *ſignior*." The ſubſtantive in the text is evidently formed by our authour from hence. MALONE.

[2] *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"By this ſtarts Collatine as from a dream,
"And bids Lucretius *give his ſorrows place.*" MALONE.

[*] *I had a huſband,*] The quarto has—a *Richard*, which the editor of the folio corrected by ſubſtituting—*a huſband*. I believe Shakſpeare wrote—I had a *Henry*. In a ſubſequent ſpeech in this ſcene, p. 584, l. 6, "*my* brother" being printed in the quarto by miſtake, inſtead of "*thy* brother," the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed—my *huſband*. MALONE.

[3] *That reigns,* &c.] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

Theſe two lines are found only in the folio, and are there tranſpoſed. They were rightly arranged by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Thy

Thy womb let looſe, to chaſe us to our graves.—
O upright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the iſſue of his mother's body,
And makes her pue-fellow [4] with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot [5], becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that ſtabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate Haſtings [6], Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely ſmother'd in their duſky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reſerv'd their factor, to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Enſues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray,
To have him ſuddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didſt prophely, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe
That bottled ſpider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flouriſh of my fortune;

4 *And makes her* pue-fellow—] *Pue-fellow* ſeems to be companion. We have now a new phraſe, nearly equivalent, by which we ſay of perſons in the ſame difficulties, that they are in *the ſame box.* JOHNSON.

Pue-fellow is a word yet in uſe. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I find the word in *Northward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's ſteward at leaſt." STEEVENS.

5 *Young York he is but* boot,] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchaſe JOHNSON.

6 *The* adulterate *Haſtings.*—] Haſtings was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her huſband. So, the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of the King, ſays:

"—that inceſtuous, that *adulterate* beaſt." STEEVENS.

I call'd

I call'd thee then, poor ſhadow, painted queen;
The preſentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant[7],
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot[8];
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two ſons? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues, and kneels, and ſays—God ſave the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this*, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about[9],
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

7 *The flatt'ring* index *of a direful* pageant,] *Pageants* are dumb ſhews, and the poet meant to allude to one of theſe, the index of which promiſed a happier concluſion. The pageants then diſplayed on publick occaſions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. Theſe indexes were diſtributed among the ſpectators, that they might underſtand the meaning of ſuch allegorical ſtuff as was uſually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

8 — *a gariſh flag,*
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot;] Alluding to the dangerous ſituation of thoſe perſons to whoſe care the ſtandards of armies were entruſted. STEEVENS.

* Decline *all this*,] i. e. run through all this from firſt to laſt. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "I'll *decline* the whole queſtion." This phraſe the poet borrowed from his grammar. MALONE.

9 — wheel'd *about*,] Thus the quartos. The folio—*whirl'd* about. STEEVENS.

To

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt uſurp my place, And doſt thou not
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I ſlip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of ſad miſchance,—
Theſe Engliſh woes ſhall make me ſmile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well ſkill'd in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt the day*;
Compare dead happineſs with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer[1] than they were,
And he, that ſlew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loſs makes the bad cauſer worſe;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curſe.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Q.* MARGARET.

Dutch. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes[2],
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate joys[3],

* *Forbear to ſleep—and* faſt—] *Faſt* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being,—Sleep not at night, and faſt during the day. The quarto reads—to ſleep the *nights*, and faſt the *days*. MALONE.

[1] — *were* fairer—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*ſweeter*. MALONE.

[2] *Why ſhould calamity be full of words?*
Windy attorneys *to their* client woes,] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

"So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid:
"Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage;
"But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,
"The *client* breaks as deſperate of his ſuit."

The quarto reads—*your client* woes. The folio—*their clients* woes. MALONE.

[3] — inteſtate *joys*,] So the quarto. The folio reads corruptly *inteſtine*. The metaphor is extremely harſh. The joys already poſſeſſed being all conſumed and paſſed away, are ſuppoſed to have died inteſtate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and mere verbal complaints are their ſucceſſors, but inherit nothing but miſery. MALONE.

Poor

Poor breathing orators of miſeries!
Let them have ſcope: though what they do impart
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart *.
Dutch. If ſo, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's ſmother
My damned ſon, that thy two ſweet ſons ſmother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Dutch. O, ſhe, that might have intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed womb,
From all the ſlaughters, wretch, that thou haſt done.
Q. Eliz. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where ſhould be branded, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor ſons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-ſlave, where are my children?
Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſon?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
Dutch. Where is kind Haſtings?
K. Rich. A flouriſh, trumpets!—ſtrike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear theſe tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I ſay.—
[*Flouriſh. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Dutch. Art thou my ſon?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourſelf.
Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

* —*though what they do impart*
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
"Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."
The quarto reads—Help *not at all*,—. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition[4],
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me ſpeak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haſte.

Dutch. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy ſchool-days, frightful, deſperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me[5] in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphry Hour[6], that call'd your grace
To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.

[4] —*a* touch *of your* condition,] A *ſpice* or *particle* of your *temper diſpoſition*. JOHNSON.
So, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 24th *Iliad*:
" —— his cold blood embrac'd a fiery *touch*
" Of anger, &c. STEEVENS.

That ever grac'd *me*—] To *grace* ſeems here to mean the ſame as *bleſs*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON.

— *Humphry Hour*,] This may probably be an alluſion to ſome piece of gallantry of which the dutcheſs had been ſuſpected. I cannot find the name in Holinſhed. Surely the poet's fondneſs for a quibble was not induced him at once to perſonify and chriſten that *hour* of the morning which ſummon'd his mother to breakfaſt. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: " Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old miſtreſs, breakfaſt is at hand." STEEVENS.

I believe nothing more than a quibble was meant. In our poet's 143d Sonnet we find a ſimilar conceit; a quibble between *hues* (colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly ſpelt *Hewes*) the perſon addreſſed. MALONE.

If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.
Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me ſpeak.
K. Rich. You ſpeak too bitterly.
Dutch. Hear me a word;
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my moſt heavy curſe;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the cómplete armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight;
And there the little ſouls of Edward's children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame ſerves thy life[7], and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me; I ſay amen to her. [*going.*
K. Rich. Stay, madam[8], I muſt ſpeak a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more ſons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They ſhall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And muſt ſhe die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty;

7 *Shame ſerves thy life,*—] To *ſerve* is to *accompany*, ſervants being near the perſons of their maſters. JOHNSON.

8 *Stay, madam,*] On this dialogue 'tis not neceſſary to beſtow much criticiſm: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. JOHNSON.

Slander

Slander myſelf, as falſe to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blood [9].

Q. Eliz. To ſave her life, I'll ſay—ſhe is not ſo.

K. Rich. Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that ſafety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good ſtars were oppoſite [1].

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of deſtiny [*].

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes deſtiny:
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſs'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You ſpeak, as if that I had ſlain my couſins.

Q. Eliz. Couſins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whoſe hands ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart [2],
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in ſuch a deſperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of ſails and tackling reft,

[9] —*ſhe is of royal blood.*] The folio reads—ſhe is *a royal princeſs.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Lo, at their births*—] Perhaps we ſhould read—*No*, at their births—. TYRWHITT.

[*] *All* unavoided, *&c.*] i. e. unavoidable. So before:

"Whoſe *unavoided* eye is dangerous." MALONE.

[2] *Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,*] This conceit ſeems to have been a great favourite of Shakſpeare. We meet with it more than once. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"*Thou bid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,*
"*Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,*
"*To ſtab,*" &c.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"*Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*
"*Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen*—." STEEVENS.

Ruſh all to pieces on thy rocky boſom.

K. Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type[3] of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my ſorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour,
Canſt thou demiſe[4] to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoul
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which, thou ſuppoſeſt, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
Laſt longer telling than thy kindneſs' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my ſoul, I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her ſoul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou doſt love my daughter, from thy ſoul:
So, from thy ſoul's love, didſt thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

3 *The high imperial* type—] *Type* is exhibition, ſhew, diſplay. JOHNSON.

Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, defines *Type*—"A figure, form, or likeneſs of any thing." Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, calls it—"figure, example, or ſhadowe of any thing." The word is uſed in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. as here:

"Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples." MALONE.

4 *Canſt thou* demiſe—] The common meaning of the verb to *demiſe* is *to grant*, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another. STEEVENS.

The conſtant language of leaſes is, "—*demiſed*, granted, and to farm let." But I believe the word is uſed by no poet but Shakſpeare. For *demiſe*, the reading of the quarto, and firſt folio, the editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily ſubſtituted *deviſe*. MALONE.

K. Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my ſoul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who doſt thou mean ſhall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who elſe ſhould be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam[5]?

Q. Eliz. How canſt thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will ſhe weep:
Therefore preſent to her,—as ſometime Margaret[6]
Did to thy father, ſteep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, ſay to her, did drain
The purple ſap from her ſweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her ſake,
Mad'ſt quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her*?

5 *I, even I? What think you of it, madam?*] So the quarto. I am not ſure whether it ſhould not be printed, *Ay*, even I. The folio reads:

Even *ſo? how* think you of it? MALONE.

6 — *as ſometime Margaret*—] Here is another reference to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* JOHNSON.

* *Say, that I did*, &c.] This and the following fifty-four lines, ending with the words *tender years* in p. 382, are found only in the folio. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee [7],
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoil [8].

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your increaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one ſtep below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood [9];
Of all one pain,—ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her [1], for whom you bid like ſorrow [2].

[7] *Nay then, indeed, ſhe cannot chooſe but* hate *thee,*] The ſenſe ſeems to require that we ſhould read:

—— *but* love *thee,*

ironically. TYRWHITT.

[8] — *bloody* ſpoil.] *Spoil* is waſte, havock. JOHNSON.

9 *Even of your* mettle, *of your very blood*;] The folio has—*mettal.* The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. That *mettle* was the word intended here, appears from various other paſſages. So, in *Macbeth*:

" — Thy undaunted *mettle* ſhould compoſe
" Nothing but males.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

" —— that bed, that womb,
" That *mettle*, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
" Made him a man."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —— Common mother, thou,
" Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
" Teems and feeds all, whoſe ſelf-ſame *mettle*
" Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
" Engenders the black toad," &c. MALONE.

[1] *Endur'd* of *her*,] *Of* in the language of Shakſpeare's age was frequently uſed for *by*. MALONE.

[2] — bid *like ſorrow*.] *Bid* is in the paſt tenſe from *bide*. JOHNSON.

Your

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine ſhall be a comfort to your age.
The loſs, you have, is but—a ſon being king,
And, by that loſs, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.
Dorſet your ſon, that, with a fearful ſoul,
Leads diſcontented ſteps in foreign ſoil,
This fair alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy Dorſet—brother;
Again ſhall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of diſtreſsful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to ſee:
The liquid drops of tears that you have ſhed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with intereſt
Of ten times double gain of happineſs[3].
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her baſhful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aſpiring flame
Of golden ſov'reignty; acquaint the princeſs
With the ſweet ſilent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

3 *Advantaging their* loan, *with int'reſt*
Of ten times double gain of happineſs.] The folio has—*loue*, inſtead of *lone*, the old ſpelling of *loan*. How often the letters u and n are confounded in theſe copies, has been ſhewn in various places. See Vol I. p. 292, n. 9, and Vol. VIII. p. 83, n. 8. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who adds this paraphraſe. "The tears that you have *lent* to your afflictions, ſhall be turned into gems; and requite you by way of *intereſt* with happineſs twenty times as great as your ſorrow has been." MALONE.

To whom I will retail[4] my conqueſt won,
And ſhe ſhall be ſole victreſs, Cæſar's Cæſar.

Q. Eliz. What were I beſt to ſay? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or ſhall I ſay, her uncle?
Or, he that ſlew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make ſeem pleaſing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids[5].

K. Rich. Say, ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlaſtingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long ſhall that title, ever, laſt[6]?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly ſhall her ſweet life laſt?

K. Rich As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her ſov'reign, am her ſubject low[7].

Q. Eliz. But ſhe, your ſubject, loaths ſuch ſov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale[8].

4 *To whom I will* retail—] i. e. recount. See p. 520, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — *which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See Leviticus, xviii. 14. GREY.

6 *But how long ſhall that title, ever, laſt?*] Young has borrowed this thought in his *Univerſal Paſſion*;

"*But ſay—my miſtreſs and my friend,*
"*Which day next week the eternity ſhall end?*" STEEVENS.

7 — *am her ſubject* low.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:—*her ſubject* love. STEEVENS.

8 *Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.*] So the quarto. The folio reads—

Then plainly to her tell my loving tale. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.

K. Rich. Your reaſons are too ſhallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that ſtring, madam; that is paſt.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break[9].

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.

K. Rich. I ſwear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
The george, profan'd, hath loſt his holy honour[1];
The garter, blemiſh'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly glory:
If ſomething thou wouldſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that diſhonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myſelf,—

[9] K. Rich. *Harp not on that ſtring, madam; that is paſt.*
Q. Eliz. *Harp on it ſtill ſhall I,* &c.] In the quarto, 1598, the firſt of theſe two lines is wanting. The paſſage ſtands thus:

Qu. O, no, my reaſons, &c.
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
King. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
Now by my george, &c.

The printer of the next quarto ſaw that the line—"Harp on it ſtill ſhall I," &c. could not belong to Richard, and therefore annexed it to the queen's former ſpeech, but did not inſert the omitted line.

The editor of the folio ſupplied the line that was wanting, but abſurdly miſplaced it, and exhibited the paſſage thus:

Qu. O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
King. Harp not on that ſtring, madam, that is paſt.
Now by my george, &c.

The text is formed from the quarto, and the folio. MALONE.

[1] The *george, profan'd, hath loſt his* holy *honour*;] So the quarto. The folio reads:

Thy george, profan'd, hath loſt his *lordly* honour;
Thy garter, &c. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Thyſelf is ſelf-miſ-us'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is moſt of all.
If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him[1],
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother ſlain[2].
If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for duſt[3],
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms[4].
What canſt thou ſwear by now?
K. Rich. By the time to come[*].
Q. Eliz. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'er-paſt;
For I myſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.

[1] God's *wrong is moſt of all.*
If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him, *&c.*] I have here followed the quarto, except that it reads in the preceding ſpeech, Why then, by *God*,—. The editors of the folio, from the apprehenſion of the penalty of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. printed "Why then by *heaven*,"—and the whole they abſurdly exhibited thus:

Rich. Why then, by *heaven.*
Qu. Heaven's wrong is moſt of all.
If thou *didſt fear* to break an oath *with him*,
The unity, &c.
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath *by him*,
The imperial metal, &c.

By their alteration in the firſt line of the queen's ſpeech, they made all that follows ungrammatical. The change in the preceding ſpeech, not having that conſequence, I have adopted it. MALONE.

[2] —*the king thy* brother *made*,
Had not been *broken*, *nor my brother* ſlain.] The quarto, by an errour of the preſs, has—*my* brother, which the editor of the folio corrected thus:

The unity the king, *my huſband*, made,
Thou hadſt not broken, nor my *brothers* died. MALONE.

[3] *Which now*, two *tender* bed-*fellows*, &c.] Mr. Roderick obſerves, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read:

Which now, too *tender*, &c. STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quarto—two tender *play*-fellows. MALONE.

[4] — a *prey for worms.*] So the quarto. Folio—*the* prey. MALONE.

[*] By *the time to come.*] So the quarto. *By* is not in the folio. MALONE.

Th:

The children live, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age[5]:
The parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou haſt
Miſus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-paſt.

K. Rich. As I intend to proſper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt[6]
Of hoſtile arms! myſelf myſelf confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours[7]!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy reſt!
Be oppoſite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her conſiſts my happineſs, and thine;
Without her, follows to myſelf, and thee,
Herſelf, the land, and many a chriſtian ſoul,
Death, deſolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeviſh found in great deſigns[8].

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

[5] — *to wail it* in *their age*:] So the quarto, 1598. The quarto 1602, &c. and the folio, read—*with* their age. MALONE.

[6] — *in my dangerous* attempt—] So the quarto. Folio—dangerous *affairs*. MALONE.

[7] *Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!*] This line is found only in the folio. MALONE.

[8] *And be not* peeviſh *found*—] Thus the folio. *Peeviſh* in our authour's time ſignified *fooliſh*. So in the ſecond ſcene of this act:

"When Richmond was a little *peeviſh* boy,—."

See alſo Minſheu's DICT. in v. The quarto reads—peeviſh *fond*, and I am not ſure that it is not right. A compound epithet might have been intended; *peeviſh-fond*. So *childiſh-fooliſh*, *ſenſeleſs-obſtinate*, *fooliſh-witty*, &c. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myſelf, to be myſelf?

K. Rich. Ay, if your ſelf's remembrance wrong yourſelf.

Q. Eliz. But thou didſt kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that neſt of ſpicery, they ſhall breed[8]
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very ſhortly,
And you ſhall underſtand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiſs, and ſo farewel!
[*kiſſing her. Exit Q.* ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and ſhallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

Rat. Moſt mighty ſovereign, on the weſtern coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant navy; to the ſhore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them aſhore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend poſt to the duke of Norfolk[9];—
Ratcliff, thyſelf,—or Cateſby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Cateſby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haſte.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither[1]: Poſt to Saliſbury;
When thou com'ſt thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To* Cateſby.

[8] —*in that neſt of ſpicery, they ſhall breed*] Alluding to the phœnix. STEEVENS.

So the quarto. The folio reads—they *will* breed. MALONE.

[9] *Some light-foot friend poſt to the duke*—] Richard's precipitation and confuſion is in this ſcene very happily repreſented by inconſiſtent orders, and ſudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

[1] *Ratcliff, come hither:*] The folio has—*Cateſby*, come hither. The words are not in the quarto. It is obvious that they are addreſſed to Ratcliff. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Why

Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the duke?
Cate. Firſt, mighty liege, tell me your highneſs' pleaſure,
What from your grace I ſhall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Cateſby;—Bid him levy ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at Saliſbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at Saliſbury?
K. Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou do there, before I go?
Rat. Your highneſs told me, I ſhould poſt before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my liege, to pleaſe you with the hearing;
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'ſt thou run ſo many miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the ſeas.
K. Rich. There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!
White-liver'd runagate[2], what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty ſovereign, but by gueſs.
K. Rich. Well, as you gueſs?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the ſword unſway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd?

[2] White-liver'd *runagate,*] This epithet, deſcriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. Stephen Goſſon in his *School of Abuſe,* 1579, ſpeaking of the Helots, ſays:
"Leave thoſe precepts to the *white-livered* Hylotes."
STEEVENS.

What

What heir of York is there alive, but we[3]?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the ſeas?

Stan. Unleſs for that, my liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the Welſhman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege[4]; therefore miſtruſt me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ſhips?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they ſhould ſerve their ſovereign in the weſt?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaſeth your majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldſt be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not truſt you, ſir[5].

Stan. Moſt mighty ſovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be falſe.

K. Rich. Well, go, muſter men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your ſon, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

[3] *What heir of York is there alive, but we?*] Richard aſks this queſtion in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to anſwer him. But they whom he addreſſes, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the houſe of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward earl of Warwick, the only ſon of the Uſurper's elder brother, George duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter of Edward IV, and all her ſiſters, had a better title than either of them. MALONE.

[4] *No,* mighty liege;] So the quarto. Folio: No, *my good lord.* MALONE.

[5] *I will not truſt you, ſir.*] So the quarto. Folio: But I'll not truſt thee. MALONE.

Stan.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious ſovereign, now in Devonſhire,
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſ.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors[6]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

3. *Meſ.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but ſongs of death?
[*He ſtrikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
3. *Meſ.* The news I have to tell your majeſty *,
Is,—that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3. *Meſ.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

4. *Meſ.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorſet,
'Tis ſaid, my liege, in Yorkſhire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highneſs,—
The Britaigne navy is diſpers'd by tempeſt:
Richmond, in Dorſetſhire, ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to aſk thoſe on the banks,

[6] —*more competitors*] More aſſociates. See Vol. VII. p. 445, n. 7. MALONE.

* *The news I have*, &c.] So the folio. The quarto reads:
Your grace miſtakes; the news I bring is good;
My news is, &c. MALONE.

If

If they were his aſſiſtants, yea, or no;
Who anſwered him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, miſtruſting them,
Hois'd ſail, and made his courſe again for Bretagne[7].

K. Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beſt news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford[8],
Is colder news, but yet they muſt be told[9].

[7] — *and made his courſe again for Bretagne.*] Henry Tudor earl of Richmond, the eldeſt ſon of Edmund of Hadham earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the firſt duke of Somerſet, who was grandſon to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaſter, was carried by his uncle Jaſper earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewkſbury into Britany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable cuſtody by the duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his eſcape and fled for protection to the French court. Being conſidered at that time as neareſt in blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancaſtrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV. who was extremely jealous of him; and after Richard *uſurped* the throne, they with more confidence ſupported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry duke of Buckingham was in ſome reſpects inferior to that of Richmond; for he was deſcended by his mother from Edmund the ſecond duke of Somerſet, the younger brother of duke John; by his father from Thomas duke of Gloſter, the younger brother of John of Gaunt: but whatever priority the earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had no Lancaſtrian blood whatſoever: nor was his maternal title of the pureſt kind, for John the firſt earl of Somerſet was an illegitimate ſon of John of Gaunt. MALONE.

[8] — *landed at Milford,*] The earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, Auguſt 1ſt, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his courſe to Wales, hoping the Welch would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of King Henry V. MALONE.

[9] — they *muſt be told.*] This was the language of Shakſpeare's time, when the word *news* was often conſidered as plural. See Vol. VII. p. 425, n. *.

All the modern editors, however, read—*it* muſt be told. MALONE.

K. Rich. Away towards Saliſbury; while we reaſon here [1],
A royal battle might be won and loſt:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Saliſbury;—the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's *Houſe.*

Enter STANLEY, *and Sir* Chriſtopher URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me [2]:—
That, in the ſty of this moſt bloody boar,
My ſon George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my preſent aid *.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-weſt, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name reſort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned ſoldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, ſir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, ſir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:

[1] — *while we reaſon here,*] i. e. while we *talk* here. See Vol. III. p. 44, n. 1. MALONE.

[2] *Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me:*—] The perſon, who is called ſir Chriſtopher here, and who has been ſtiled ſo in the *Dramatis Perſonæ* of all the impreſſions, I find by the chronicles to have been Chriſtopher Urſwick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the counteſs of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This prieſt, the hiſtory tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unſuſpected, on meſſages betwixt the counteſs of Richmond, and her huſband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilſt he was preparing to make his deſcent on England. THEOBALD.

Formerly the title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2; and Vol. III. p. 188, n. 9. MALONE.

* — *my preſent aid.*] Thus the quarto. After theſe words three lines are added in the folio, in ſubſtance the ſame as the firſt three lines of Stanley's concluding ſpeech. Inſtead of the concluding ſpeech of the quarto, which is here followed, the folio reads thus:

Well, hie to thy lord; I kiſs his hand;
My letter will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewell. MALONE.

And

And towards London do they bend their courſe,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her daughter.
Theſe letters will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*gives papers to ſir* Chriſtopher. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Saliſbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and Guard, with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me ſpeak with him[3]?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Haſtings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair ſon Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By underhand corrupted foul injuſtice;
If that your moody diſcontented ſouls
Do through the clouds behold this preſent hour,
Even for revenge mock my deſtruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomſday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wiſh'd to fall

3 *Will not king Richard let me ſpeak with him?*] The reaſon why the duke of Buckingham ſolicited an interview with the king, is explained in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I:

" —— *I would have play'd*
" *The part my father meant to act upon*
" *The uſurper Richard; who, being at Saliſbury,*
" *Made ſuit to come in his preſence; which if granted,*
" *As he made ſemblance of his duty, would*
" *Have put his knife into him.*" STEEVENS.

he falſe faith of him whom moſt I truſted;
, this All-Souls' day to my fearful ſoul,
e determin'd reſpite of my wrongs[4].
: high All-ſeer which I dally'd with,
ı turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
given in earneſt what I begg'd in jeſt.
ɜ doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
urn their own points on their maſters' boſoms:
ɜ Margaret's curſe falls heavy on my neck,—
n be, quoth ſhe, *ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,*
:mber Margaret was a propheteſs.—
:e, firs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
ng hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame[6].
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *&c.*

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

r, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD[6], *r* James BLUNT[7], *Sir* Walter HERBERT, *and thers, with forces, marching.*

ichm. Fellows in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
s'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus

's the determin'd reſpite *of my wrongs.*] Hanmer has rightly ex-:d it, the time to which the puniſhment of his wrongs was *re-*

'ongs in this line means *wrong* done; injurious practices.
JOHNSON.

— *blame the due of blame.*] This ſcene ſhould, in my opinion, be to the foregoing act; ſo the fourth act will have a more full and ng concluſion, and the fifth act will compriſe the buſineſs of the 'tant day, which put an end to the competition of York and after. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and ıobable, that this and many other plays were left by the authour e unbroken continuity, and afterwards diſtributed by chance, or ſeems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or :e of the firſt editors. JOHNSON.

— *Oxford,*—] John de Vere earl of Oxford, a zealous Lan-an, who after a long confinement in Hames Caſtle in Picardy,

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and uſurping boar,
That ſpoil'd your ſummer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like waſh, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd boſoms[8],—this foul ſwine
Lies now[9] even in the centre of this iſle,
Near to the town of Leiceſter, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of ſharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conſcience is a thouſand ſwords[1],
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his deareſt need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

eſcaped from thence in 1484, and joined the earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Boſworth. MALONE.

7 — *Sir James Blunt,*—] He had been captain of the Caſtle of Hames, and aſſiſted the earl of Oxford in his eſcape. MALONE.

8 — *embowell'd boſoms,*—] Exenterated; ripped up. JOHNSON.

9 Lies *now*—] i. e. ſojourns. See Vol. V. p. 365, n. 9. For *lies*, the reading of the quarto, the editors of the folio, probably not underſtanding the term, ſubſtituted—*Is*. See p. 596, n. 4. MALONE.

1 — *conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,*] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conſcientia mille teſtes.*" BLACKSTONE.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—a thouſand *men*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Boſworth *Field*.

Enter King RICHARD, *and forces*; *the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *and Others*.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Boſworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, moſt gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we muſt have knocks; Ha! muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to ſet up the king's tent.*
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath deſcry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or ſeven thouſand is their utmoſt power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account[2]:
Beſides, the king's name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they upon the adverſe faction want.—
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us ſurvey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for ſome men of ſound direction[3]:—
Let's want no diſcipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a buſy day. [*Exeunt.*

[2] —*our battalia trebles that account:*] Richmond's forces are ſaid to have been only five thouſand; and Richard's army conſiſted of about twelve thouſand men. But lord Stanley lay at a ſmall diſtance with three thouſand men, and Richard may be ſuppoſed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwiſe. MALONE.

[3] —*ſound direction:*] True judgment; tried military ſkill. JOHNSON.

Enter, on the other ſide of the field, RICHMOND, *Sir* William BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other lords* [4]. *Some of the ſoldiers pitch* RICHMOND'S *Tent.*

Richm. The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,
And, by the bright track of his firy car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you ſhall bear my ſtandard.—
Give me ſome ink and paper [5] in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, ſir William Brandon,—
And you, ſir Walter Herbert, ſtay with me:—
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the ſecond hour in the morning
Deſire the earl to ſee me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am aſſur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at leaſt
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet Blunt, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful note.

4 — *Oxford, and other lords*—] The direction in the folio, is—"Enter Richmond and Sir William Brandon, Oxford and *Dorſet*." In the quarto only, "Enter Richmond, with the *lordes*. This is one of numerous proofs that many of the alterations in the folio edition of this play were made by the players, and not by Shakſpeare; for Shakſpeare had been informed by Holinſhed that *Dorſet* was not at the battle of Boſworth; Richmond before his leaving Paris having borrowed a ſum of money from the French king, Charles the Eighth, and having left the marquis of Dorſet and Sir John Bouchier as hoſtages for the payment. MALONE.

5 *Give me ſome ink and paper*—] Thus the folio. In the quarto, this and the three following lines are introduced lower down immediately before the words—"Come, gentlemen, let us conſult," &c. MALONE.

Blunt.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And ſo, God give you quiet reſt to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us conſult upon to-morrow's buſineſs;
In to my tent, the air is raw[6] and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's ſupper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock[7].
K. Rich. I will not ſup to-night.—
Give me ſome ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readineſs.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Uſe careful watch, chooſe truſty ſentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a purſuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before ſun-riſing, leſt his ſon George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch[8]:—
[*To* Cateſby.
Saddle

[6] — *the* air *is raw*—] So the quarto. Folio—the *dew*. MALONE.

[7] *It's* nine *o'clock.*] So the folio. The quarto reads—It is *fix* of the clock; full ſupper time. MALONE.

[8] *Give me a* watch:] A *watch* has many ſignifications, but I ſhould believe that it means in this place not a ſentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an inſtrument to meaſure time, which was not uſed in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he ſays:

Bid my guard watch,—

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow [7].—
Look that my ſtaves be ſound, and not too heavy [8].
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'ſt thou the melancholy lord Northumberland [9]?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himſelf,

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a ſentinel.
JOHNSON.

The word *give* ſhews, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his Dictionary, 1679, *Watch-candle.* MALONE.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any requeſt of the king concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, becauſe, being marked out into ſections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it ſupplied the place of the more modern inſtrument by which we meaſure the hours. I have ſeen theſe candles repreſented with great nicety in ſome of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632: "—ſlept always with a *watching* candle." Again, in *Albumazar*, 1614: "Sit up all night like a *watching* candle." STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a ſpecies of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick ſet in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNSON.

7 *Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.*—] So, in Holinſhed, p. 754: "—he was mounted on a great *white courſer*," &c. STEEV.

8 *Look, that my* ſtaves *be ſound, and not too heavy.*] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

As it was uſual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightneſs of them was an object of conſequence. *Hall* informs us, that at the juſts in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger ſiſter of king Henry VIII. with the king of France, "a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the feld all armed, and on his body brought in ſight x ſperes, that is to wyt, ii ſperes ſet in every ſtyroppe forward, and under every thigh ii ſpere, upwarde, and under his left arme was on ſpere backward, and the 10th in his hand," &c.
STEEVENS.

9 —*the* melancholy *lord Northumberland?*] Richard calls him *melancholy*, becauſe he did not join heartily in his cauſe. "Henry the fourth earle of Northumberland," ſays Holinſhed, "whether it was by the commandement of King Richarde putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the earle [of Richmond], ſtood ſtill with a great company, and intermixed not in the battaile; which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counſayle." MALONE.

Much

Much about cock-ſhut time[1], from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.

K. Rich. I am ſatisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of ſpirit[2],
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, ſet it down *.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I ſay.

[*K.* RICHARD *retires into his tent. Exeunt* RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

Richmond's *Tent opens, and diſcovers him, and his officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory ſit on thy helm!

[1] *Much about* cock-ſhut *time,*] Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame expreſſion in one of his entertainments:

"For you would not yeſternight,
"Kiſs him in the *cock-ſhut* light."

Again, in the *Widow*, by Ben Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: "Come away then: a fine *cockſhut* evening." STEEVENS.

Cockſhut time, i. e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonſon*, Vol. V. p. 204, "*Cockſhut* is ſaid to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after ſun-ſet or before its riſing, *cockſhut* light may very properly expreſs the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of ſuch a net, and the manner of uſing it, is delineated and deſcribed in *Dictionarium Ruſticum*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. TOLLET.

In a metrical performance (quoted by Mr. Steevens) entitled, *No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly ſnipping*, 1601, this net is mentioned:

"A ſilly honeſt creature may do well,
"To watch a *cocke-ſhoote*, or a limed buſh." MALONE.

[2] *I have not that alacrity of ſpirit*, &c.] So, in Holinſhed, p. 775: "— not uſing the alacritie of mirth and mind and countenance as he was accuſtomed to doo before he came toward the battell." STEEV.

* So, *ſet it down.*] The word *So* in the old copies ſtands at the beginning of the firſt line of this ſpeech, caught perhaps by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the line below. Mr. Steevens made the emendation. In Richard's next ſpeech the word *Ratcliff* is prefixed to the ſecond line, but the metre ſhews that it was placed there by the negligence of the compoſitor. MALONE.

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy perſon, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney [3], bleſs thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal ſtaring war [4].
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George
Be executed [5] in his father's ſight.
Farewell: The leiſure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love [6],

And

3 — *by attorney,*—] By deputation. JOHNSON.

4 — *mortal* ſtaring *war.*] Thus the old copies. I ſuppoſe, by *ſtaring war* is meant—*war that looks big.* STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect the poet wrote—mortal-*ſcaring* war. MALONE.

5 *Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George*
Be executed—] So Holinſhed after Hall: "When the ſaid lord Stanley would have departed into his country to viſit his familie, and to recreate and refreſhe his ſpirits, as he openly ſaid, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readineſſe to join the earle of Richmonde at his firſt arrival in Englande,) the king in no wiſe would ſuffer him to depart before he had left as an hoſtage in the court, George Stanley, lord Strange, his firſt begotten ſon and heir."—

"The lord Stanley lodged in the ſame town, [Stafford] and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, diſlodging him and his,—to avoid all ſuſpicion, being afraide leaſt if he ſhould be ſeen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his ſon-in-law, before the day of battayle, that king Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and miſtruſt, would put to ſome evil death his ſon and heir apparent."

The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by King Edward IV. in 1482. MALONE.

6 — *The leiſure and the fearful time*
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,] We have ſtill a phraſe equivalent to this, however harſh it may ſeem, *I would do this, if* leiſure

And ample interchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſunder'd friends ſhould dwell upon;
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and ſpeed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me down to-morrow[7],
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c. with* STANLEY.
O Thou! whoſe captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me ſtill! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghoſt[8] *of Prince* Edward, *ſon to* Henry *the Sixth, riſes between the two tents.*

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*to K.* Richard.
Think, how thou ſtab'dſt me in my prime of youth
At

leiſure *would permit*, where *leiſure*, as in this paſſage, ſtands for *want of* leiſure. So, again:

—— *More than I have ſaid,—*
The leiſure *and enforcement of the time*
Forbids to dwell upon. JOHNSON.

[7] *Leſt leaden ſlumber* peiſe *me down to-morrow,*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Now *leaden ſlumber* with life's ſtrength doth fight."
MALONE.

To *peize*, i. e. to *weigh down*, from *peſer*, Fr. I find the word in the old play of *The Reigne of K. Edward III.* 1596:

"And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead." STEEV.

[8] *The Ghoſt*, &c.] Mr. Steevens has here quoted a paſſage from Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* inſerted in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*,

At Tewkſbury; Deſpair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged ſouls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's iſſue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Magiſtrates, and another from the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, both deſcriptive of the viſions ſuppoſed to have been ſeen by Richard the night before the battle of Boſworth. He adds the following obſervation:

"It is not unpleaſant to trace the progreſs of a poetical idea. Some of our oldeſt hiſtorians had informed us that king Richard was much diſturbed in his dreams. The author of a metrical legend, [Nichols] who follows next in ſucceſſion, proceeds to tell us the quality of theſe ominous viſions. A poet [Drayton] who takes up the ſtory, goes further, and acquaints us with the names of thoſe who are ſuppoſed to have appeared in them; and laſt of all comes the dramatick writer, who brings the phantoms, ſpeaking in their particular characters, on the ſtage."

The annotations of my ingenious predeceſſor ſeldom require animadverſion or reviſion; but I am here obliged to remark, as I did on a former occaſion, where the learned Biſhop of Worceſter had made a ſimilar attempt to trace a thought from one poet to another, [See Vol. V. p. 397, n. 4.] that this ſuppoſed progreſs of a poetical idea is in the preſent inſtance merely imaginary, as a few dates will at once demonſtrate. Shakſpeare's *K. Richard III.* was printed in 1597. Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* firſt appeared in that edition of *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates* which was publiſhed in 1610, thirteen years after our authour's play had appeared; and the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* was not publiſhed till twenty-five years after the tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been printed, that is, in 1622.

Our ancient hiſtorians have ſaid *more* than that Richard was *diſturbed by dreams*; they have mentioned the nature of them, and particularly of his dream on this night. The account given by Polydore Virgil, which was copied by Hall and Holinſhed, is as follows. "The fame went, that he had the ſame night [the night before the battle of Boſworth] a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it ſeemed to him being aſlepe, that he ſaw *diverſe ymages like terrible devilles*, which pulled and haled him, not ſufferynge him to take any quiet or reſte. The which ſtraunge viſion not ſo ſodaynly ſtrake his heart with a ſodayne feare, but it ſtuffed his head and troubled his mind with many buſy and dreadful imaginations. And leaſt that it might be ſuſpected that he was abaſhed for fear of his enemies, and for that cauſe looked ſo piteouſly, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning, his *wonderfull vyſion*, and fearefull dreame." I quote from Holinſhed, becauſe he was Shakſpeare's authority.

Polydore Virgil, as I have already obſerved, began to write his hiſtory about twenty years after Richard's death. MALONE.

The

The Ghoſt of King Henry *the Sixth riſes.*

Ghoſt. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*to K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Deſpair, and die;
Harry the ſixth bids thee deſpair and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*to* Richm.
Harry, that propheſy'd thou ſhould'ſt be king[9],
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleep; Live, and flouriſh.

The Ghoſt of Clarence *riſes.*

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*to K.* Rich.
I, that was waſh'd to death with fulſome wine[1],
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; Deſpair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the houſe of Lancaſter, [*to* Richm.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flouriſh!

The Ghoſts of Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *riſe.*

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow,
[*to K.* Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Deſpair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy ſoul deſpair!
[*to K.* Rich.
Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Deſpair, and die!— [*to K.* Rich.
All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's boſom [*to* Richm.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

9 *Harry, that propheſy'd thou ſhould'ſt be king,*] This propheſy, to which this alluſion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *King Henry the Sixth.* JOHNSON.

See p. 359, n. 5. MALONE.

1 —*with* fulſome *wine,*] *Fulſome,* was ſometimes uſed, I think, in the ſenſe of *unctuous.* The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was Malmſey. MALONE.

The

The Ghoſt of Haſtings *riſes.*

Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [*to K.* Rich.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Haſtings; and deſpair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled ſoul, awake, awake! [*to* Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's ſake!

The Ghoſts of the two young Princes riſe.

Ghoſts. Dream on thy couſins ſmother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy boſom[2], Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death!
Thy nephews' ſouls bid thee deſpair and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, ſleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy ſons do bid thee flouriſh.

The Ghoſt of Lady Anne *riſes.*

Ghoſt. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee[3],

Now

[2] *Let us be* lead *within thy boſom,*—] So, ſays Mr. Theobald, the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent copies all have *laid*, inſtead of *lead*.

That there was an edition of this play printed in 1597, I have not the leaſt doubt, (though none of the editors except Mr. Theobald have ever ſeen it,) becauſe it was entered in the ſtationers' books in that year, and nearly at the ſame time with *K. Richard II.* by the ſame bookſeller for whom an edition of that play was printed in 1597, which is ſtill extant. It *is*, however, very remarkable, that Mr. Theobald ſhould have profited in this ſingle inſtance only, by that copy. Whenever it ſhall be diſcovered, it will, I am confident, if diligently collated, like every other *firſt* edition that I have ſeen, prove its ſuperior value in other inſtances beſide the preſent. MALONE.

[3] *That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakſpeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated deſcription of Richard, which Holinſhed tranſcribed: "I have heard (ſays Sir Thomas) by credible report of ſuch as were ſecret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himſelf ſure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and maner like one always readie to ſtrike againe. *He tooke ill reſt a-nights; lay long waking and muſing, ſore wearied with care and watch; rather ſlumbered than ſlept, trembled with fearfull dreames; ſodainely ſometime ſtart up, leapt out of bed,*

Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; Deſpair, and die!
Thou, quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep; [*to* Richm.
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory;
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghoſt of Buckingham *riſes.*

Ghoſt. The firſt was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[*to K.* Rich.
The laſt was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terrour of thy guiltineſs!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath!—
I dy'd for hope[4], ere I could lend thee aid:
[*to* Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's ſide;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghoſts vaniſh.* *K.* Richard *ſtarts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horſe[5],—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jeſu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conſcience, how doſt thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue[6].—Is it not dead midnight? Cold

bed, and ran about the chamber; ſo was his reſtleſs heart continually toſt and tumbled with the tedious impreſſion and ſtormy remembrance of his abominable deede."

With ſuch a companion well might Anne ſay, that ſhe never *ſlept one quiet hour.* MALONE.

[4] *I dy'd for* hope,] *I died for only having* hoped *to give you that aſſiſtance*, which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality. STEEVENS.

[5] *Give me another horſe*, &c.] There is in this, as in many of our authour's ſpeeches of paſſion, ſomething very trifling, and ſomething very ſtriking. Richard's debate, whether he ſhould quarrel with himſelf, is too long continued, but the ſubſequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

[6] *The lights burn blue.*] So, in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought there was ſome *ſpirit* in it becauſe it burnt ſo *blue*; for my mother would

Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What do I fear? myſelf? there's none elſe by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myſelf? Great reaſon: Why?
Leſt I revenge. What? Myſelf upon myſelf?
Alack I love myſelf. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myſelf have done unto myſelf?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by myſelf.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyſelf ſpeak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral tongues,
And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the higheſt degree,
Murder, ſtern murder, in the dir'ſt degree;
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I ſhall deſpair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no ſoul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I myſelf
Find in myſelf no pity to myſelf.
Methought, the ſouls of all that I had murder'd[7]
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

would often tell me, when the *candle burnt blue*, there was ſome ill *ſpirit* in the houſe." It was anciently ſuppoſed that fire was a preſervative againſt evil ſpirits; "becauſe," ſays Naſh, in *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592) "when any ſpirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and *the takers* are by degrees extinguiſhed." The *takers* are the ſpirits who blaſt or *take*. So, in *King Lear*:

"——— ſtrike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs!" STEEVENS.

[7] *Methought, the ſouls*, &c.] Theſe lines ſtand with ſo little propriety at the end of this ſpeech, that I cannot but ſuſpect them to be miſplaced. Where then ſhall they be inſerted? Perhaps after theſe words:

Fool, do not flatter. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream[8]:—
What think'ſt thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.
K. Rich. By the apoſtle Paul, ſhadows to-night
Have ſtruck more terrour to the ſoul of Richard,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to ſhrink from me.
[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD, *and* RATCLIFF.

Richmond *wakes.* *Enter* OXFORD, *and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.
Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.
Lords. How have you ſlept, my lord?
Richm. The ſweeteſt ſleep, and faireſt-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowſy head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their ſouls, whoſe bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promiſe you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the ſtroke of four.

[8] *O, Ratcliff, &c.*] This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. Yet Ratcliff is there permitted to ſay—"be not afraid of *ſhadows*," though Richard's dream has not been mentioned: an additional proof of what has been already ſuggeſted in p. 596, n. 4. MALONE.
Richm.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*

More than I have ſaid, loving countrymen,
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cauſe, fight upon our ſide;
The prayers of holy ſaints, and wronged ſouls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces;
Richard except, thoſe, whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made means[9] to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him;
A baſe foul ſtone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair[1], where he is falſely ſet;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight againſt God's enemy,
God will, in juſtice, ward you as his ſoldiers;
If you do ſweat to put a tyrant down,
You ſleep in peace, the tyrant being ſlain;
If you do fight againſt your country's foes,
Your country's fat ſhall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in ſafeguard of your wives,
Your wives ſhall welcome home the conquerors;

9 *One that* made means—] To *make means* was, in Shakſpeare's time, always uſed in an unfavourable ſenſe, and ſignified—*to come at any thing by indirect practices.* STEEVENS.

[1] — *by the foil*
Of England's chair,] It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obſcurity recommends the brightneſs of the diamond. It muſt mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the ſtone is ſet. JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is ſtill more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-priced ſtone. The ſame alluſion is common to many writers. So, in a Song publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Falſe ſtones by *foiles* have many one abus'd." STEEVENS.

England's *chair* means England's *throne*. *Set* is uſed equivocally. MALONE.

If

If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all theſe rights,
Advance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords:
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt[2]
Shall be this cold corpſe on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and ſaint George! Richmond, and victory[3]!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What ſaid Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He ſaid the truth: And what ſaid Surrey then?

Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and ſo, indeed, it is.
[*Clock ſtrikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who ſaw the ſun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he diſdains to ſhine; for, by the book,
He ſhould have brav'd the eaſt an hour ago:

[2] — *the ranſom of my bold attempt*—] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my raſhneſs ſhall be my dead corpſe. JOHNSON.

[3] *God, and ſaint George!*] *Saint George* was the common cry of the Engliſh ſoldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the uſe of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

"*Item*, that all ſouldiers entring into battaile, aſſault, ſkirmiſh, or other faction of armes, ſhall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, ſaint George*, whereby the ſouldiour is much comforted, and the enemy diſmaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has ſo often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *finiſter zeale*, ſhall *maliciouſly* omit ſo fortunate a name, ſhall be *ſeverely puniſhed* for his obſtinate *erroneous* heart, and perverſe mind." T. WARTON.

A black day will it be to ſomebody.—
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The ſun will not be ſeen to-day;
The ſky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, theſe dewy tears were from the ground.
Not ſhine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the ſelf-ſame heaven,
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, buſtle, buſtle;—Capariſon my horſe;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my ſoldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawn out all in length [4],
Conſiſting equally of horſe and foot;
Our archers ſhall be placed in the midſt:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe.
This, and ſaint George to boot [5]!—What think'ſt thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike ſovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*giving a ſcrowl.*

[4] *My foreward ſhall be drawn out all in length,*] So Holinſhed: "King Richard having all things in a readineſs went forth with the army out of his tentes, and began to ſet his men in aray: firſt *the foreward ſet forth a marvellous length, both of horſemen and alſo of footemen,*—and to the formoſt part of all the bowmen as a ſtrong fortreſſe for them that came after; and over this John duke of Norfolk was head captain. After him followed the king with a mighty fort of men."

The words *out all* were added by Mr. Theobald, to ſupply the defective metre of this line. MALONE.

[5] *This, and St. George to boot!*] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promiſes ſucceſs; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron ſaint. JOHNSON.

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above.* HAWKINS.

K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold[6], [reads.
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold[7].
A thing deviſed by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our ſouls[8];
Conſcience is but a word * that cowards uſe,
Devis'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe;
Our ſtrong arms be our conſcience, ſwords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What ſhall I ſay more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A ſort of vagabonds[9], raſcals, and run-aways,

[6] — *be not* too *bold*,] The quarto 1598, and folio, read—*ſo* bold. But it was certainly an errour of the preſs: for in both Hall and Holinſhed, the words are given as in the text. MALONE.

[7] — Dickon *thy maſter*, &c.] *Diccon* is the ancient abbreviation of *Richard*. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Beldam. In the words—*bought and ſold*, I believe, there is ſomewhat proverbial. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be ſo *bought and ſold*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Mortimeriados*, a poem by Michael Drayton, no date:

"Is this the kindnes that thou offereſt me?
"And in thy country am I *bought and ſold?*"

Again, in Skelton's *Colin Clout*, 1568:

"How prelacy is *ſold and bought*,
"And come up of nought."

Again, in Bacon's Hiſtory of K. Henry VII: "—all the news ran upon the duke of Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, *bought and ſold* in France," &c.—The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *King John*, Act V. and in *Troilus and Creſſida*. It ſeems to have ſignified that ſome *foul play* has been uſed. The foul play alluded to here, was Stanley's deſertion. MALONE.

[8] *Let not our babbling dreams*, &c.] I ſuſpect theſe ſix lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakſpeare was really guilty of them in his firſt draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he ſubſtituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

* *Conſcience is* but *a word*—] So the quarto 1598. *But* being accidentally omitted in a later quarto, the editor of the folio ſupplied the omiſſion by reading—*For* conſcience is a word, &c. MALONE.

[9] *A* ſort *of vagabonds*,] A *ſort*, that is, a *company*, a *collection*. JOHNSON.

See the concluding words of n. 4, p. 610; and Vol. II. p. 496, n. 3. MALONE.

A ſcum of Britons, and baſe lackey peaſants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To deſperate adventures and aſſur'd deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt;
You having lands, and bleſt with beauteous wives,
They would reſtrain the one [1], diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at our mother's coſt [2]?

A milk-

[1] *They would* reſtrain *the one,*] i. e. they would lay *reſtrictions* on the poſſeſſion of your lands; impoſe eruditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *reſtrain* ſubſtituted *diſtrain*, which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. "To *diſtrain*," ſays he, "is to *ſeize upon*;" but to diſtrain is not to *ſeize* generally, but to ſeize goods, cattle, &c. for non-payment of rent, or for the purpoſe of enforcing the proceſs of courts. The *reſtrictions* likely to be impoſed by a conquering enemy on lands, are impoſts, contributions, &c. or abſolute confiſcation.—"And if he [Henry earl of Richmond] ſhould atchieve his falſe intent and purpoſe," (ſays Richard in his circular letter ſent to the Sheriffs of the ſeveral counties in England on this occaſion, *Paſton Letters*, II. 321,) "every man's life, livelihood, and goods, ſhall be in his hands, liberty, and diſpoſition." MALONE.

[2] *Long kept in Britaine at our* mother's *coſt.*] Henry Earl of Richmond was long confined in the court of the duke of Britaine, and ſupported there by Charles duke of Burgundy, who was *brother*-in-law to King Richard. Hence Mr. Theobald juſtly obſerved that *mother* in the text was not conformable to the fact. But Shakſpeare, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, was led into this errour by Holinſhed, where he found the following paſſage in an oration which Hall, in imitation of the ancient hiſtorians, invented, and exhibited as having been ſpoken by the king to his ſoldiers before the battle of Boſworth:

"You ſee further how a companie of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterpriſe.—
—And to begin with the erle of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welch milkſop,—brought up by my *mother's* coſt and mine, like a captive in a cloſe cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine." P. 759.

"Holinſhed," Dr. Farmer adds, "copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54; but his printer has given us by accident the word *mother* inſtead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakſpeare."

If, ſays a Remarker, *it ought to be ſo in Shakſpeare*, why ſtop at this correction, and why not in *K. Henry V.* print *præcariſſimus* inſtead of *præclariſſimus*? [See Vol. V. p. 602, n. 8.] And indeed if *brother* is to be ſubſtituted for *mother* here, there can be no reaſon why all other ſimilar errours ſhould not be corrected in like manner.

But

A milk-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold as over ſhoes in ſnow?
Let's whip theſe ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again;
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not theſe baſtard Britons; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

But the Remarker miſunderſtood Dr. Farmer's words, which only mean—as it is in the original, and *as Shakſpeare ought to have written.* Dr. Farmer did not ſay—"as it ought to be *printed* in Shakſpeare."

In all the other places where Shakſpeare has been led into errours by miſtakes of the preſs, or by falſe tranſlations, his text has been very properly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the buſineſs of an editor to new-write his authour's works. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. i. we have—"Let the old ruffian know, *I* have many other ways to die;" though we know the ſenſe of the paſſage in Plutarch there copied is,—that "*he* [the old ruffian] hath many other ways to die." Again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Antony is ſtill permitted to ſay, that Cæſar had left the Roman people his arbours and orchards "on *this* ſide Tyber," though it ought to be—"on *that* ſide Tyber:" both which miſtakes Shakſpeare was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old tranſlation of Plutarch.

In like manner in *K. Henry V. præclariſſimus* is exhibited as it was written by Shakſpeare, inſtead of *præcariſſimus*; and in the ſame play I have followed our authour in printing in p. 459, Lewis the *tenth*, though Lewis the *ninth* was the perſon meant: an errour into which he was led, as in the preſent inſtance, by a miſtake of the preſs.

For all ſuch inaccuracies the poet, and not his editor, is reſponſible: and in the paſſage now under our conſideration more particularly the text ought not to be diſturbed, becauſe it aſcertains a point of ſome moment; namely that Holinſhed, and not Hall, was the hiſtorian that Shakſpeare followed. Of how much conſequence this is, the reader may aſcertain by turning to the *Diſſertation on the plays of K. Henry VI.* where this circumſtance, if I do not deceive myſelf, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to ſettle a long agitated queſtion, and to ſhew that thoſe plays were *re-written* by Shakſpeare, and not his *original* compoſition. MALONE.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen*!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves[2]!—

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Meſ. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his ſon George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is paſs'd the marſh[3];
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom:
Advance our ſtandards[4], ſet upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of firy dragons!
Upon them! Victory ſits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

* —*fight* bold *yeomen!*] The old copies, by an apparent errour of the preſs, have *boldly*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] *Amaze the* welkin *with your broken ſtaves!*] That is, *fright the ſkies with the ſhivers of your lances.* JOHNSON.
So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:
" Now by the marble face of the *welkin.*"
The ſame idea is more tamely expreſſed in W. Smith's *Paſſgrave*, 1615:
" Spears flew in ſplinters half the way to heaven." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the enemy is paſs'd the* marſh;] There was a large marſh in Boſworth plain between the two armies. Henry paſs'd it, and made ſuch a diſpoſition of his forces that it ſerved to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained alſo another point, that his men ſhould engage with the ſun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great conſequence when bows and arrows were in uſe. MALONE.

[4] *Advance our ſtandards,*] So Holinſhed after Hall: "—like valiant champions advance forth your ſtandardes, and aſſay whether your enemies can decide and try the title of battaile by dint of ſword; avaunce, I ſay again, forward, my captaines.—Now Saint George to borrow, let us ſet forward." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter NORFOLK, *and forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Reſcue, my lord of Norfolk, reſcue, reſcue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an oppoſite to every danger[5];
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Reſcue, fair lord, or elſe the day is loſt!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe[6]!

[5] *Daring* an *oppoſite to every danger*;] Perhaps the poet wrote:
Daring and *oppoſite to every danger.* TYRWHITT.
Perhaps the following paſſage in Chapman's verſion of the eighth book of Homer's *Odyſſey* may countenance the old reading:
" —— a moſt dreadful fight
" *Daring againſt him.*" STEEVENS.
The old reading is perhaps right. *An oppoſite* is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers, for *an adverſary*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: " — your *oppoſite* hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withal." Again: " — and his *oppoſite* the youth, bears in his viſage no preſage of cruelty." So, in *Blurt Mr. Conſtable*, a comedy by Middleton, 1602: " — to ſtrengthen us againſt all *oppoſites*." The ſenſe then ſhould ſeem to be, that king Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adverſary he meets with to every danger attending ſingle combat.* MALONE.

[6] *A horſe! a horſe!* &c.] In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, the Moor calls out in the ſame manner:
" A horſe, a horſe, villain, a horſe!
" That I may take the river ſtrait, and fly!
" —— Here is a horſe, my lord,
" As ſwiftly pac'd as Pegaſus.
This paſſage in Shakſpeare appears to have been imitated by ſeveral of the old writers, if not ſtolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:
" —— a horſe! a horſe!
" Ten kingdoms, for a horſe to enter Troy!" STEEVENS.
Marſton ſeems to have imitated this line in his *Satires*, 1599:
" A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!"
In his *What you will*, 1607, (as Mr. Reed has obſerved) he has quoted Shakſpeare's line *verbatim.* MALONE.

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horſe.
K. Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be ſix Richmonds in the field;
Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him[7]:—
A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe[8]! [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY, *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well haſt thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, theſe long-uſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

[7] *Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him:*—] Shakſpeare had employed this incident with hiſtorical propriety in the firſt Part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if poſſible, to engage with Richmond in ſingle combat. For this purpoſe he rode furiouſly to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his ſtandard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then aſſaulted Sir John Cheny, whom he overthrew: having thus at length cleared his way to his antagoniſt, he engaged in ſingle combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that inſtant Sir William Stanley with three thouſand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was ſoon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the laſt moment. MALONE.

[8] *A horſe! a horſe!* &c.] Some inquiry hath been made for the firſt performers of the capital characters of Shakſpeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roſcius* of Camden, was the original Richard, from a paſſage in the poems of biſhop Corbet; who introduces his hoſt at Boſworth deſcribing the battle:

"But when he would have ſaid king Richard died,
"And call'd *a horſe, a horſe*, he Burbage cried." FARMER.

Rich.

Richm. Great God of heaven, ſay, amen, to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter town;
Whither, if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are ſlain on either ſide?
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and ſir William Brandon.
Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament[9],
We will unite the white roſe and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and ſays not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd herſelf;
The brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
The ſon, compell'd, been butcher to the ſire;
All this divided York and Lancaſter,
Divided, in their dire diviſion[1].—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be ſo,)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac'd peace,
With ſmiling plenty, and fair proſperous days!

9 — *as we have ta'en the ſacrament,*] So, in Holinſhed, p. 745: "The earle himſelfe firſt tooke a corporall oth on his honor, promiſing that incontinent after he ſhuld be poſſeſſed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth, daughter to king Edward the fourth." STEEVENS.

1 *All* this *divided York and Lancaſter,*
Divided, in their dire diviſion.—] I think the paſſage will be ſomewhat improved by a ſlight alteration:

All that *divided York and Lancaſter,*
Divided in their dire diviſion,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.

Let them *unite all that* York and Lancaſter divided. JOHNSON.

Abate

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in ſtreams of blood!
Let them not live to taſte this land's increaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are ſtopp'd, peace lives again;
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay—Amen[a]! [*Exeunt.*

[a] This is one of the moſt celebrated of our authour's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praiſed moſt, when praiſe is not moſt deſerved. That this play has ſcenes noble in themſelves, and very well contrived to ſtrike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But ſome parts are trifling, others ſhocking, and ſome improbable. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnſon in thinking that this play from its firſt exhibition to the preſent hour has been eſtimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many alluſions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it paſſed through, I ſuſpect it was more often repreſented and more admired than any of our authour's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in ſome meaſure aroſe from the deteſtation in which Richard's character was juſtly held, which muſt have operated more ſtrongly on thoſe whoſe grand-fathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronized by the queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleaſed at ſeeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the ſcene. MALONE.

P. 3. *The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.*] The eldeſt known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wiſe, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the tranſlation of *Ariſto*, ſays, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men," &c. T. WARTON.

It appears from the following paſſage in the preface to Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: "—or his fellow codſhead, that in the Latine tragedy of *K. Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*"

STEEVENS.

The play on this ſubject mentioned by ſir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and ſometimes miſtaken for Shakſpeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our univerſity, ſome years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Muſeum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childiſh

A childiſh imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

The Latin play of Richard III. (Mſs. *Harl.* n. 6926,) has the author's name,—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586. TYRWHITT.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *King Richard III.* "acted in St. John's Cambridge, ſo eſſentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at ſight of his inhuman maſſacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry. "An enterlude, intitled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is ſhown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the ſmotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houſes of Lancaſter and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakſpeare, unleſs he afterwards diſmiſſed the death of Jane Shore, as an unneceſſary incident, when he reviſed the play. Perhaps, however, it might be ſome tranſlation of Lacey's play, at the end of the firſt act of which is, "The ſhowe of the proceſſion. 1. Tipſtaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticote, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queriſters. 5. Singingmen. 6. Prebendary. 7. Biſhoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewiſe a Latin ſong ſung on this occaſion in MS. Harl. 2412.

STEEVENS.

The Engliſh *King Richard III.* which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and which, it may be preſumed, had been exhibited ſome years before, was probably written by the authour of *The Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter.* MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I. p. 520.

THUS like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occaſioned our ſaying ſomething of the barbarities of theatrical repreſentations amongſt us before the time of Shakſpeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehenſion of this whole matter, to give the reader ſome general account of the riſe and progreſs of the modern ſtage.

The firſt form in which the drama appeared in the weſt of Europe, after the deſtruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulneſs had finiſhed upon letters what the rage of barbariſm had begun, was that of the Myſteries. Theſe were the faſhionable and favourite diverſions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which laſt place, as we learn by Stow, they were in uſe about the time of Richard the ſecond and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the firſt rudiments of their ſtage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane ſubjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes*: by which means they got ſooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongſt them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As

As to theſe *myſteries*, they were, as their name ſpeaks them, a repreſentation of ſome ſcripture ſtory, *ts the life:* as may be ſeen from the following paſſage in an old French hiſtory, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz compoſée par le curé de St. Eucbaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the ſurpriſing abſurdity of theſe ſtrange repreſentations: "L'an 1437 le 5 Juillet (*ſays the honeſt Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Paſſion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu en icelle appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchaſtel, lequel etoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut preſque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût eté ſecouru; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Perſonnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Reſurrection, et fit trés hautement ſon perſonnage; & dura le dit Jeu—Et autre Prêtre qui s'appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui eſtoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut preſque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les diables y vouloient entrer et iſſer; & avoit deux groſs culs d'acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of repreſentations archbiſhop Harſnet, in his *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, p. 71. ſays, "The little children were never ſo afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, ſtaring eyes, and foul bottle noſe." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller deſcription of them in theſe words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in Engliſh a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Corniſh out of ſome ſcripture hiſtory. For repreſenting it, they raiſe an earthen amphitheatre in ſome open field, having the diameter of an incloſed playne, ſome 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all ſides many miles off, to hear and ſee it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in theſe *myſteries*, to make the people mirth with his ſufferings or abſurdities: and they could think of no better a perſonage to ſuſtain this part than the *devil* himſelf. Even in the *myſtery* of the *Paſſion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumſtance is hinted at by Shakſpeare (who has frequent alluſions to theſe things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players aſks for *a little vinegar* (as a *property*) *to make the devil roar* *. For after the ſponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the repreſentation, they uſed to clap it to the noſe of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *boy-water*, afforded infinite diverſion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in uſe to torment their devil. We have divers old Engliſh proverbs, in which the devil is repreſented as acting or ſuffering ridiculouſly and abſurdly, which all aroſe from

* This is not in Shakſpeare's play, but in the *old* play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. MALONE.

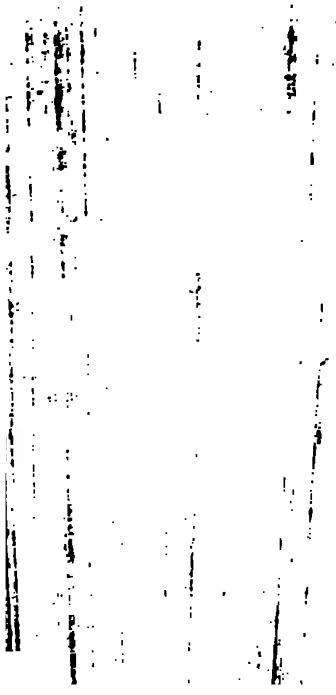
the

the part he bore in theſe *myſteries*, as in that, for inſtance, of—*Great cry and little wool, as the devil ſaid when he ſheered his hogs.* For the ſheep-ſhearing of Nabal being repreſented in the *myſtery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *ſhearing a hog*. This kind of abſurdity, as it is the propereſt to create laughter, was the ſubject of the *ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from theſe words of ſaint Auſtin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi ſolent, et optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum.* Civ. D. l. iv.

Theſe *myſteries*, we ſee, were given in France at firſt, as well as in England *ſub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company eſtabliſhed in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to repreſent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the firſt, the ſtupidity and prophaneneſs of the *myſteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their intereſt for their ſuppreſſion. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, preſented a *requeſt* againſt the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge againſt them were, that the repreſentation of the Old Teſtament ſtories inclined the people to Judaiſm; that the New Teſtament ſtories encouraged libertiniſm and infidelity; and that both of them leſſened the charities to the poor: It ſeems that this proſecution ſucceeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the poſſeſſion of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the repreſentation of the *myſteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongſt them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he ſhows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epick* (which, he ſays, [B. IV. c. 20.] *tambien puede eſcrivirſe en proſa como en verſo;*) as the *myſtery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His word are [ib. 21.] *Pues que ſi venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falſos fingen en ellas, que de coſas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribueyendo a un ſanto los milagros de otro*; which made them ſo fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas* as he calls them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themſelves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we ſoon followed them: the publick taſte not ſuffering any greater alteration at firſt, though the Italians at this time afforded many juſt compoſitions for better models. Theſe farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of theſe *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l' Homme Obſtiné*. The perſons of the drama are *l'Homme Obſtiné—Pugnition Divine—Simonie—Hypocriſie*—and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obſtiné* is the atheiſt, and comes in blaſpheming, and determined to perſiſt in his impieties. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, ſitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheiſt with puniſhment. After this ſcene, *Simonie*, *Hypocriſie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In concluſion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to

play



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troduced in Ben Jonſon's play called *The Devil's an Aſs*: and likewiſe mentioned in his Epigr. cxv:

" *Being no vitious perſon, but* the Vice
" *About the town,*
" *Acts* old Iniquity, *and in the fit*
" *Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit.*"

But a paſſage cited from his play will make the following obſervations more plain. Act I. Pug aſks the Devil " to lend him a *Vice*:

" *Satan.* What *Vice?*
" What kind would thou have it of?
" *Pug.* Why, any *Fraud,*
" Or *Covetouſneſs,* or lady *Vanity,*
" Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

Thus the paſſage ſhould be ordered:

" *Pug.* Why any: *Fraud,*
" Or *Covetouſneſs,* or lady *Vanity,*
" Or old *Iniquity.*"
" *Satan.* I'll call him hither.
" *Enter* Iniquity *the Vice.*
" *Ini.* What is he calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack a
" *Vice?*
" Ere his words be half ſpoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, Act II:

" *Mirth.* How like you *the Vice* i' th' play?
" *Expectation.* Which is he?
" *Mirth.* Three or four; *old Covetouſneſs,* the ſordid *Penny-*
" *boy,* the *Money-bawd,* who is a fleſh-bawd too, they ſay.
" *Tattle.* But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away.
" Beſides, he has never a wooden dagger! I'd not give a ruſh
" for a *Vice,* that has not a wooden dagger to ſnap at every
" body he meets.
" *Mirth.* That was the old way, goſſip, when *Iniquity* came
" in, like hokos pokos, in a juggler's jerkin," &c.

He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Alchymiſt*, Act I. ſc. iii:

" *Sub.* And, on your ſtall, a puppet, with a *Vice.*"

Some places of Shakſpeare will from hence appear more eaſy: as in the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* Act II. where Hall humourouſly characterizing Falſtaff, calls him, *That reverend* Vice, *that grey* Iniquity, *that father* Ruffian, *that* Vanity *in years*, in alluſion to this buffoon character. In *K. Richard III.* Act III.

Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Iniquity is the formal Vice. Some correct the paſſage,

Thus, like the formal-wiſe antiquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Which correction is out of all rule of criticiſm. In *Hamlet*, Act I. there is an alluſion, ſtill more diſtant, to *the Vice*; which will not be obvious at firſt, and therefore is to be introduced with a ſhort explanation.

tion. This buffoon character was uſed to make fun with the Devil; and he had ſeveral trite expreſſions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there?* &c. And this was great entertainment to the audience, to ſee their old enemy ſo belabour'd in effigy. In *King Henry V.* Act iv. a boy characterizing Piſtol, ſays, *Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been inſtructed by his father's ghoſt, is reſolved to break the ſubject of the diſcourſe to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a ſort of madman; when therefore the oath of ſecrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghoſt unſeen calls out *ſwear*; Hamlet ſpeaks to it as *the Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, ſayſt thou ſo? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels ſhould imagine this was a ſhape that the devil had put on; and in Act III. he is ſomewhat of this opinion himſelf,

——*The ſpirit that I have ſeen,*
May be the devil.

The manner of ſpeech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in ſome meaſure from the horror of the ſcene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the beſt weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, τρύπανον, *veterator*. Which word the Scholiaſt on Ariſtophanes' Clouds, ver. 447. explains, τρύμη, ὁ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοῖς πράγμασιν, ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I ſhould not hit on the right, I ſhould only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality perſonalized as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Heſiod and Æſchylus; *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itſelf is a perſon, B. xi. 517:

"*And took* his *image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh* Vice."

his image, i. e. a brutiſh *Vice*'s image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without ſome alluſion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as vice-roy, vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his maſter, like moſt other vice-roys, or prime miniſters. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime miniſter; and 'tis this that makes him ſo ſawcy.

UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only ſupplies him with abſurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be anſwered.

I have nothing to add to the obſervations of theſe learned criticks, but that ſome traces of this antiquated exhibition are ſtill retained in the ruſtick puppet-plays, in which I have ſeen the *Devil* very luſtily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate ſucceſſor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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